THE COSMOPOLITAN.

From every man according to his ability: to everyone according to his needs.

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THE CITY OF BROOKLYN.

BY MURAT HALSTEAD

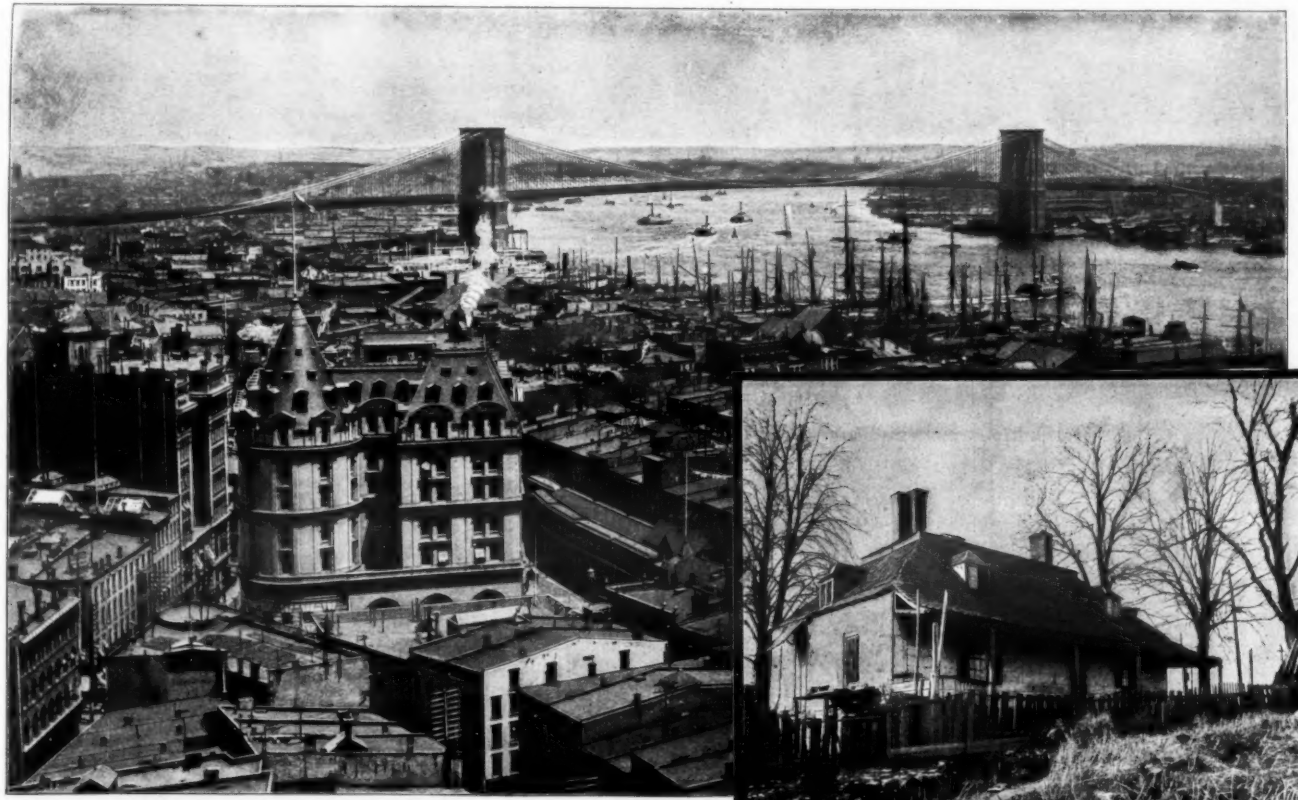
ONE of the most historical and remarkable, and one of the richest in recollections and resources, of the great American cities, is Brooklyn. There are two hundred and fifty years of history, but many of them are misty; and there are the mysteries of tradition, and the fancies and facts in such entangling alliances, that it is hard to say how far the prehistoric period encroaches upon authentic annals. Two hundred and fifty years ago there was established a ferry between the straggling town of New York and the village of Brooklyn, across the strait, and New York's first hotel and Brooklyn's first boarding-house were in that year opened to the public. Perhaps one may trace to the distinction between the hotel

and the boarding-house the beginning of the peculiar regard in which the dwellers on Manhattan island have, if we may believe a line of gossip of which they are fond, held the inhabitants of other islands in the vicinity, and of the greatest of them above all. The first settlers of distinction on the beautiful heights and slopes of the west end of Long Island were Walloons, and the earth and air seem to have received something of their enthusiastic fervor in matters of faith. The grand old Dutch imprint is even more legible now in Brooklyn than in New York, and the Walloon, exceeding in this locality the Puritan in antiquity, disputes with him the primacy in the establishment of public character.

The American colonies, during the war of independence, had hardly carried their frontiers westward beyond the Atlantic tide-water, and the British thought if they could hold the seaports they had command of the continent. American history, filled as it has been with praise of Washington, has hardly done him justice as a military man, and especially has not given him the credit he deserves for enterprise and daring. Certainly, the risk he took in placing an army on Long Island to defend New York was extremely hazardous, for the British were masters of the sea and could thrust their light armed vessels into the sounds and rivers. The prudence of Washington would have been justified if he had not fought for New York, whose wonderful waters—the gate of the continent—offer the shores as easy conquests to the masters of the seas; but when the hostile forces assembled on Staten island, and crossed to take Brooklyn in the rear, he met them with the East river behind him, and in that perilous position suffered the most destructive and dangerous defeat in his career of vicissitudes. The battle pass of the line of defense is marked in the Prospect park by a bronze tablet, and the story of the struggle is familiar. The energy with which the war was prosecuted is attested by the fact that the British army in the field was far greater than was mustered at New Orleans, forty years later, and the fleet was enormous. The commanding officers of the fleet and army were lacking in enterprise, or they would have completed their victory by the destruction of the Americans. The great interest has always attached, not to the misfortune in the field, but to the adroit retreat—the army saved from total ruin,



THE EAST RIVER WATER FRONT.



BROOKLYN AND THE BRIDGE.

THE OLDEST HOUSE IN BROOKLYN.

by skill and a series of lucky incidents, the most important of which was a dense fog. In the gloomy night after the disaster, the reporters say, George Washington remarked the courage and address of Alexander Hamilton, who was in command of a battery posted to defend the ferry.

When Brooklyn was captured, New York was precisely as defenseless then as she would be now under like circumstances, for that city is, in a military sense, completely commanded by the Brooklyn heights.



THE LINCOLN.



THE CARLETON.

The presence of Washington and Hamilton on this soil, in the midst of misfortune that was most depressing, possesses a profound interest for the student, and abounds in historic situations, intensely dramatic. That the generalship of the British in the combat was of the cleverest description there is no doubt, and the high capacity of Washington, as well as his fortitude, was illustrated in undertaking the defense and conducting the retreat. It is recorded that he did not close his eyes for forty-eight hours, and that his position, in the most critical time of the evacuation, was at the foot of the stairs at Fulton ferry. A sketch taken at that date shows those stairs did not lead down to the water, but sloped toward the town. The story of Washington and Hamilton, meeting and regarding each other at this point, may be associated with the narrative by Benjamin Franklin, that, when he was on the way from Boston to Philadelphia, the poor schooner that was his habitation and conveyance rested by this shore, and he was ill and disconsolate, and tried rum as a medicine.

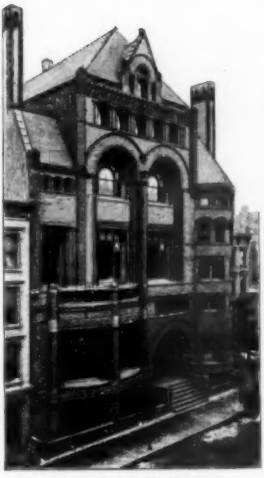
Brooklyn has not sought to dispute with New York her preëminence among the cities on this continent, but she has her large share of the marvellous natural advantages of the locality. The land of west Long Island is



THE BROOKLYN.

CLUBS OF

admirably adapted for the wholesome foundations of a city of vast proportions. It is claimed that the geology of this part of the world justifies the belief that the water is from the White mountains — that those superb ranges are lofty reservoirs. The pleasant theory may not be scientifically demonstrable; but it, at least, would not have been invented about a bad source of supply. Even if it is a fantastic beverage, we shall drink the tears of the White mountains while we may. Brooklyn has better soil for building, and more of it, than New York; for, in spite of venerable authority, it is wiser to build houses on sand than on rocks, and the view of the magnificent harbor lies under the windows of Brooklyn, while New York has only a glimpse of this perpetual splendor. Brooklyn has the background for development, and she has latterly acquired a self-asserting momentum, such that hereafter she will not suffer herself to be deprived of the rewards of her generous original endowment of situation.



THE GERMANIA.

Consult appearances on entering from the ocean the glorious Manhattan harbor, two bays and two rivers, with seven islands and the Jersey shores—the foreign visitors to the World's Fair may in due time be called as witnesses—and it is the imposing front of Brooklyn, her massive store-houses, that tell of commerce and offer the characteristics of "no mean city," but of one that is solid and superb. New York is not happy in her riverside displays. There is no other metropolis so carelessly or poorly provided with facilities of reception. Brooklyn overshadows the harbor, and the territory all the way to Coney Island, and without limit in the interior, is hers to occupy, possess, improve and adorn.



THE HAMILTON.



BROOKLYN. THE OXFORD.

She already has a speedway that twenty millions cannot furnish New York, and there is surveyed and to be preserved a drive along the bay that is easily susceptible of being the most picturesque and charming road between any city and the sea. Here for the expositions of the future to which the



THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

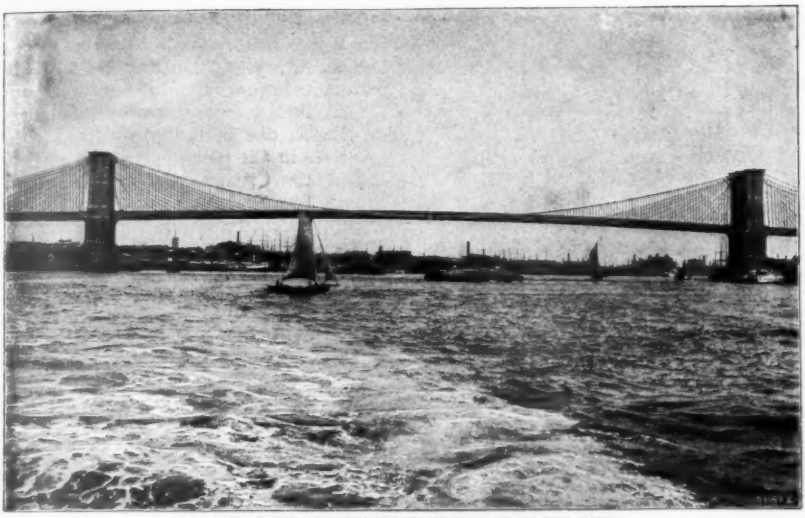
nations of the earth are to be invited, are the grounds ample and incomparable for displays that shall overshadow all that has gone before, whether we go for comparison to Lake Michigan or the Seine.

The fame of Brooklyn as a city of churches may justly be supplemented by a reputation for club houses, in which she is not surpassed in New York, and the churches and clubs show the self-reliance of the people, proving there is a social life in Brooklyn that is rich in resources and satisfactory in itself. The city has not multiplied hotels, for it is not a city of strangers. Her celebrity is in homes and in schools, but her churches, clubs and theaters rank with those of New York. Her parks and cemeteries are remarkable for their beauty. Prospect park is nowhere surpassed for natural charm and landscape art. Cypress Hill seems wedded to eternity by its solemn outlook upon the ocean. Greenwood has a gracious loveliness becoming a city of the dead, and among its treasures are the graves and monuments of the newspaper founders and editors—James Gordon Bennett, Horace Greeley and Henry J. Raymond. The city exceeds New York in street mileage, and her system of elevated railroads is superior in rapid transit, convenience and capacity to those of any city of like dimensions, with the single exception of her overbearing neighbor.

There is a marked distinction in the character of the people of the two cities, and accounting for it in its whole scope and bearing is difficult, for its sources are uncertain if not mysterious. There is a change of social air when one crosses the strait that is not inaptly called the American Hellespont. This noble and beautiful river rushing to and fro between the ocean and the sound, divides Long Island from the continent, and especially separates it from the European influence that imparts to the greater city a change of air for Americans. One does not need



THE MONTAUK CLUB.



THE NEW YORK AND BROOKLYN BRIDGE FROM THE RIVER.

to cross the ocean to get the flavor of the older world. Brooklyn has a multitude of the natives of other lands, but her percentage of inhabitants whose Americanism dates back two or three or many more generations, is far greater than in New York or Chicago. The foreign masses not absorbed by New York, generally go west to grow up with the country, turning their backs upon Long Island. New York as a city is singularly lacking in public spirit, so formed as to find adequate expression. This was the case in regard to the World's Fair, that drifted to Chicago because New York is too great to be anxious about anything, and was not aroused until too late to make her power felt. The indifference of New York, as a rule, to the excitements that agitate other cities, is one of the indications of her haughty assurance of supremacy, and it appears not merely in the general tone, it pervades the people.

In New York they do not care, except in rare instances, to make acquaintances, and they are almost careless as to their neighbors. It is not interesting to know who lives next door. It is different in her great neighbor. There is an interest in one's own street in Brooklyn, and a kindly common sensibility in neighborhoods. The New York notion is that this is village like, but it is not; it is human; it is an acknowledgment of relationship in humanity, and a city should not become so cosmopolitan as to outgrow that.

The character of the English people is visibly affected by the silver streak that narrows to twenty miles in width and divides the imperial island from the continent. It is a question whether the salt stream a mile in breadth, between Manhattan and Long Islands, has not been one of the most important agencies in producing distinctions that have a perceptible place in characteristic developments.



GOWANUS CANAL.



ST. CLAIR MCKELWAY, *Eagle.*

Whatever living beyond the flood may have done for Brooklyn, it is a fading power and color. The bridge has caused an approach to homogeniety, and there are to be other bridges—many of them—and tunnels, until Long Island is joined to the continent closely as Manhattan is, and the East river is no more distinguished as a boundary than the Harlem. The railroad isolation of Long Island has been a heavy disadvantage, as it causes delay in travel, and means loss of time and money in the transportation of articles consumed, and the handling of raw material and manufactured products. The additional cost of coal alone in Brooklyn, because there is not direct connection by rail with the mines, it has been estimated, would more than pay the interest on the money that should construct a tunnel from Staten Island, Jersey City, or New York up town. The people of Brooklyn have been indebted for ideas on this subject, plans supported by detailed explanations showing them to be practicable, to Mr. Erastus Wiman and Mr. Austin Corbin, gentlemen to whom the adventurous in enterprise is an attraction and the execution of large designs a habit.

The first newspaper published in Brooklyn was the Long Island Courier, which appeared in 1799; the first on Long Island was the Herald, at Sag Harbor, in 1791. The Long Island Star was the earliest important paper; its daily issue in Brooklyn began in 1827, and it was useful for half a century. The list of Brooklyn experiments in journalism is very long, and the survivals are not numerous, including the Eagle, one of the greatest material successes in the newspaper business; the Times, the Citizen, and the Standard Union. The New York papers have been largely benefitted by the rapid transit to all parts of Brooklyn, and sharply compete for the sales and the advertisements of the "annex," as they are pleased to term it. The Brooklyn editions are important in several New York papers, and Brooklyn departments are a required feature. New York is so immense a center, and has such facility for the diffusion of intelligence, that the whole country looks to her journals for the world's news and the expression of the nation's influence; and it has been the rule for Brooklyn journals to give their space chiefly to making local matters peculiarly prominent.

This characteristic has been modified by the concentration of political attention upon Brooklyn, as the pivotal point in presidential elections. The story of the defeat of Hancock in 1880, Blaine in 1884, Cleveland in 1888, Harrison in 1892, was told, each time, in the returns of King's county, and this has given Brooklyn an



A. MCLEAN, *Citizen.*

impressive introduction to national politicians. The local politics of Brooklyn offer the most interesting example of long continued one-man power—the one man being Hugh McLaughlin, whose compact organization of his partisans has given him control of his party through consummate machinery, which party, save under occasional convulsions of public spirit, musters in regular forces a decisive majority. There is a sentiment of submissiveness to this that is a surprise; but it has its origin in the feeling that sustains many thrones—that the fox in the fable had when he did not want the swarm of flies that had settled upon him driven away. Besides, it is believed by many good citizens that McLaughlin has much pride in and care for the city, and recognizes a degree of responsibility in his supremacy, which is as indisputable as it is informal.



B. PETERS, *Daily Times.*

Whether Brooklyn shall become a part of New York is before the people of the two great cities in a serious form, and there are many striving to make the question one of urgency. The arguments are attractive, but not conclusive. Some of them are manifestly unsound or irrelevant. It would be agreeable to a class of the enterprising men of Brooklyn to say they did business in New York; but the old name will stick in any event, and it is not important to authorize those Brooklynites who care to do so to record themselves in hotel registers as from New York city. Many of them do that, already, on the ground that they are from New York, in the larger sense of the name. New York city, it is said, needs Brooklyn, that she may maintain a decided lead in population over Chicago and Philadelphia, which have absorbed all the thickly settled part of the country within easy reach.

There is importance diffused among the individuals who inhabit a huge city; but there are several other things, better worthy vanity and emulation. New York will grow fast enough, if her rings and newspapers will allow the development of the elevated railroads, to secure adequate rapid transit; and, after all, the New Jersey cities of Jersey, Orange and Newark are beyond a state line, and can not be included in the proposed greater New York. It is not claimed that the municipal government of Brooklyn is worse than that of New York. Decidedly, it is a positive degree better. The cities are twins in misgovernment, suffering from the same evils. Neither is likely to pay the taxes of the other, to any considerable extent, for the glory of it. The New York rulers are entering upon improvements of unparalleled extravagance. Street cleaning is more costly and less serviceable, in both cities, than ever, and a combination of the two will not burn the abominations, or move them to the marshes of New Jersey or Long Island, instead of dumping them into the harbor, to destroy the fish, fill the channels, and litter the surf with abominable drift. The des-



WILLIAM BERRI. *Standard Union.*

potism of the two cities finds money in dirt. If they are consolidated, there will not be a shorter crop of filthy lucre. There are hopes of breaking the bonds that oppress both cities; that the secret service funds of crime, and the toll that ruffian idlers take from the industries of the people, may no more be poured in a fund to enrich schemers until vulgar robbery is plated in gold and is bloated into ostentation.

The first church on Long Island was built at Flatbush in 1654. Peter Stuyvesant ordered the people of Brueckelm and Midwout, to assist "in cutting and hauling wood," to build a cruciform church, 28 x 60 feet. The Rev. Johannes Theodorus Polheimus was commissioned by Stuyvesant to preach in this church, and he preached alternately in Brooklyn and Flatbush. His descendants are still prominent in Brooklyn. The first church in the city was built in the middle of the highway in what is the dry goods district, and stood on the stone foundations of an old fort for one hundred years. The church of the Pilgrims, at the corner of Henry and Remsen streets, was the pioneer church of the Congregational denomination in Brooklyn, and its pastor, Rev. Richard Salter Storrs, D.D., came to the city to accept the pastorate when he was twenty-five years of age, forty-eight years ago. The famous Talmage began his popular labors in Brooklyn in 1869. Cuyler's first celebrity as a preacher was earned here.



SHOPPING ON FULTON STREET.

The pulpit of Brooklyn maintains its eminence, but not its preëminence, and its importance is relatively greater than in any other great city. The unique fame of Mr. Beecher is that of a man of genius. The local pride in his renown endures. Mrs. Beecher is a most interesting figure, living in a modest house from which she can see Plymouth church, and her parlor is adorned with most interesting likenesses of her husband, and is as a temple dedicated to his memory. Her years exceed eighty, and the pathos of her waiting through a beautiful old age of usefulness does not shadow her brightness, and imparts to her good works the tenderness of consecration.

Brooklyn has long been noted for the number of her Sunday schools and their large membership. There are several of these which have over a thousand scholars, and the most approved buildings are provided and the utmost enthusiasm is shown in the work by the large corps of teachers. The May-day parade is a great feature of the town when the various schools form in several divisions and march seventy-five thousand strong — one of the most interesting spectacles the world affords. The forces of the Protestant churches are seen in these striking statistics:

Denomination.	*Members.*	*S. S. Members.*	*Value Prop'ty.*	*Sittings.*
Baptist.....	14,916	17,196	$1,979,000	33,000
Congr'gatio'al	12,410	20,014	1,775,000	31,000
Lutheran.....	12,889	9,958	1,161,500	18,500
Methodist....	17,708	21,687	2,266,000	47,500
Presbyterian .	18,700	19,235	1,999,500	33,500
Episcopal.....	19,345	14,078	3,552,000	35,000
Refor'd (Dutch)	5,300	9,347	1,137,000	20,000

The city of Brooklyn presented to all officers and enlisted men of the regiments raised here a bronze medal bearing the figure of an infantry soldier on the obverse and the city arms on the reverse. The most celebrated of Brooklyn regiments was the 84th N. Y. V. I.,—as the 14th Brooklyn is officially known. This regiment saw much valiant service from



VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE TOP OF ONE OF THE BRIDGE TOWERS.

Bull Run to the Wilderness, and at Gettysburg, under Colonel Fowler, captured a confederate regiment in "the railroad cut." This regiment lost five officers and eighty-three men killed in battle, three officers and sixty-one men died of wounds and seventy-four men died of disease.

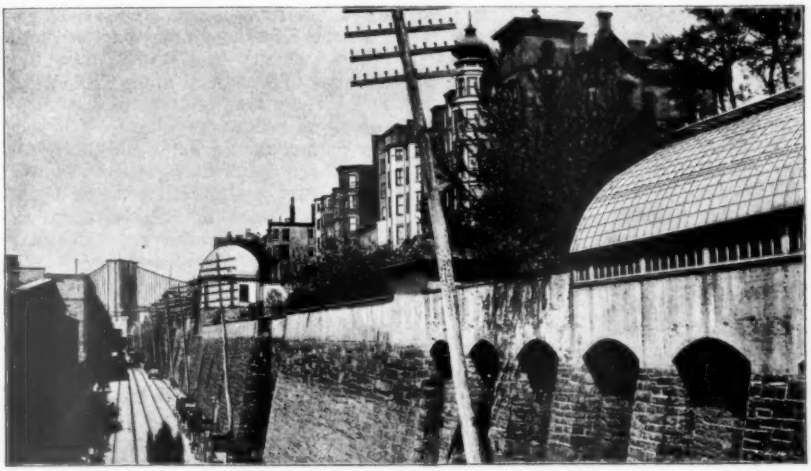
The other Brooklyn regiments organized as volunteers were the 5th artillery, and the 15th, 31st, 47th, 48th, 50th, 51st, 67th, 73d, 87th, 90th, 132d, 139th, 158th, 159th, 164th, 165th, 173d, and 176th infantry, and General William DeLacy, a Brooklynite, raised and maintained from his own means a company of infantry, which was absorbed in a New York city regiment, the 37th. The 48th lost in action fourteen officers and one hundred enlisted men, four officers and sixty-five men died of wounds, two officers and sixty-five men died of disease, and one officer and fifty-three men as prisoners of war. Four companies of the 5th heavy artillery were raised in Brooklyn, and there were many enlistments in the navy.

There are few of the men who won distinction in Brooklyn's volunteer regiments now living. Most of the noted military men now residing in the city came from other parts of the state, General and ex-Secretary Benjamin F. Tracy, Gen. Henry W. Slocum, Gen. Isaac S. Catlin among them. General Fowler was and is a Brooklynite; Col. Alfred M. Wood, subsequently republican mayor of the city, is living abroad; General Jourdan is a Brooklynite. The military record of the city of churches in the war is one of the highest in distinction and honor.

There are still traces of the exquisite original loveliness of the shore of Long Island along the harbor, and very early the busy and successful men of the New York island, finding the narrow and rocky peninsula crowded, were pleased to cross the East river to establish their homes with charming surroundings, and along the gentle heights grew a street of the palaces of the merchant princes. As the affairs of the port assumed vast proportions, there was the natural division of the place of business in New York and



MRS. BEECHER IN HER PARLOR.



HERRION STREET AND TERRACE, ON THE HEIGHTS.

the place of homes in Brooklyn. As manufacturing interests increased, and the gigantic destiny of the metropolis developed, thousands and tens of thousands of the armies of labor, who wrought in the shops and stores and offices on one side of the river, filled the pleasing spaces on the other side with their houses. The city thus gained its fixed character. The land limitations of New York forced the habitations of Brooklyn, and the bridge, as great a marvel in beauty as in utility, was evolved by the ever unsatisfied demand for rapid transit; and the reason of its being is seen in the daily prodigies performed in handling passengers—and the huge ferry boats glide to and fro with mass meetings of busy people.

It would be to consent to the theory that provincialism in New York affects, that Brooklyn is, next to Philadelphia, the largest village in the world, to parade distinguished citizens dead and living, and we shall stop through lack of space and fear of imperfection, when we have mentioned the beloved "first citizen," Stranahan, who has the rare fortune to see a statue erected by grateful fellow citizens to commemorate his public services in behalf of one of the most splendid parks in the world. The libraries of Brooklyn are as excellent as her schools, and under most intelligent care; the navy-yard an enormous arsenal; and the island rich in literary associations, has been the home of poets, from Bryant to Whitman, and it was in Brooklyn Thomas Buchanan Reid wrote Drifting, while his soul far away sailed "the Vesuvian bay."

The immense naval station and the forts that line the harbor, have caused these scenes to be familiar to our naval and military heroes. On these waters floated the prison ships of the revolution, and from them our conquering frigates sailed in the last war with England, and the monitors and our improvised fleets steamed away for the southern coast during the war that at least made us a nation, while memories of Lee and Stonewall Jackson still haunt Fort Hamilton.

There is here, in the gateway cluster of cities, a concentration of the trouble that is spread over the continent. The natural advantages are so bountiful, and the eager labors of the people are so lucrative, that under the progressive phases of prosperity, the duties of citizenship are neglected, and only at long intervals is public sentiment aroused, and the incredulity of those whose occupation is public dishonesty changes suddenly to terror. The gate to the continent is a golden gate. Whatever may be the result

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of the "annexation," it is clear that there is to be closer connection between the huge communities around the harbor, that is the true center of attraction. In the greater sense they are one city now. There is but one bridge between New York and Brooklyn, but there are a thousand wires, and with telegraph and telephone, and the trolley and the cable, there is communication swift and certain, and universal, and never before were so many millions of human beings so closely and intelligently associated. The marvels of electricity are wrought over threads of iron and copper, and every day the evidence augments that electrical agencies are the servants of an incalculable revolutionary progress. Once, and not very long ago, Brooklyn was to the people of the United States the home of Henry Ward Beecher, and a convenient place for New Yorkers to go to sleep. The one-man reputation, the bed-room atmosphere, the village flavor, are no more predominant and will never return.

Whether we approach Brooklyn from the bay or the bridge, going up or coming down the river, or by the ferries, or the railroads of Long Island, there are before us a score of square miles covered with buildings, many that would be richly decorative of the streets of any city on the earth. There are hundreds of churches, a score of sumptuous club houses, theaters galore, public halls and libraries, hospitals and school houses extraordinary in size and merit, tens of thousands of home roofs, brilliant shops of wide reputation, gigantic manufactories; there are the warehouses, the seats of a commerce that invades all the continents and the islands of the sea; there are shadowing the river the mighty sugar castles, whose homely grandeur tells of an industry that is colossal. And behold not a mere bridge head with a church on a hill and scattering country-seats, but a massive metropolis, stretching as far as the eye can reach, elevated railroads and surface roads interminable; and reserved in the background an island itself exceeding any of the Grecian Archipelago, or Cyprus, or Sicily, surpassing indeed all that glitter around Europe—England alone excepted—a situation for an imperial city surpassing that of Constantinople.



CLINTON AVENUE.



THE WESTERN GOAL.

THE CHASE OF THE CHONGO.

By Charles F. Lummis.

AFTER the spring medicine-making has set the year afoot in the paths of safety, and five hundred swart spade-bearers have turned a sample of the Rio Grande down the "mother-canal," whose little daughter-ditches shall feed the parched fields; and they who will not come out and dance for this drink-giving that the wheat and corn may spring have been duly ducked for their contumacy, then is it that my brown friends of the pueblo of Isleta have joy of their legs. And joy shall be as well to all who see; for never was there a more gallant sight than the running of the stark and sinewy forty when they chase the elusive chongo.*

In the abstract, the Pueblo is far from the supreme runner. The Apache or the Mojave, given three days' time, could fairly circumnavigate him. But as compared with anything familiar to our putative athletics, he is peerless—naturally enough, for he has not yet degenerated into the fullness of civilization. Our record-breakers would be record-broken were they entered in the Nah-cui-e-wee of the spring in Isleta.

I have said that the Indian does nothing for fun; nor does he, primarily. But he has achieved the precious ability to squeeze fun from duty. He even runs for God's sake, but trusts no offence will be taken if he shall be as glad therein as his deity. He feels there is room for both. The coming of spring brings a host of sacred ceremonials; whereof the relay foot-race is not most potent, but by far most picturesque.

The races always begin on Easter Sunday afternoon, and generally last four Sundays. They are in honor of the Ca-

*The Egyptian-queue in which both sexes braid their hair.



THE START.

cique, the vicar of Thoor-id-deh, the Sun-father; and if he have in him half the blood of a man, those twenty hours pay him for all the self-abnegation of the year.

At noon of Easter, Desiderio Jaramillo, the superb war-captain, is afoot in the uncertain streets of the pueblo, pregonando in a voice that Stentor's self might envy. Seven years have not dulled my wonder at the sonorous range of pueblo throats. Slow, measured, deep, resonant, his voice rolls down the breathless air in glorious baritone:

HÀH-TAH ö-wun too-hlahk mah-eé-kah!

"Now, youths, to the estufa come!"

Today is the day of the smalls. In half an hour after Desiderio has bombarded the town with those explosive thunders of his chest, men of his age begin trudging toward the low, round estufa, leading each his smaller copy. By one o'clock the twilit room is crowded with old men and ungrown boys. To them rises the Cacique in benediction; and the captain of war proclaims that now is the time when the pueblo shall try its runners, if they have the hearts of men, and teach the youth to bear their course, that they be strong if ever shall come the barbaros. Then he names two old men present as captains for the day, and they proceed to choose sides in the fashion of making up two base-ball nines. "I choose Quico," says the first gray-head. "And I Lelo," says the other. And so they pick alternately until all the lads present are arrayed upon one side or the other. Then are marked those of the first side, each with a dab of yeso on his right cheek; and all strip off their moccasins and muslin trousers and gay print shirts, and stand slender and supple in no more than the modest breech-clout.

By four o'clock the plaza has usurped the town. Upon the wall before the great, gray adobe church—which dates from 1635—is perched a long row of the expectant. Upon the squat roofs which wall the three other sides of the square, is the rest of the population. The course is diagonally across the plaza, and the two goals, 160 yards apart, are marked by the statuesque elders who shall judge the race.

And now a hush befalls the crowd. From the tortuous little alley at the southwest corner of the plaza stalks Desiderio, swathed in a priceless blanket of the weavers who never wash. Behind him, with pace as stately, strides a gracile lad of twelve; and another, and another, until a procession of thirty boys in single file, tapering downward to the center and

then up again, and brought up as to the rear by a man with silver locks, is marching across the plaza. The oldest may be thirteen; the tiniest not to exceed five. But their hearts are the hearts of strong men.

To the farther goal they march, and wheel and stand for a brief invocation. Then half remain there, and the rest file back to the western goal.

A moment's pause, and the command rings out like a pistol shot; and with the word two of them that are at the eastern goal leap forward like twin arrows from a single bow. They are the largest boys of the thirty. One is of the ee-too-in, with the yeso print; the other of the ee-áh-too-in that wear no paint. Like two fawns they spring down the course, and in a flash of lithe brown legs they are at the hither goal, and their two next mates, a painted and an unpainted, are springing to the east. Each pair is smaller than the one before it, till five-year-old Benito and chubby Juan, a year his senior, are legging it with unbound hair outblown, set lips and eyes afire. What strain of dimpled legs, what play of baby chests, what spread of young nostrils that sniff the breath of victory!

The Pueblo foot-race is a serial athletic in many chapters. From goal to goal is not a race — it is not even, strictly speaking, a heat. The race is by relays and cumulative, and the fortunes of the two sides are as a bank-account whereto are debited and credited the loss or gain of the successive representatives of each. The start is always from the eastward goal, and by one runner of each side. If they reach the western goal even, the second pair start even toward the east. Generally one is a little ahead; and in such case, his mate starts from the goal the instant he reaches it — thus preserving for his side the gain made by its first man. The second man of the other side cannot start out till his man comes in. In other words, the result is like that of a straight-away race of forty miles or so between two men, each of whom is made new and fresh at every three hundred yards.

The race of the babies is not apt to last long. Each of the fifteen of each side runs his one hundred and sixty yards three or four times in his turn; and at last one is plucked from behind by his rival between goals, and the race is over. The next Sunday's race, similarly announced, is between two parties of grown men, similarly chosen. They are generally young; though now and then an elder pants his course, in payment of some votive debt to those above for his recovery from sickness. There are generally in these races but eight or ten men on a side; so the



THE CHURCH, PUEBLO OF ISLETA.

running is apt to be long without result, since each man has to run oftener and has less time to rest. Frequently a race is not finished by sunset; in which case it goes over bodily till the next Sunday when the gaining side will start in ahead by the exact number of feet it has won from the other.

But it is when the specific races of the Cacique have been run that the climax comes. By now the blood of old and young is warm with rivalry. Three afternoons they have watched that brave and generous strife, with gathering unrest, till now their spirits can be appeased only by running themselves. No sooner is the chongo of the unpainted unfortunate begrappled than friendly taunt and challenge are bandied from mouth to mouth of them that surge toward the estufa with the victorious painted. Before the sacred council-room is gained, a formal "defi" has passed. The unmarried men challenge the benedicts to a foot-race on the coming Sunday.* This looks more like pure fun — but still the ceremonial heart is in it. The bet is a scalp-dance! The side which loses shall pay the dance — that is, trudge with unhasteful burros to the Manzanos, twenty miles away, and bring back wood for the great bonfire without which no tu-a-fú-ar can be held. The challenge is of course accepted — it would be simply impossible, under Indian etiquette, to be "stumped." The race will be exactly like its predecessors, only more so; and because this most superb of athletics takes climax with its last race, I have reserved detailed description for that.

That same night, after sunset, there are rallyings to two points. Upon a broom-peak of the gathered house-sweepings of five hundred years, in the eastern part of the pueblo, cluster hloo-hlin, the "old men," or married; and ö-wun, the single, flock to a similar mound west of the plaza. Each party elects a captain, and he carefully picks his men. Every night through the week the rival bands meet, each at its rendezvous, and chant loudly to the tap of the rawhide drum, and train on a level street. As practice goes on and lungs broaden and legs evict their kinks, spirits bubble over. Tonight the "Casados" come parading past the camp of the "Solteros," headed by the vociferous drum, waving a gorgeous banner and singing in mighty chorus an improvised Tigua war-song, to which the young men give derisive response.

The racers are in the estufa, from either spar of whose lofty ladder flaunt their respective banners. The race-course is farther down the same indeterminate street. I have never been allowed to measure it, but have done so secretly. It is exactly three hundred and twenty yards from goal to goal—each marked by a pole set in the hard earth. The course has been swept scrupulously clean of every loose particle of sand and gravel. It is hard pan, sown with round pebbles; a sort of earthen conglomerate. One of our runners would fare ill, barefoot, upon that hard track. Isleteño feet suffer too; but that is part of it. To be stoic and to toughen by pain — they are of the aboriginal curriculum.

The houses that hem the course on either side are a double rainbow. Above their soft gray walls the level roofs are lost in a gorgeous human drift. It is the apotheosis of color. Erect men tower statue-like above the crowd of mothers who nurse brown babes, and maidens who whisper and titter. Upon a commanding hillock cluster a hundred men; and either side of the street of running is six deep with the more feverish. Upon an ancient bench beside the western goal sit the Cacique and his two assistants and the principal shamans, rolling cigarettes in the sweet cornhusk, and smoking gravely. Beside either goal stand its two judges, side by side, erect, tireless, impassive.

Now a head rises from the trap-door of the estufa, and the war-captain steps out upon the roof and descends the old steps to the ground, followed by the swart athletes in single file; and solemnly they march down to the western goal. There are forty-four runners—twenty-two to a side—the unmarried distinguished by the dab of yeso upon the cheek. The seated dignitaries have risen and taken their places in two files behind the umpires, facing to the east. Down through the aisle

* Occasionally the challenge is from those whose farms are across the river to those on this side; and more rarely yet, the parties are sometimes made up from the dwellers on either side of an imaginary line drawn north and south through the middle of the plaza.

between them stalks the procession, while the shamans blow each from his left palm a pinch of the sacred cornmeal in invocation to those above; and all bow their heads while the Cacique prays the prayer of the running.

Then the whole procession strides away to the east goal, and the officials resume their seats. There is another invocation, and there half the runners stay, and presently the rest, still led by gallant Desiderio, file back to the western goal. They take their places in two single files; the eleven Solteros ranged behind their umpire, the eleven married men behind theirs. It is a glorious array, this score of bronze Apollos, stark, but for the dark blue taparabo at the loins, lithe, muscular, alert. They stand in the order in which they were chosen. Here is big, homely Quico, the deer-footed, and beside him, as rival, huge, clumsy, but tireless, Tranquilino. Next of the unmarried stands that bronze cameo, Remigio, the most absolute perfection of a man, and for his match the taller Apollo, José Diego, with his poet's face. Do not smile at the notion of a poet's profile on an Indian. If you or I had such faces as José Diego, or princely Pablo yonder, civilization would give us our livelihood for the privilege of gazing, as it does now to men less endowed. And here is little Chino, the black antelope, who runs five hours at the heads of our loping horses in the great round-hunt; and here that chopo,* Hercules Francisco, the strongest man of the Tiguas, and matchless in breaking bronco horses and wild steers; and here Vicente, the tall wrestler, and a brave array besides.

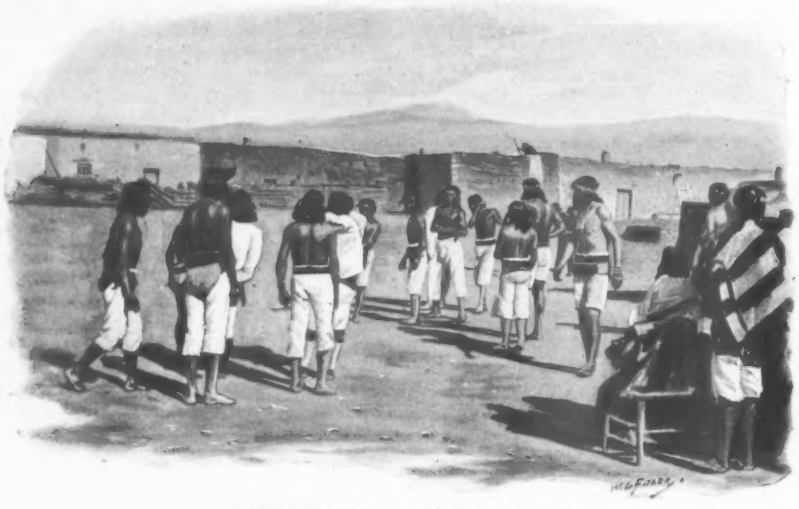
There is a moment when none take breath; the Capitan thunders a call to the farther goal; a sonorous echo gives him answer; and from afar we hear the mighty "hai-koo!" of the signal, and there is a flash of something from the farther goal. Upon this first partura many a pony and many a costly blanket, and many a barrel of wine will change hands; for it is between the two swiftest of all Isleta's eleven hundred, one-eyed Quico, and the blonde giant José. The calm of the housetops breaks in rainbow waves of excitement. The street itself surges; and high above its kaleidoscopic tide come streaming the opposing banners borne by fleet and frantic Chirina and transformed Pedro, as they fly side by side with their favorites for a stretch, to cheer them on. And how the shouts go up!

Ah-quá-mi-áhm! Ah-quá-mi-áhm! Harder! Harder! yell the unmarried, for Quico

* A short, heavy-set man.



IN TRAINING.



A GROUP OF RUNNERS, JOSÉ ON THE RIGHT.

is a yard to the bad. But there is no harder in him. Flash his one eye as it will, and wing their best his sinewy arms, and toil their mightiest those corded legs, they avail not against that terrible apparition that hurtles in front. For José, the yellow-haired, is at his prime today, and then no man alive can beat him on that course. Four feet ahead of his rival he leaps past the goal in a fearful bound, and sinks upon a patch of soft sand that those heaving lungs shall catch up with the stampeded heart.

The second man of each side was crouched catlike at the goal as they came; and as José passed the post his relief leaped forward and was off like the wind. An instant later, in came Quico, and simultaneously his mate sprang to pursue José's, and the clamor of vibrant shouts went up again to heaven.

For three hours it goes thus, without apparent slacking of gait, and with a crescendo of enthusiasm. Each man's turn comes about every fifteen minutes, so each has a chance for wind. The married have gained seventy-five yards in a dozen parturas; but there the solteros hold them, and the two men near each goal who mark the point where the front man meets the rear man of the other side, have to move but little. But now the married man gains a rod, and the inspiration feathers anew winged feet that seemed before to run all that man can run. And Lelo robs the bachelors of another yard, and Chino steals two, and Remigio another, and the crowd sways to and fro with the resistless contagion of their flight, and old men gird up their loins and pant beside the runners with voices that crack across the "Ah-nyah-moó-ee" and the "Hoo-yoi-tin!" And wrinkled mothers totter parallel with sons whose teeth are grimly-white. And plump wives and comely virgins patter in modest trot in the course of the stern-faced meteor that flashes past, unsmiling, unturning, but noting those dear encouragements, be sure. Even the staid old governor and his two lieutenants are running and cheering with the best.

Upon the soft sand-patches at either goal are sprawled a dozen stark forms, twisting for rest, or lying with high chests heaving from that terrific strain. Old men pinch and squeeze at cramps in knotted legs.

A gay tinaja stands near with a gourd dipper floating in its neck; but no one drinks. Each runner takes a mouthful and holds it in his parched mouth a moment, and then blows it—Chinese laundry fashion—upon the broad, bare back of a companion; or puffs it up against the wind and whirls to catch the returning

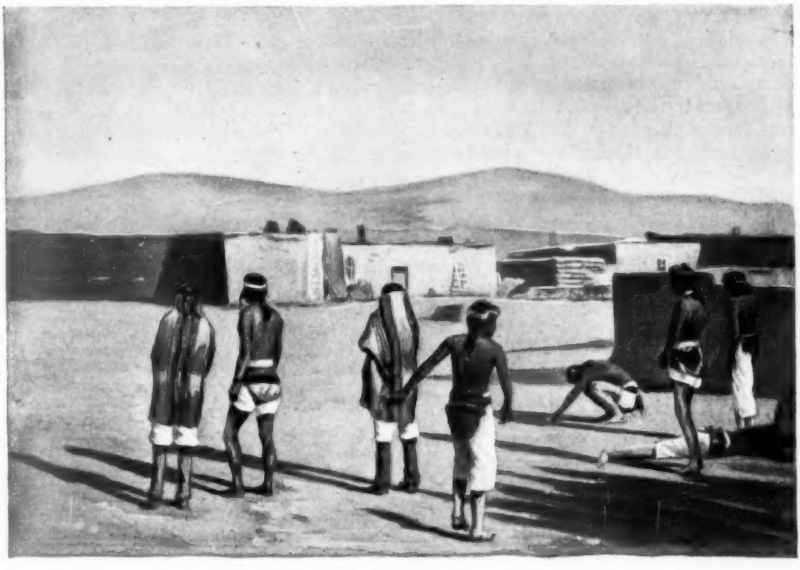
spray upon his own shoulders. One or two lean deathly sick against a wall. But they will be at the scratch when their turn comes around again.

And still the markers are kept on the gallop, drawing ever nearer to each other in mid-course. And now they meet and pass, and with every partura each is working toward the other goal.

And now in a roar of joy a glaring runner of the married comes to the goal while yet his rival is starting from the other. The Casados have gained a whole lap! They are no longer common racers, but now inspired beings. Their bodies seem transfigured by a superhuman passion. I have seen the bravest struggles of the superior race—its hottest foot-ball fights, its wildest races. I have heard more noise, for the aborigine is less noisy than we, and seen more acrobatics of the multitude. But never have I seen, nor do I look to see, in civilization, such an apocalypse of inspiration. No man that is born of woman could more sit still against that wave of impulse than he could outweary a red-hot stove. Impetus is in the air, and all goes down before it, for now it is no longer a race, but a pursuit. From goal to goal rings the cry, "Ahshör!"

Catch! Each bachelor speeds as from a pack of wolves; each Casado springs like a wolf upon his trail. Neither could run a hair the better if their lives hung on the instant. They leap along like very demons—as man was meant to run when there is life itself to run for. It is the supreme strain of perfect muscle. The women who paddle encouragingly up and down could be no more wrought up did pursuer bear a knife for the pursued. It is good, when single-heartedness is becoming a lost art; when we so seldom see man do absolutely his last-best, to look upon the Homeric heroism of an Isleta hair-chase.

The distance grows small between each relay, until it is but fifty feet, as Juan gets to the eastern goal and Mingo flashes west. Now comes Pedro to that post, and José springs forward in pursuit of Mingo.



RUNNERS RESTING.

I would fain back out, even now, from trying to tell that untellable last dash. But even as I pelt impotent words at that whose very skin they seem not to graze, the race is with me again, and the gray faces of the runners, and the devil's tattoo of their mad feet, and again I am running with them. Here comes Mingo like a doe with the pack at her heels, with head

back and ashen lips, and brown hide taut, and the eyes of one that sees death smite him unavenged. But behind, like a tawny elk in rutting-time, comes charging that matchless fate—the sublimest human thing my eyes have seen. The flawless skin is lighter than my hands—for José is a blonde Indian—and knotted with great gnarls of strength. The yellow-brown hair flaunts in massy waves behind. The large eyes fairly burn one with their unearthly glow.

Mingo is ashen as the gray track, but with every rod desperation seems to lend new wings. But they count not against that human whirlwind that sweeps and leaps behind. Mingo can hear the snort of the great lungs, the pat of the inevitable feet, and in an instant more, in stone's throw of safety and the farther goal, a mighty hand clutches him by the flying chongo—and all is up.

The crowd closes in upon victors and vanquished, and hoarse throats shout again and faces are aflame, and here and there are tears in gentle eyes as the tide sweeps on to the estufa. Into its cavernous depths plunge the four-and-forty runners, and rub themselves and don the garb of every day. The unmarried seek their homes by the shortest cut; but the victorious "Casados," with drum and banner, make circuit of the town, singing loudly of victory. José, the victor-in-chief, waves aloft his spoils—the banner of the ö-wun, now hung with a wreath of the sacred yellow flower that flecks the gravel-banks beside the river. For all those hours of supreme effort, they still have legs and lungs left to celebrate their winning.

While they are yet parading, a tall and stately woman, dressed in her costliest, rounds a corner of the plaza, bearing upon her head a flaring Apache basket covered with a spotless cloth. She is the wife of José. Behind her come his mother and sisters and a hundred and twenty other women, each similarly headladen. In single file—and there are few more charming pictures than such a party of Pueblo women in holiday attire—they proceed to the house of poor Mingo, whose queue was pulled. All are sorry for the loser of that brave strife. There is no reward for the winner, save glory; but to him who was caught goes a most generous consolation-prize. Since he is a "Soltero," every married woman in the town—and, very like, many a sympathizing maiden too—will bring him offerings till his store-room shall bulge with fatness. As a token of the Acadian spirit of my townsmen, it may be mentioned that I have heard the whole pueblo congratulating one another that he who was caught-by-the-hair was a poor boy, and not one of the "ricos" to whom the gifts would do no good. And furthermore, it is noteworthy, that this considerable temptation never yet relaxed a poor boy's legs from supreme effort. None of the gifts go to console the others of his side; but he carries to the Cacique the first basket—that brought by the female representative of the catcher.

The giving of the consolation is the last of the races. The flushed crowd scatters to its homes. At eight tonight the vanquished will set torch to their huge bonfire in the plaza, and the "bending women" will bring out from their hiding-place in the estufa the weathered scalps of the wars of long ago, and around the roaring cedar logs will dance night-long the great, dark ring, with songs of how they smote the prowling "barbaros" who swooped upon Isleta in the danger days of the Olds.



THE ESTUFA.

SOROSIS.

By Margaret Manton Merrill.



MRS. JENNIE DE LA M. LOZIER, PRESIDENT OF SOROSIS.

SOROSIS is the mother of women's clubs, and, although but twenty-five years old, she has in various countries of the world more than two hundred prosperous and flourishing children. Some of them live in houses of their own, which Sorosis does not—yet. But no one of them feels that it has quite attained the dignity and strength of the mother club.

The organization of Sorosis, in March, 1868, was considered a bold step. No club had ever existed, composed exclusively of women and officered by them. Nor had women taken any active part in business or public affairs. Very few women were doing professional work. The only step in the direction of club life for women had been taken by a New England organization, formed about a month before Sorosis was organized, to which women were admitted as members and were allowed to vote but not to hold office.

The ladies who first suggested the organizing of a woman's club were moved to do so because of action on the part of the New York Press club, which they considered a discourtesy. Mrs. Croly, "Jennie June," and Mrs. James Parton, "Fannie Fern," who were, at that time, almost the only women doing journalistic work, asked for tickets to a banquet which was to be given to Charles Dickens, at Delmonico's. The affair was in the hands of the New York Press club, and Horace Greeley, then the editor of the Tribune, had consented to preside. The ladies thought they had the right to be represented with the press people of New York and assist in doing honor to a distinguished member of their own profession.



Miss Margaret M. Merrill is well fitted, by her active and independent career, to be a typical representative of Sorosis. The daughter of a clergyman prominent among the teachers of the west, she was educated at the University of Minnesota, and then studied medicine in Chicago. But journalism appealed to her more strongly than this profession, and already at nineteen years of age she contributed to the press. A year later, she was lecturing on a tour that took in California, the Hawaiian islands and Australia, and there are but few countries in the world that Miss Merrill has not since visited. Six years ago, she entered the ranks of New York journalism, and has been a constant contributor to the periodicals, achieving especial success in her stories for children. In addition to her newspaper work, Miss Merrill has lectured in both London and New York, and will deliver an address before the Woman's congress at the World's fair.

The majority of the committee, however, thought differently, and would have uncompromisingly refused to admit the ladies had not Horace Greeley declared that if they did he would have nothing to do with the affair.

Then the committee proved themselves diplomatic, if not chivalrous. They wanted Mr. Greeley to preside but they did not want the ladies as guests. So, they waited until three days before the affair was to take place, when they sent a note to Mrs. Croly, saying: "If a sufficient number of ladies can be found, to prevent each other from feeling lonesome, who are willing to pay fifteen dollars each for their tickets, they will be allowed to purchase them."

To this, Mrs. Croly replied: "The ladies feel that they have not been treated like gentlemen and refuse to avail themselves of a possible opportunity so reluctantly given."

This incident was the topic of discussion at the next Sunday evening reception given by the Misses Alice and Phœbe Cary, and the feeling of indignation among the ladies grew.



MRS CHARLOTTE WILBOUR, EX-PRESIDENT.



MISS ALICE CARY, FIRST PRESIDENT OF SOROSIS.

"Why not have a woman's club?" said Mrs. Croly to Kate Field.

"There is no reason why we should not," replied Miss Field.

This suggestion of Mrs. Croly's was the seed from which Sorosis grew. A meeting was called at Mrs. Croly's house on the following Monday. There were present Miss Kate Field, Mrs. Henry M. Field, Mrs. Vincenzo Botta and Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour. Mrs. Croly presided.

After briefly reviewing the action of the Press club, she said that the ladies had been called together for the purpose of considering a basis of secular organization among women who were interested in the thought and progress of the age and in what other women were doing. The ladies were so thoroughly in sympathy with the idea that a second meeting was appointed for the next Monday at the same time and place, and notes of invitation were sent to a number of ladies, Miss Kate Field acting as secretary.

But, before the next Monday came Miss Kate Field and Mrs. Field had been called away from the city and Mrs. Botta had withdrawn her name because of the opposition of her husband. The only ones left of the original promoters were Mrs. Croly and Mrs. Wilbour. They, however, were equal to the emergency. They met on the Sunday before the meeting and prepared a draft of a constitu-

tion. The next day the organization of the new club was completed.

The infant having been born it must needs be christened, and here arose a discussion. At the first meeting Mrs. Botta had suggested that it be called The Blue Stocking club. But that would indicate that the organization was to be strictly literary. "The first club should be representative," said Mrs. Croly, "of the whole woman, not of any special class of women."

The idea of feminine club life was too new for that.

"Call it The Woman's League," said Miss Kate Field. "Then it will have political backing and be a sort of woman's supplement to the Union League club."

But the ladies had no desire for political backing, and did not wish to be supplementary to anything.

Miss Alice Cary suggested The Sphinx, but that seemed to veil a mystery and there was to be nothing mysterious about the woman's club. Miss Phœbe Cary submitted as her choice, Columbia; but that was too common.

Meanwhile Mrs. Croly had found in a botanical dictionary the word Sorosis. The general supposition is that Sorosis comes from the Greek word meaning sister. But it has a much more significant and broader meaning than that. It is the botanical name of a class known as aggregated fruits, of which the pineapple is an example — a collection of flowers, which mature into fruits, all joined together in one wholesome body.

This name seemed exactly the thing. It was new, it had a pleasant sound, and was, as Mrs. Croly said, "full of gracious meaning."

In the organization the following officers were chosen: President, Alice Cary; vice-president, Jennie C. Croly; corresponding secretary, Kate Field; recording secretary and treasurer, Charlotte B. Wilbour; executive committee, Phœbe Cary, Ella Dietz Clymer, Celia M. Burleigh, Josephine Pollard, Lucy Gibbons, Ellen Louise Demorest.



ELLA DIETZ CLYMER, EX-PRESIDENT.



MRS. A. M. PALMER,
CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON PHILANTHROPY.

The day on which the final organization of Sorosis took place was Monday, March 20, 1868, and the first regular meeting was held at Delmonico's on Monday, April 20 of the same year. The following invitation was sent out for that occasion:

New York,
Apr. 13th, 1868.

You are invited to attend the first meeting at Delmonico's, corner of Fifth

avenue and Fourteenth street, on Monday, April 20th. Lunch, at $1.00 to each person, will be served at one o'clock. A lady will receive your card at the door of the room of meeting, and introduce you. Please respond before Saturday, April 18th. Address: "Sorosis," No. 151 East 51st street.

By order of the committee,

C. B. WILBOUR,
Rec. Sec'y.

On the 30th of December, 1868, the club became an incorporated society, thereby rendering itself capable of receiving bequests. So far, however, Sorosis has not had the opportunity to demonstrate her right in this direction.

During this first year of its life the new club was made the object of much ridicule on both sides of the sea. It furnished a fruitful theme for illustration in the comic papers. The London Queen of June 12, 1868, commented upon it thus:



MRS. ISABELLA B. CHALMERS, CHAIRMAN COMMITTEE ON ARTS.

"The Sorosis, the woman's club which exists in New York, has been brought before the readers of the Queen on more than one occasion lately. It is a society of women, many of them literary, meeting for the sake of mutual improvement and pleasant social intercourse. Men are invited to be present at the entertainments given by the members of Sorosis, but they are entirely in the subordinate position of guests and listeners. The toast of 'The gentlemen' was given at one of their parties by a lady and responded to on behalf of the 'weaker brethren' by another lady. A good deal of headshaking and holding up of hands in wonder at the proceedings of the Sorosis have been indulged in on our side of the Atlantic, and certainly it would be very difficult to conceive of a body of English ladies, even of those who have the most advanced views, acting quite as the members of Sorosis have done. The idea is a ludicrous one."



MRS. MARY V. TERHUNE. "MARION HARLAND."

The Queen, also, in this article, referred to a letter, written by Mrs. Croly to a gentleman who applied for admission to membership in Sorosis, as being intensely amusing. This is the letter:

Mr. R. B. Roosevelt.

Dear Sir:—Your proposition to become a member of the Sorosis was laid before the executive committee and subsequently before the club. I regret to say the decision was not in your favor. The reasons, it is only fair to state, were not those of character, position, or personal merit, but consisted solely of society restrictions as to sex. Personally you have been found very agreeable by several members of Sorosis. Reputation and po-

sition are alike unexceptionable. But the unfortunate fact of your being a man outweighs these and all other claims to membership. We willingly admit, of course, that the accident of your sex is on your part a misfortune and not a fault; nor do we wish to arrogate anything to ourselves, because we had the good fortune to be born women. We sympathize most truly and heartily with you and the entire male creation in their present and prospective desolation and unhappiness. But this is all we can do. Sorosis is too young for the society of gentlemen and must be allowed time to grow. By and by, when it has reached a proper age, say twenty-one, it may ally itself with the Press club or some other male organization of good character and standing. But for years to come its reply to all male suitors must be, "Principles, not men."

JENNIE JUNE CROLY.

After the first meeting Miss Cary resigned the presidency on account of her health, and for a time the club had no president but elected a chairman at each meeting. In March, 1869, Mrs. Croly was elected president by acclamation.



MRS. FANNIE FOSTER CLARK.



MRS. G. H. ROSENFELD, MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

The first entertainment given to Sorosis was a breakfast by the Press club of New York. This was considered as an amende honorable. But not a member of Sorosis was invited to speak. Their part was to sit still and eat and be spoken to. Sorosis responded soon after by giving a tea to the Press club, at which the gentlemen were given the silent part. They were not even allowed to respond to their own toast.

Before the close of its first year of existence Sorosis numbered almost a hundred members. The ladies who signed the charter were Agnes Noble, Jennie C. Croly, Charlotte B. Wilbour, Celia M. Burleigh, E. Louise Demorest, Ella D. Clymer, Sara L. Hopper, and Josephine Pollard. All but two of these ladies are still active members of the club, although Mrs. Wilbour has lived for several years in Paris. Other members of 1868 whose names are still upon the roll are Miss Hannah Allen, who served many years as recording secretary; Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, Mrs. Mary Kyle Dallas, Miss Sarah E. Fuller, Mme. Caroline A. Mereghi, Mrs. Margaret W. Ravenhill, Mrs.



MRS. ADELYN WESLEY SMITH.

Anna B. Schofield, Mrs. Ellen M. Van Brunt and Mrs. Mary A. Young.

Mrs. Wilbour was elected president of the club in 1870 and presided over its deliberations until the spring of 1874, when she went abroad, leaving the first vice-president, Rev. Phœbe A. Hanaford, to sit in the presidential chair until March, 1875, when Mrs. Croly was chosen. She served until 1886. At this time a clause was added to the constitution specifying that no member should hold office for more than three consecutive years.

M. Louise Thomas was the next president. Following her came Ella Dietz Clymer, and then Jennie de la M. Lozier, M.D., the present president.

There seems to be a general impression, even among the people in New York, that Sorosis discusscs woman suffrage and various other aggressive topics. This is very far from being true. No member or visitor is allowed to touch upon the question of politics on the floor of Sorosis. Religious discussions are also tabooed.

The object of Sorosis, as set forth in the constitution is "to bring together women engaged in literary, artistic, scientific and philanthropic pursuits with the view of rendering them helpful to each other and useful to society."

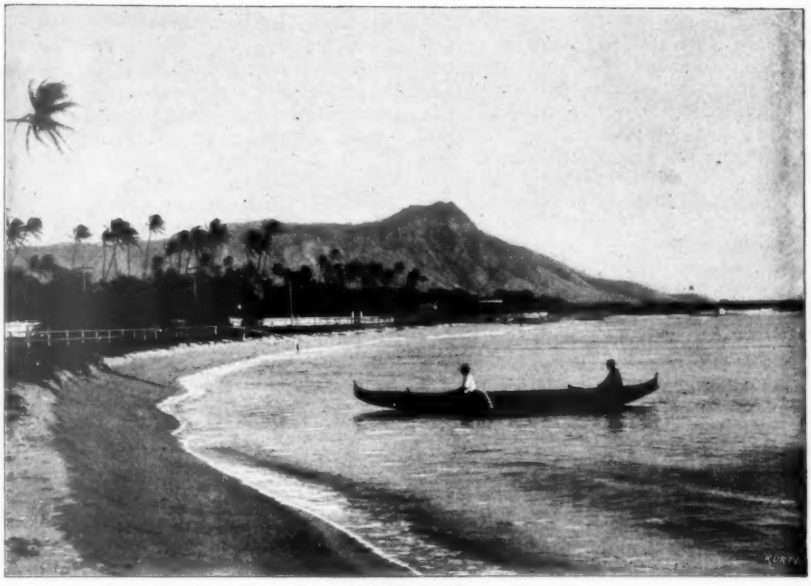
The social meetings of the club are held on the first Monday of each month, from October until June, inclusive, except the first Monday in March, which is election day. The business meetings are held on the third Monday of each of these months. An annual reception is held on the evening of the third Thursday in January, and this is the only entertainment of the year to which gentlemen are invited. On March 20 of each year an anniversary breakfast is given. This year Sorosis celebrated its quarter-centennial, at which many notable guests were present.

There are nine standing committees in Sorosis. The committee on reception constitutes the custodia. The committees on literature, art, drama, philanthropy, science, education, house and home, and business women, furnish the programmes for the social entertainments. On the first Monday of each month the chairman of one of these committees presents a question for discussion pertaining to the work of her committee. She chooses speakers, who prepare papers upon the subject, for and against. A lunch is served. Musical selections and recitations are rendered, which, with the discussion of the question, constitute the entertainment. No work is done by these committees outside of the club. An exception must be made in the case of the committee on philanthropy, for it has a fund. This fund has increased very materially during the past two years under the efficient chairmanship of Mrs. A. M. Palmer, and several needy women, some of whom are members of Sorosis, have been aided.

In the spring of 1890, Sorosis sent an invitation to all the women's clubs of the world that had been established more than a year, asking them to send delegates to New York for the purpose of forming an international federation of women's clubs. More than sixty clubs responded. The federation was organized, and the following year a woman's congress was held in Washington.

The question of a club house has often been discussed, but, so far, no steps have been taken toward procuring one.

Sorosis, after twenty-five years of active life, stands as the representative woman's club of the world. Its principles are purely democratic. It is of women, by women, and for women.



DIAMOND HEAD.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF THE HAWAIIAN MONARCHY.

By Herbert H. Gowen.

IT is not at all in accordance with the poetic fitness of things that the world has just had to chronicle in its newspapers a revolution in the Hawaiian islands.

Those who have lived in the balmy air of Hawaii nei, have dreamed away the hours on its coral beaches, or from its flower-clad mountain heights have gazed out on the blue Pacific, broken as it is with the white line of the coral reef, or have known the genial, easy-going Kanakas as the favored children of nature, made for the enjoyment of the passing hour, may well feel that all this talk of revolt, new constitution, provisional government and the rest, is a barbarous and prosaic intrusion into paradise.

In another way, however, those who have had experience of life in Honolulu under modern conditions, will feel that a revolution is not, by any means, a surprising phenomenon.

First, because the Hawaiian kingdom is, indeed, as Mark Twain calls it, "the machinery of the Great Eastern in a sardine box." It is a very encyclopædia of



LAVA.

phenomena—physical, social, moral and political.

When, after passing round the grand crater of Diamond Head, skirting along the century-old cocoanut groves of Waikiki, and entering within the coral reef at the mouth of the harbor, you land upon the wharves of Honolulu, what do you find to meet your enchanted gaze, as the city emerges from its embosoming gardens? What but a perfect network of wires from telephone posts and electric light posts, spanning streets of American stores for all the world like those in some city of moderate size in the western states? And when you have mingled with this first vision of delight, the shady vistas of mangoes and monkey pods, the avenues of royal, date, fan and sugar palms, the wildernesses of perfumed creepers, and the hedges bright with myriads of blossoms—when you have grown accustomed to the darkly handsome women sitting by the roadsides weaving their leis of yellow or scarlet flowers,—you are even more bewildered than ever to see how Americans, and English, and Germans, and Portuguese, and Chinese, and Japanese, live and work in total unconsciousness of the incongruity of their struggle for wealth with such a lotus-eating land.

You feel almost as though Wall street had been transmigrated to Eden, and all the creatures of the thornless garden had begun to be ashamed of their play.

And, without any exaggeration, the picture is a strange one. Here you have a country of 90,000 inhabitants, all told, including about 40,000 natives, 15,000 Chinese, 10,000 Japanese, and the remainder made up of every nationality under the sun. The capital, Honolulu, is a city of 25,000 inhabitants, made up of similar constituents. And what a city! Here you have the royal court, to which are attached the representatives of the world's great powers (and some of the small ones, too), and made courtly, on a small scale, by all the splendor and complexity of etiquette that royalty affects. Up to recent times there was an army (and for a short space a navy, too), with officers almost as numerous as privates, and uniformed right dazzlingly to behold. Then you will find the House of Parliament—Alüolani Hale—where the legislators (nobles and representatives) sit to discharge the weighty affairs of the kingdom. Man-

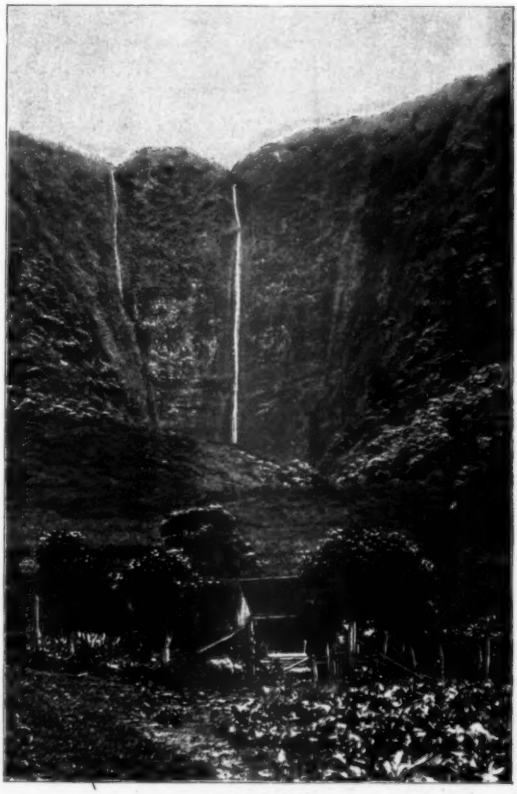


BIRDS-EYE VIEW OF HONOLULU.

hood suffrage is in vogue, and most natives are keen politicians. The chief political principle fought for is the possession of the government offices, and all who do not get billets join the opposition. There is a general election every two years, and this furnishes a good chance for the discontented to avenge their exclusion from the spoils of office. Not only this, but the law courts have their place in the commonwealth, and the lawyers flourish. Few towns of the same size can have so many lawyers as Honolulu, but litigiousness to the Hawaiian is a mark of advanced civilization, and those Hawaiians who cannot become politicians aspire to become lawyers.

Education does not lag behind the taste for litigation and legislation. All Hawaiian children are taught in free government schools to read and write English, and (intellectually) the results of school work are eminently satisfactory. The Hawaiian schools secured a gold medal at the Paris exposition of 1888, for specimens of school work.

Then, in the second place, the modern history of Hawaii has had elements which have been inexorably bringing on conditions in which revolt was certain, and in which the only uncertainties were when the aboriginal population would cease to struggle with the invading white man, and of what nationality the white man who should conquer, would be.



WAIPIO FALLS

The real history of Hawaii —using history in its strictest sense—does not go back much more than one hundred years. Beyond this, however, there are Hawaiian traditions on Hawaiian soil which boast an antiquity of about twenty-eight generations — something under a thousand years, and by gathering up the threads of comparative philology and ethnology we are able to go further back still.

The original Hawaiian stock was, in all probability, Aryan—worshipping the great "All-father," on the Aryan highlands, side by side with our own ancestors, and those of the Hindoo. As some of these primitive tribes migrated westward, so others journeyed from the cradle of the race southward. Through India to the Malay archipelago, where they seem to have stayed long in Java, they pressed ever on till about the first century of our era, they entered for the first time the unknown waters of the Pacific ocean. In their great war canoes they still advanced, staying for long or short periods at the Fiji islands, Samoa, and Tonga, until at last, in the fifth century, they reached the extreme island of the group, which they at once called Hawa-ii, or "burning Java."

Here they made their home, adapting their old traditions, religion and laws to

the new surroundings. It is probable that in the eleventh century there was a fresh immigration consisting of islanders from the Marquesas, Society and Samoan islands, which brought fresh life and vigor to the newly formed nationality.

From that time onward to the year 1778, when the islands were re-discovered by Captain James Cook, they seem to have kept their isolation unbroken.

In the primitive state the Hawaiians were under the rule of chiefs (aliis) and priests (kahunas). The kahunas ruled by means of superstitious terrors and by the remarkable institution of "kapu," or "tabu." The chiefs, or aliis, were by means of natural selection superior to the rest of the nation in stature, strength, and general physique. Their food and dress were distinct from that of the commoners, and their rule seems to have been despotic in the extreme. For instance, we are told that on one occasion, Koihala, the "alii" of Kau, was making a voyage with his fleet of canoes from Kona to Kau. The people of the latter place were ordered to meet him with supplies of food at Kapua. So they cooked their hogs, dogs and potatoes, prepared their poi, filled the calabashes with water, and started out afoot to meet the chief and his retainers. However, the fleet would not stop at Kapua, and the "alii" commanded the people to go on further. So on they went to the next landing, and again were sent on. Wearied and disgusted by repeated caprices of this kind, they at length determined to pay the despot back in kind. So when they were finally ordered to climb the steep pali at Kaalualu and meet the king at South point, they sat down and ate the contents of the calabashes, refilled them with stones, and when at last the chief approached for his hookapu, they cast the stones at him, saying, "Here is your pig, here is your dog," etc., till Koihala was killed.

Similar stories are told of Kahaikalani and Halaea, so that even then we see revolt was possible in Hawaii.

But it is also evident from this that there was only needed some "alii" of conspicuous courage and prestige to gain a much wider authority than that of a petty chiefdom.

Such a man appeared at last in the middle of the eighteenth century in the person of Kamehameha the Great, the "Napoleon of the Pacific." However limited his scope, yet few greater warriors have waged war than this Hawaiian "alii." The "Iliad" of his exploits still



HULA DANCERS.



HAWAIIAN WASHERWOMEN.

remains to be written, yet no epic could be more thrilling than that which would tell how the unity of the Hawaiian kingdom was attained by the indomitable bravery, skill and perseverance of Kamehameha I. You may see his statue in bronze before the entrance to the legislative buildings in Honolulu, and whatever may be the fate of the islands now under a provisional government, that statue will always remain a monument to a noble specimen of a not ignoble race. Arrayed in the cloak and helmet of scarlet and yellow feathers such as you may see in the British Museum, he is recorded to have stood in the forefront of the battle, serene and joyous, catching with one hand the spears as they whistled by him, and hurling them back with terrible effect upon the foe. Such was the man who engaged in the task of bringing eight islands under one sceptre, and as was the man so was his work.

Establishing first of all his sovereignty over Hawaii, he then launched the whole force of his arms against Maui, which became a battle-field to be stubbornly fought for almost foot by foot. Many a valley in that island is still a "valley of dry bones," attesting the victorious career of the Hawaiian chief. In the Ias valley the great battle took place between Kamehameha I. and the Maui chief Kalani Kanikeaouliiilunalilo, remarkable as being the first Hawaiian battle in which firearms were used. Kamehameha had been recently instructed in the use of these by one of the two famous white chiefs, John Young. In 1776, the Hawaiian "Balaclava" was fought on the sand hills near Wailuku. All the haute noblesse of Hawaii was gathered together under Kalaniopuu, and a picked force was sent to do battle with Keliikili. Only two returned, only one was taken prisoner, and he died before he could be offered as a sacrifice to the gods. An embassy was then sent to the victor, who, Hawaiian-like, did not take the trouble to rise from his mat, but simply turned over on his back. This was a sign of clemency, for the rule was, "iluna ke alo"—"face upwards"—life; "ilalo ke alo"—"face downwards"—death.

Soon after this decisive conflict, leaving Maui subdued behind him, Kamehameha passed on to fresh conquests in Oahu. Round Leahi, where the steamers bound for Honolulu first appear today, came the great array of war-canoes and warriors, bursting upon the astonished eyes of Kaiana and the Oahu chiefs. Some yielded at once, others, and Kaiana



THE PALI ROAD.

among them, prepared to fight. And fight they did, such a fight as was never fought before. When visitors ride through Honolulu along the lovely road called Nuuanu avenue, leading up to the steep precipice called the Pali, they little imagine how, a hundred years ago, that whole defile was filled with a surging crowd of dusky warriors—the invaders and the invaded—all fighting to the death for home and victory. The fierce Kamehameha drove his enemies further and further up the deep green valley till they came to the fearful defile by the peak of Lanihuli, now overlooking the sugar plantation of Kaneohe. It is a sheer descent of 2000 feet, and over this the conquered army was driven pell-mell, to whiten with their bones the plain below. Thus was Oahu won.

When officiating at the funeral of Princess Likelike—the late king's sister—in 1887, I remember, as I stood in the royal mausoleum, seeing all the coffins of Hawaiian royalty, from the very beginning of the monarchy, with the exception of that of Lunalilo, who is buried in a tomb of his own, near Kawaiahas church. The bones of Kamehameha I. were discovered, so it is said, by divination, through the medium of an inspired pig, so that they may not be quite authentic; but there the whole array of coffins stands, surrounded by the dusty kahilis, and covered with



A HULA DANCE.

the rusty palls. It was so still within, as we stood there, that day; but from outside came the loud "auwe," or wailing of the multitude, and among the chants of the kahunas was one which had for its burden, "There are only two more." Of those two, one has since joined his fathers, and the other is now discrowned.

This state of affairs is the final result of the chief history-making event in the history of the island.

The Coming of the White Man.—In 1778, Captain Cook landed at Kealakeakua bay—the first white man the natives had ever seen: so strange an apparition that the priests supposed him an incarnation of the god Lono, robed him in red native cloth, smeared him with the blood of the sacrifices, addressed prayers to him, and offered in sacrifice to him the body of a hog. Cook accepted these expressions of veneration, and, it is to be feared, traded on them, filling his ships with the good things of the land, while he trampled on the tabus of the Hawaiians, and his men began to sow that seed of disease which has since produced so abundant a harvest of death.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the natives regarded Captain Cook's landing as the most calamitous event in the history of the islands, especially as no attempt was made, either then, or later, when Honolulu became the rendezvous of the North Pacific whaling fleet, to replace the broken tabu by the regenerating law of Christ. This was reserved for the reign of the second Kamehameha.

He, too, was a notable man, and a radical reformer. Ignorant, as yet, of Christianity, he, with the help of the priests, became the destroyer of idolatry, and the abrogator of tabu—clearing the way for the arrival of the first band of missionaries from New England. The story of the conversion of Hawaii to Christianity is one of the most thrilling in missionary history, but must not be told here, nor the sad sequel of that story, in the demoralization of the natives through the licentiousness of the whalers and foreign traders. Suffice it to say, that, when King Kamehameha was forced to yield to the foreign sailors, the struggle had commenced which will never cease till the last Hawaiian has perished.

Of the succeeding kings little must be said. Kamehameha IV. was one of the best of his line, and, with his devoted wife, Queen Emma, governed constitutionally and skilfully, and did much to uphold the honor of the kingdom. They were both devoutly attached to the English church, and the king was the translator of the prayer-book into Hawaiian. He died all too soon for the prosperity of his country, and was succeeded by Lunalilo, who fell very far short of the general Kamehameha standard. No heir being named, it fell to the legislature to elect the next sovereign, and two candidates appeared—Emma, the widow of Kamehameha IV., devotedly loved by the natives,



THE PRINCESS RUTH.



AN IDOL.

and supported by English influence; and David Kalakaua, a popular "alii," unconnected with the old royal line. Chiefly through American influence, the latter was elected, and lived to disappoint his supporters, as the strenuous advocate of "Hawaii for the Hawaiians."

Kalakaua may be said to have brought about the downfall of the Hawaiian monarchy. The old Kamehamehas ruled somewhat despotically, but, on the whole, beneficially to the country. Kalakaua was lacking in the originality, self-dependence and vigor of the old dynasty. He was a remarkably clever and intelligent man, of good literary and scientific attainments, of fine presence, easy manners, and quiet dignity. But, mingled with all this, there seemed to be something of a reversion to the original type. Now and then came extraordinary outbursts of superstition: hula-dances would become frequent at the palace; kahunas, or native witch doctors, would become the king's chosen advisers; and on one occasion he went through the ceremony of burying the "white power." This was done at midnight, with all the solemn accessories of a procession to the royal mausoleum, muffled drums, buried and resurrected flags.

Side by side with all this, he manifested an increasing estimation of the glory of the Hawaiian kingdom. Some time after his accession he paid a lengthened series of visits to his fellow-sovereigns in Europe and Asia, and returned home greatly impressed with what he had seen. The results of his impressions, however, were not so satisfactory. Kalakaua became possessed of the idea that there ought to be an army, and so created the aforesaid army of 200 men, in which there was a very liberal sprinkling of generals and majors. Not satisfied with this burlesque, the king's complacent ministers gratified his whim for a navy, and the Kaimiloa was bought and equipped, to become the first Hawaiian war-ship. The officers were all found and uniformed, the cadets were supplied from the Honolulu reformatory, and nothing was wanting but the éclat of foreign service. This was to be obtained by means of an embassy to Samoa; but, unfortunately, the embassy was only to display to the Samoans the proficiency of the Hawaiians in mutiny and gin-drinking.

Close on the heels of this fiasco came the revolution of 1887, a movement initia-



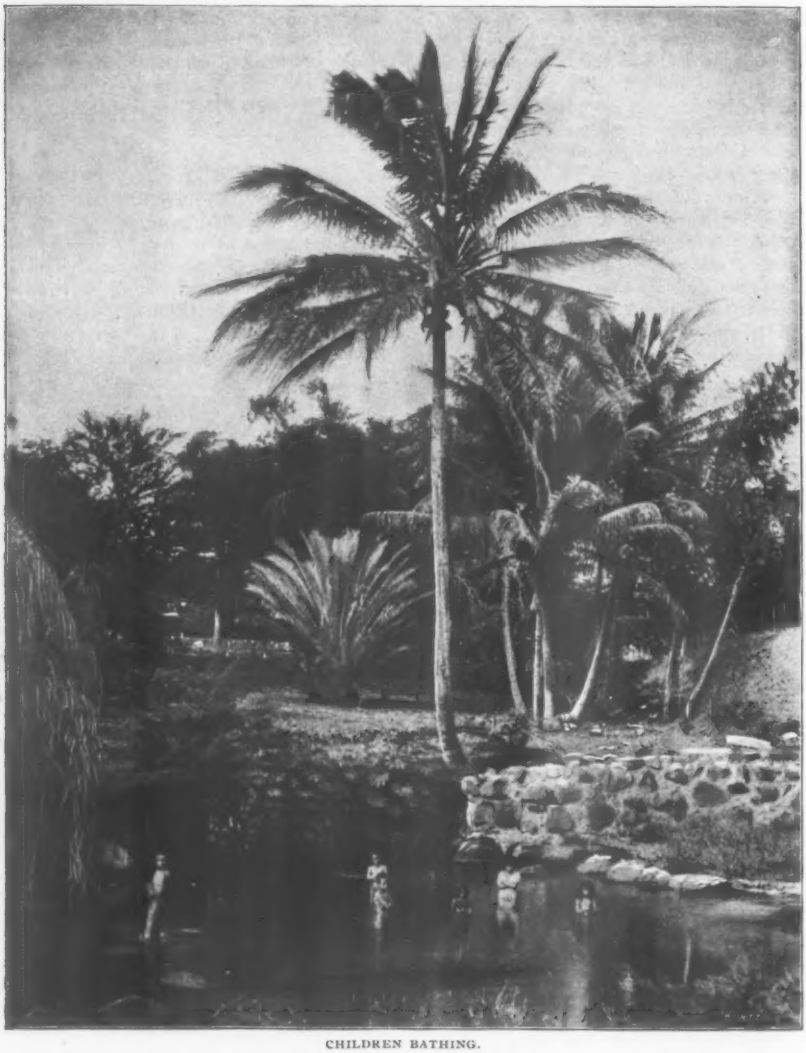
HAWAIIAN WOMAN RIDING.

ted, like that of January, 1893, by the sugar planters. By the reciprocity treaty with America, King Kalakaua had gained a splendid field for the development of the sugar interest, and this industry had made such enormous strides that an immense amount of capital was brought into the islands—three-fourths of it American, and most of the remainder European. Now the king's extravagance was imperilling the interest he had at first fostered, and he was ever indulging in wilder and more reckless schemes to replenish his exhausted treasury. The climax was reached in the notorious Opium bill of 1887, which is the exact parallel of the Lottery bill of 1893. The king's ministry proposed to give the monopoly of selling opium to the highest bidder, but the king himself was not indisposed to reap private benefit from the transaction, so in an evil moment gave ear to a bland and childlike celestial, who offered him the substantial bribe of $70,000. The bribe was accepted, but another Chinaman got the monopoly, and when the jilted one made a clamor about his treatment, there was a disposition on the part of the ministry to prosecute him for bribery. I may say here that later on the Opium bill was declared unconstitutional, and the $70,000 was refunded by the king's administrators; but the moral effect of the whole transaction was such that the foreign residents and merchants of Honolulu formed a league, which in July, 1887, made a sudden leap into action, seized Kalakaua and his ministers, and took possession of the city until a new constitution should be granted by the king. At the critical moment, the king's supporters deserted him, the troops fled over the mountains, and the majors, etc., after them—to bring them back, I suppose. I remember seeing the gallant commander-in-chief running about the city in civilian attire, trying to find out the army, and learn who had called out the volunteers. So, deserted by his friends, the king yielded, and a liberal constitution was granted taking away from the sovereign much of the former royal prerogative, and making Hawaii a "limited" monarchy indeed.



A LEPER SETTLEMENT.

The reform government which then commenced work did much to re-establish the confidence of outsiders in Hawaii, but, of course, did not satisfy everyone, especially as there were not enough government offices to go quite around. The dissatisfied element was meanwhile left to gather its strength. Chief in this faction was the then heiress apparent, H. R. H. Princess Liliuokalani. She was in Eng-

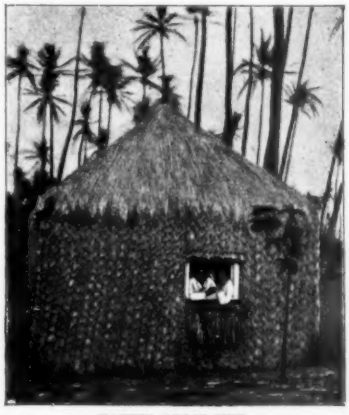


CHILDREN BATHING.

land, at Queen Victoria's jubilee, when the news of the revolution reached her, and is said to have made the remark that had she been at home, the streets would have run red with blood before she would have allowed her brother to yield. However that may be, on her return to the islands, the spirit of reaction seemed to gather force. A suitable political head for the movement was found in Robert Wilcox, a young native, who had been sent by the old government to Italy to study the military art, with a view to his becoming eventually commander-in-chief of the Hawaiian forces. In Italy he married an Italian countess, and, doubtless, looked forward to a great career of military glory. His dreams, however, were cut short by his being recalled by the reform government—then not in urgent need of

commanders-in-chief, as the army had been disbanded.

To bring his lady bride back to Hawaiian provender of poi and fish, and inglorious civilianism, was more than Wilcox appreciated, so he refused the position offered him in the custom house, or survey office, and turned agitator. He pursued this rather fashionable avocation with such success that, all unknown to the general public, Honolulu was again on the verge of revolution. It was a native league which was formed this time, and so secretly were its operations conducted that the whole city was startled one morning in June, 1889, to find the chief public buildings in the hands of an insurrectionary party headed by Wilcox. He had marched his force of natives in from Palama, picked up the police on the way, and advanced silently upon the palace, of which he took possession. It had been intended to seize the king and force from him another constitution, but the king changed his mind and was captured by the other party first, who kept him safely. However, Wilcox at once planted his field-guns, and made a great figure in a gorgeous Italian uniform. A parley with the ministers was refused, and in consequence the government called for volunteers and a strong force was soon on hand, led by Col. Ashford.



NATIVE GRASS HUT.

How the first shot came to be fired will, I suppose, remain a mystery. Both sides disclaimed the initiative, and it is even said that a curious tourist, trying to get a photograph of the rebel forces by aiming his camera at them from over the palace wall, was the real cause of the first shot. At any rate, the firing soon became earnest. I remember seeing the first cannon-ball strike the walls of the opera house, making the bricks and dust fly in all direc-



IN A SUGAR PLANTATION.

tions, and I fancy it was not till then that people began to take in the serious condition of affairs. Wilcox, however, could not use his field-guns effectively, as he had neglected to entrench them, and gradually, as the day wore on, the firing was restricted to the brisk duel between the riflemen on either side—the government forces being posted on the houses and churches surrounding the palace, and the natives withdrawing gradually to the palace bungalow. When night came on it was feared there might be some response to Wilcox's movement from native sympathizers outside, in the direction of incendiarism, so it was determined to bring matters to a crisis. This was done by hurling dynamite bombs onto the roof of the palace bungalow, a feat performed by leading members of the Honolulu base-ball team. This soon had the desired effect. With the roof shattered, the bungalow soon became untenable, and, at length, the rebels yielded to the inevitable by capitulating to the government, and consenting to exchange the palace for a prison.



UCCA PALM IN BLOOM.

The sequel to this attempt was more amusing than impressive. The Hawaiian law is, that white men are tried by a white jury, and natives by a native jury. In consequence, when the treason trials came on, an unfortunate white man named Loomens, who was implicated, was condemned to death, while the whole eighty or more natives who were put on trial were acquitted, without reluctance. This was not altogether surprising, when it came out, in the course of the trials, that the principal meetings of the conspirators had been held in Princess Liliuokalani's house at Palama, and that the king was perfectly aware of all that was pending, and was only too willing to be "captured" and "forced" to sign a new constitution, restoring to him his former prerogatives. Of course, Loomens was not hanged, after the acquittal of his comrades, but was sent away from the country.

Soon after this, the would-be revolutionists got their vindication at the polls, when Wilcox and his party "swept the city," and, but for the counterbalancing result of the elections on the other islands, would have had a practical dictatorship in the legislative assembly. As it was, parties were fairly well balanced, and from that time till the king's death there was a comparative lull in party strife.

The death of Kalakaua, which took place January 20, 1891, had about it many elements of pathos. He had left the islands, for a second visit to the United States, in search of health. Here he was generously entertained—too generously, perhaps, in consideration of his maladies—and at length the time came when the Hawaiians were on the qui vive, expecting him back to the land of his birth. The city was gaily decorated, the palace adorned with everything which could make him feel the "aloha" of his people for him, the ships in the harbor gaily dressed with bunting, and all men prepared to give him a right royal reception. At last, the expected ship, the United States ship Charleston, hove in sight; but something was evidently amiss—the flag was at half-mast. The king had, indeed,

come back—but as a corpse. Soon all the decorations of loyal affection, prepared for his reception, were changed into those of mourning, and the loud wail of an Hawaiian multitude filled the city, from the palace where Queen Kapiolani mourned her widowhood, to the lowliest grass-house, where the memory of Kalakaua's kindliness and dignity banished every other feeling. When the widowed queen took leave of the American officers who had brought the body to its native land, she was much touched by the remark of Admiral Brown, that he could never forget the musical beauty of the late king's voice. With the poetic fancy innate in all Hawaiians, she replied: "From henceforth, when you speak of him, call him not Kalakaua, but say, 'him of the low, sweet voice.'"



A GROUP OF THE ROYAL FAMILY

Thus came to the throne of Hawaii its first queen, Liliuokalani, "the lily of the heavens." I remember meeting her, for the first time, in 1886, when I was greatly struck with her stately carriage and intelligent conversation, and no one could miss seeing that she was a woman of more than average capacity for ruling, had circumstances made it permissible for her to rule, instead of acting as a figure-head upon the throne. A strenuous worker in the cause of education and temperance, prominent in all social movements, and a regular attendant at the native church of Kawaiahao, she seemed to have unusual promise of a long and happy reign. But there remained that bitter memory of 1887, of how her royalty had been docked, and how—through no fault of her own—she had been deprived of the power wielded by the Kamehamehas. This rankled, and there can be no doubt this has been the secret of the queen's determination to get back to the old régime.

Her will and her power, however, were not equal. While encouraging her native followers with promises of support, she was not bold enough to go all lengths with them, and, while getting what native blood she could into her cabinet, she was yet obliged to descend to intrigue and compromise to carry on the government. Lack of stability was, therefore, a necessary result, and during the last twenty weeks of Liliuokalani's reign no less than five cabinets were in office.

Then came the passing of the Louisiana lottery bill by a narrow majority of native representatives, and the sudden flush of success which the passage of this measure brought to the queen emboldened her to take the premeditated step of promulgating a new constitution, which should be, essentially, that granted by Kamehameha v.

On Saturday afternoon, January 15, 1893, immediately after the prorogation of the legislature, the queen attempted her coup d'état. A native society, called the "hui-kalaiaina," marched over to the palace, with a petition for the promulgation of a new constitution. The queen promised to gratify the wishes of her subjects, and re-entered the palace to sign it, together with her cabinet ministers. These, however, refused to yield to the queen's desire, and an angry discussion took place, which was brought to a close by the queen bringing her clenched hand down on the table and saying: "Gentlemen, I do not wish to listen to any more advice. I intend to promulgate this constitution, and to do it now." This ended the conference; the ministers fled, and conferred with the committee of public safety, which had meanwhile been formed, in expectation of disturbance.

By and by the ministers returned, and told the queen what would be the consequences of proceeding further in her scheme. At last, with bitter reluctance, she consented to postpone the project, and went out to inform the natives of the fact, asking them to disperse quietly to their homes. Now it was the turn of the natives to get angry. They protested that the queen and cabinet had betrayed them, and threatened to kill them.

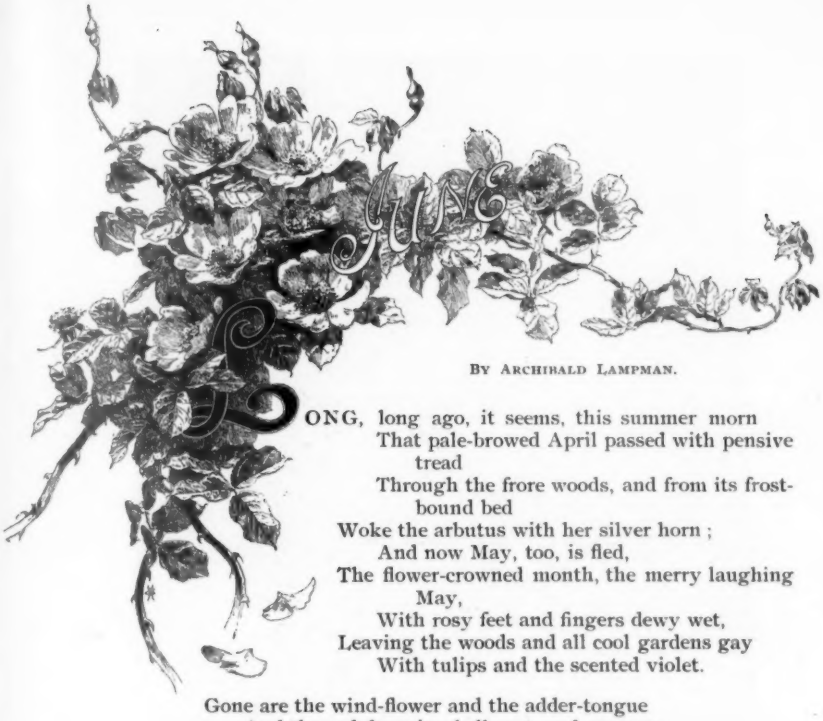
All Sunday the city was in a state of suspense. On Monday, a great mass-meeting of citizens was held, at which the determination of the foreign residents was unmistakably expressed, and then came, in rapid succession, the formation of the provisional government, the dethroning of Liliuokalani, and the abrogation of the Hawaiian monarchy after little more than a century of existence.

On February 1, at 9 A. M., for the purpose of protecting the provisional government, Minister Stevens caused the "stars and stripes" to be raised over the government buildings.

What the future is to be is not, as yet, made manifest. It is sad when the real interests of a country are not identical with the supposed interests of the natives; but the main fact of the situation, namely, that the native stake in the good government of the country is small as compared with that of the foreign population, must be faced, before the difficulty can be finally settled.



IN THE WAIPIO VALLEY.



By Archibald Lampman.

LONG, long ago, it seems, this summer morn
That pale-browed April passed with pensive tread
Through the frore woods, and from its frost-bound bed
Woke the arbutus with her silver horn;
And now May, too, is fled,
The flower-crowned month, the merry laughing May,
With rosy feet and fingers dewy wet,
Leaving the woods and all cool gardens gay
With tulips and the scented violet.

Gone are the wind-flower and the adder-tongue
And the sad drooping bellwort, and no more
The snowy trilliums crowd the forest's floor;
The purpling grasses are no longer young,
And summer's wide-set door
O'er the thronged hills and the broad panting earth
Lets in the torrent of the later bloom,
Haytime, and harvest, and the after mirth,
The slow soft rain, the rushing thunder plume.

All day in garden alleys moist and dim,
The humid air is burdened with the rose;
In moss-deep woods the snowy orchid blows;
And now the vesper sparrows' pealing hymn
From every orchard close
At eve comes flooding rich and silvery;
The daisies in great meadows swing and shine;
And with the wind a sound as of the sea
Roars in the maples and the topmost pines.

So with thronged voices and unhasting flight
The fervid hours with long return go by;
The far-heard hylas piping shrill and high
Tell the slow movements of the solemn night
With unremitting cry;
Lustrous and large out of the gathering drouth
The planets gleam; the baleful scorpion
Trails his dim fires along the droused south;
The silent world incrusted round moves on.



And all the dim night long the moon's white beams
Nestle deep down in every brooding tree,
And sleeping birds touched with a silly glee
Waken at midnight from their blissful dreams,
And carol brokenly.
Dim surging motions and uneasy dreads
Scare the light slumber from men's busy eyes,
And parted lovers on their restless beds
Toss and yearn out, and cannot sleep for sighs.

Oft have I striven, sweet month, to figure thee
As poets old were wonted to devise,
Giving thee form of flesh and mortal size;
Or when some sudden old-world mystery
Of passion fired mine eyes,
Thy shape hath flashed upon me like no dream,
Wandering with scented curls that heaped the breeze,
Or by the hollow of some reeded stream
Sitting waist deep in white anemones.

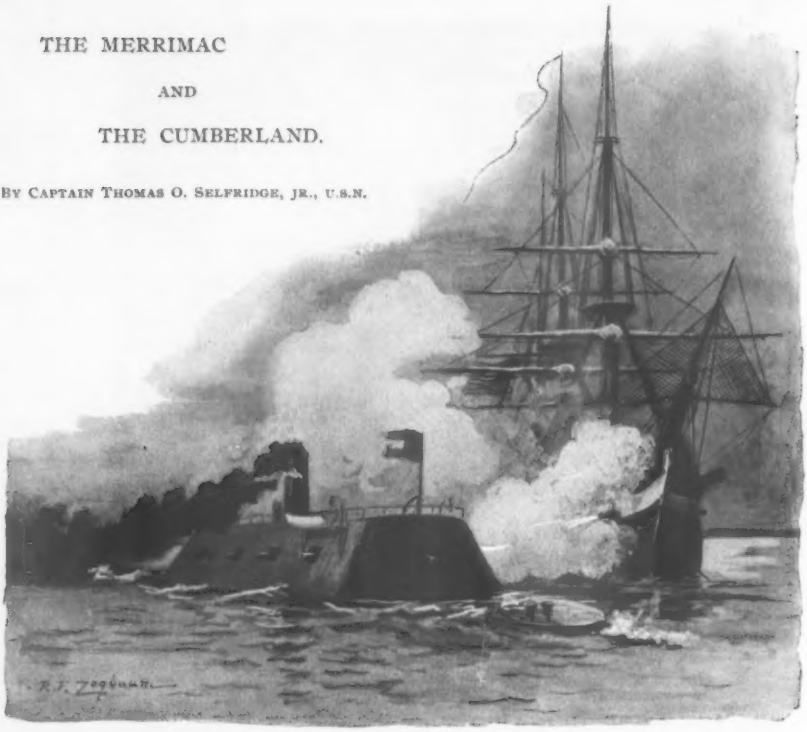
And even as I glimpsed thee thou wert gone,
A dream for mortal eyes too proudly coy,
Yet in thy place for subtle thought's employ
The golden magic clung, a light that shone
And filled me with thy joy.
Before me like a mist that streamed and fell
All names and shapes of antique beauty passed
In garlanded procession with the swell
Of flutes between the beechen stems; and last,

I saw the Arcadian valley, the loved wood,
Alpheus stream divine, the sighing shore,
And through the cool green glades awake once more
Psyche, the white limbed goddess, still pursued,
Fleet-footed as of yore,
The noonday ringing with her frighted peals,
Down the bright sward and through the reeds she ran,
Urged by the mountain echoes, at her heels
The hot-blown cheeks and trampling feet of Pan.



THE MERRIMAC AND THE CUMBERLAND.

By Captain Thomas O. Selfridge, jr., u.s.n.



ON a quiet Sunday morning, the 9th of March, 1862, the people of the North were startled with the intelligence of the fight between the Cumberland and the Merrimac, and, as later on, the details of the battle became known, the heroic resistance of the former and the terrible power exerted by the latter, produced a profound impression and a vague sense of terror that probably was unequalled at any period before or since, during the Civil war.

Great armies met afterwards in deadly conflict, the losses on both sides were far greater, but the unexpectedness of the event, the bravery shown by the Cumberland, the appearance of a terrible engine of war whose existence was unsuspected, the providential arrival of the Monitor when the Merrimac had the whole wooden navy at her mercy, the combat between the two armored vessels, the first in history, all unite in stamping the 8th and 9th of March, 1862, as two days at least as memorable as any in the war.

It is a singular coincidence that both the Merrimac and the Cumberland were launched from the Boston navy-yard, the former in 1856, the latter in 1842.

At this date and for many years the armament of the Cumberland consisted of ten 8-inch, and eighteen 32-pounder



Captain Thomas O. Selfridge was born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, in 1837, and, when only seventeen years of age, graduated from the United States naval academy, at the head of his class. He was, therefore, only twenty-five years of age when he saw this tremendously active service as second lieutenant of the unfortunate Cumberland. When the Merrimac destroyed his ship, Lieutenant Selfridge was detailed to command the Monitor; but other causes led to his transference as flag-lieutenant of the North Atlantic blockading squadron. He was in all the severe fighting about Vicksburg and Red river and Fort Fisher, and was continually promoted, attaining the rank of commander in 1869. Nor did his stirring life end with the war, for he has since commanded several exploring expeditions in South America. He found time, too, to invent a device for protecting a ship, by suspending torpedoes to a net, which would destroy the attacking torpedo.

guns on the gun-deck, and sixteen light 32's on the spar-deck, and she belonged to the frigate class which contained the Potomac, Brandywine, Columbia, Savannah, Raritan, St. Lawrence, Santee and Sabine. She was always a favorite, and served as the flag-ship of Commodore Jos. Smith in command of the Mediterranean squadron, and Commodore Conover of the African squadron. About 1856 she was razeed, that is, cut down into a heavy sloop-of-war. Her gun-deck battery was exchanged for twenty-two 9-inch shell guns, and the spar-deck battery of 32's removed, and two 10-inch pivot guns, one at the bow and one at the stern, put in their places. This was the battery at the time of the fight, except that for the after 10-inch there had been substituted a 70-pounder Dahlgren rifle gun.

In September, 1860, the Cumberland was commissioned as the flag-ship of the Home squadron at Portsmouth, N. H., Commodore Pendergrass commanding, myself and Lieutenant (now Colonel) Heywood of the marine corps, being the only officers that remained by the ship from this date to her final destruction. Her crew, however, enlisted mostly in Boston and vicinity, had suffered but few changes beyond the usual ones of a long enlistment. They were proud of their ship, they had the mutual dependence upon each other arising from long associations, and they had been subjected to a discipline which gave them great faith in themselves and in the armament of their ship. They really believed themselves invincible, and indeed could they have had a fair fight would have shown themselves to be such. With but few officers, for the first time in their lives exposed to a terrible shell fire, seeing their comrades mangled and dead before them, the manner in which these decimated guns' crews stood unflinchingly at their guns, with the water pouring over the decks, the ship trembling in the last throes of her disappearance, until the word was passed from their officers, "Every man look out for himself," just before the ship went down, was not only sublime, but ought to embalm the name "Cumberland" in the heart of every American. History gives no example of braver resistance in the face of utter hopelessness, a sterner feeling of "never surrender," than was shown by the Cumberland on the 8th of March, 1862. Does it not seem strange, then, that this name should have been allowed to disappear from the navy list? and yet such is the case, and the memory of her deeds are almost unknown to the present generation of the navy.

What ship bearing the name of Cumberland, in the light of her past history, could ever haul down her flag? Sailing from Portsmouth, N. H., in the fall of 1860, she remained at Vera Cruz till Feb., 1861, when the rapid procession of events which led to the secession of the Gulf states, caused her recall to Hampton Roads, where she arrived in March, 1861. At this time the excitement ran high in Norfolk; many inducements were held out to the crew to desert, but few yielded to the temptation. At the suggestion of officers who afterward resigned and went into the rebellion, the Cumberland was finally moored head and stern off the navy-yard at Norfolk; ostensibly as a protection to that yard, but really that she might not interfere with the plan of blocking the channel at the mouth of the Elizabeth river with sunken vessels, which if done effectually would have left her penned like a rat in a trap.

It may all sound strange at this period, but at that time so fearful was the paternal government of hurting the feelings of the Virginians, that it permitted this attempted closing by a so-called vigilance committee of Norfolk, a body of self-constituted individuals, to go on day and night without protest or interference. The writer volunteered to take the brig Dolphin and a detachment of the Cumberland's crew to Crany island and keep the channel open at all hazards.

This was approved by Captain Marston and Commodores Pendergrass and Paulding. But the rebel officers who were at the yard advised Commodore McCauley, the senior commanding officer present, not to do it, as the youth and rashness of Lieutenant Selfridge might bring on bloodshed, which would hasten Virginia out of the Union. It was this desire to conciliate the latter, that led to the evacuation of the Norfolk yard, and not the fear of the rebel forces.

At this time, there was lying abreast of us, at the Norfolk yard, the steam frigate Merrimac, which, on account of the

threatening condition of affairs, had been ordered to Philadelphia. Engineers had been detailed, a detachment of officers and sailors from the Cumberland, under Lieutenant Alexander Murray, selected to man her and to proceed as far as Hampton Roads. Steam was actually raised upon the boilers, when the naval officers of the yard (who the next day resigned) went to Commodore McCauley and persuaded him not to let the Merrimac go, as it would imply a distrust of Virginia's loyalty. The news would be telegraphed at once, they said, to Richmond, where the convention, none too loyal, was sitting to decide if Virginia should secede; its effect would be disastrous, and upon Commodore McCauley rested the responsibility of sending the state out of the Union. Influenced by this specious argument, Commodore McCauley gave the order to haul the fires, and the apportunity was lost of saving this fine frigate, that a year later was to prove the destroyer of the Cumberland.

The situation of the latter, at this time, was a singular one. A powerful vessel, securely moored in a narrow channel from which its motive power of sails was useless to extricate itself, it was left without any instructions, either to defend itself or engage in offensive operations against those who were plotting the capture of the yard, and the destruction of the Cumberland by fire-rafts.

Had there been a resolute man at the head of the navy department, the stern order would have been sent to the Cumberland, "Hold the navy-yard, and protect public property, at all hazards!" when she was first moored off Norfolk navy-yard. The yard would never have been evacuated, and its 3000 cannons, of every caliber from 32-pounders to 11-inch, which were afterwards scattered through the Confederacy, would have been saved to the Union.

Without the immense store of artillery and ammunition furnished by the Norfolk yard, many points which were rapidly fortified could never have been defended. For example, the guns on the strong fortifications at Gloucester Point, York river, which prevented the Confederate lines at Yorktown from being flanked, and caused McClellan to lose a precious month in the attempt to reduce it, were from the Norfolk yard. Those of Fort De Russey, on the far-off Red river, which gave our Mississippi fleet so much trouble, were from the same place.

Friday, April 14, brought the news of the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, and caused the wildest excitement in Norfolk. The navy-yard was closed, and the commandant sent his family away. All the officers resigned, including about one-half of the Cumberland's; but not one of the crew asked this privilege—they were all truly loyal. There remained the Cumberland and a small body of marines to defend the yard.

It should be remembered that, at this time, war had not been declared, Virginia had not seceded, and, without instructions, our commanders considered it was their duty to wait and let events take their course. This irresolution must seem difficult to understand, as we look back upon that long and disastrous war; and I well remember how all of us younger officers chafed under this do-nothing policy. But it should not be forgotten that there was a disposition at Washington to make every possible sacrifice to keep Virginia in the Union, and the knowledge of this hampered our officers and instituted a most dangerous policy.

On the following day, Saturday, hearing nothing from Washington, it was determined to scuttle the Merrimac, that is, to open her under-water valves and let her sink. I begged the captain of the Cumberland to withhold the order, for assistance might be sent, and at any time she could be sunk with a shell from our battery. But the order was given, and the Merrimac slowly sank till she grounded, with her gun-deck a little out of water.

Saturday evening, the steam sloop-of-war Pawnee, with a number of officers, and a small detachment of the Third Massachusetts, taken on board at Fortress Monroe, all under the command of Commodore Paulding, arrived from Washington. The latter was the senior officer present, and, after a consultation with Commodore McCauley and other commanders, decided to set fire to the shipping and buildings, and abandon the yard.

I believed then, and events afterwards proved it, that this was a most unfortunate decision. We should not have left without a fight; and the presence of the

Pawnee, a handy and powerful steam vessel, put the situation in a very different light from the one where the Cumberland was left alone and incapable of moving. To say nothing of the Merrimac and the immense quantity of cannon and munitions of war, the use of the workshops acquired by the Confederates was of the greatest assistance to the rebellion in its early stages. Three line-of-battle ships, Pennsylvania, Columbus and Delaware; four frigates, the Merrimac, Brandywine, Columbia and Raritan; one sloop-of-war, the Germantown, and the brig-of-war Dolphin, with the immense ship-houses, were fired. Thus was destroyed, at one blow, one-fourth of the American navy. It was a splendid, but melancholy spectacle, and in the lurid glare, which turned night into day, the Cumberland slipped her moorings, and, in tow of the Pawnee, left Norfolk.

Had the Merrimac not been previously sunk, she would have been totally destroyed with the rest. But resting on the bottom with her gun-deck above water, only the upper works were burned. After taking possession of the yard it was not a difficult matter for the Confederates to close the valves, pump the ship out, and float her into the dry-dock, from which she emerged several months after, as an iron-clad called the "Virginia."

At daylight, the Cumberland was off Sewall's Point, at the mouth of the Elizabeth river, where for two weeks a body of disaffected and irresponsible people had been allowed to seize and sink three light ships at anchor in Norfolk harbor and several schooners belonging to Northern owners; and all this in the face of the U. S. authorities. This must seem strange reading at present, but it is an example of the weak and vacillating policy of the government in the early days of the war to win back states to their allegiance, which had but one idea, and that the severance of all relations with the hated North.

But to return to the Cumberland. With the assistance of the Pawnee, Keystone State, and the tug Yankee, she was finally forced over the obstructions, and at nightfall anchored off Fortress Monroe. Here she remained as a guard-ship till the summer, when she was sent to Boston to be docked, and damages from grinding on the wrecks off Sewall's Point made good. After completing these repairs, and filling the vacancies in her crew, she sailed for Hampton Roads and was employed in the blockade of Hatteras inlet until she took part with the steam frigates Minnesota, Wabash and Susquehanna in the bombardment and capture of the Hatteras forts. An example of the splendid crew



THE GUN DECK OF THE CUMBERLAND.

with which the Cumberland was manned took place on the second day of this affair. The appearance of the weather on the previous evening had caused the ship to seek an offing and in the morning she stood in, and finding the three steam frigates at anchor and engaged, the Cumberland stood down for the head of the line, and luffing ahead of the leading ship, the Susquehanna, shortened and furled sails with one watch while the other manned the guns and as the anchor was let go, opened with the whole battery.

Old officers who saw the manœuvre, have often spoken of the beauty of the ship as she stood in under all sail, and the magnificent manner with which she went into action, the last American frigate to go into battle under sail.

But the era of steam had arrived, sailing ships were useless on a blockade, and the Cumberland was ordered to Hampton Roads.

At this time two steamers known as the Jamestown and Yorktown, belonging to the Old Dominion Steamship Co., had been seized at Richmond, armed as privateers and threatened to run out. To prevent their escape the Cumberland was sent in November, 1861, to the mouth of the James river, off Newport News. Here she was joined by the Congress, a sailing frigate of a little more tonnage, but with a greatly inferior battery of 32-pounders. The winter of 1861-62 was occupied on the Cumberland in constant drill to meet every imaginable contingency in a combat with the Merrimac, the news of whose preparation reached us from time to time. In fact, rumors of her expected appearance came so often, that at last it became a standing joke with the ship's company. The winter was a severe one, no fires were allowed, and our enforced idleness became extremely irksome, and we all looked forward to a relief in the spring, and a chance for active operations. All the winter one watch slept at the guns, the ship nightly cleared for action, was ready for any emergency. In view of a possible encounter with the Merrimac, solid shot had been supplied for the 9-inch guns, the normal charge increased from ten to thirteen pounds of powder, and the guns provided with double breechings, to stand the increased recoil.

Commodore Pendergrass had hauled down his flag after the evacuation of Norfolk. Captain John Marston had been transferred to the Roanoke after the bombardment of Hatteras. Captain John Livingston succeeded him, to be in turn relieved by Captain William Radford, who commanded the ship at the date of the action, but was temporarily absent on court martial duty at Hampton Roads.

The officers of the Cumberland on the 8th of March, 1862, in the fight with the Merrimac were, Lieut. Geo. N. Morris, executive officer; Lieut. Thos. O. Selfridge, Jr.; master, W. S. Stuyvesant; acting master, W. W. Kennison; acting master, W. P. Randall; 2d lieut., marines, Chas. Heywood; surgeon, Chas. Martin; asst. surgeon, Edward Kersiner; paymaster, Cramer Burt (absent); chaplain, John T. Lenhart (killed); acting master's mates, John Harrington (killed); Chas. O'Neil, H. Tyson, H. Wyman; boatswain, Edward Bell; gunner, Eugene Mack; carpenter, W. M. Leighton; sailmaker, David Bruce; paymaster's clerk, Hugh Knott; pilot, Lewis Smith.

Lieutenant Morris as executive officer, in the absence of Captain Radford, was in command on the gun-deck. Lieutenant Selfridge commanded the forward division of five 9-inch guns; Master Stuyvesant the after division of four 9-inch, and the two extreme after guns were manned by marines. The guns crews consisted of sixteen men and a powder boy. The forward 10-inch pivot was in charge of Acting Master Kennison, the after in charge of Acting Master Randall. Sailmaker Bruce commanded the powder division assisted by gunner Mack.

When the Norfolk yard was evacuated the Confederates raised the Merrimac, placed her in the dry-dock, and cut down the upper works even with the berth-deck. She was of the same class as the Wabash, (at present receiving ship at the Boston navy-yard), some 4500 tons burden, about 300 feet long, 52 feet beam, and drew about 24 feet. A low casemate was built upon her with sides receding at an angle of about forty-five degrees, and extending about 200 feet of her length. This casemate was armored with four inches of iron, laid on in two layers diagonal to each other. Each slab was four inches wide and two inches thick, the whole backed by two feet of oak. Her sides were armored, and also the deck forward and abaft the casemate. She had a freeboard of not

more than a foot when she engaged the Cumberland. Her armament consisted of one 7-inch rifle in the bows, a similar gun aft; two 6-inch rifles and six 9-inch guns in the broadside. She was fitted with a ram made of cast iron, which projected three feet from the stem, and at about six feet under water.

The Fight.—Saturday the 8th of March, 1862, was a beautiful spring day, bright and clear. The Cumberland was lying at single anchor, with her sails loosed to dry, when at a half hour after noon, the writer who was the officer of the deck reported that the Merrimac had just hove in sight a long distance off in the direction of Norfolk. Owing to the mirage her movements were much obscured, and her progress was so slow that it seemed doubtful at first if she was really coming out.

But as the low hull came in view abreast of Crany island light heading for the mouth of the Elizabeth river, all surmises were dispelled. All hands were called, the sails quickly furled, and the quick beat to "quarters" aroused everyone, and told that the hour which had been so long looked forward to had come. At that moment the Cumberland was a splendid type of the frigate of the old times, with her towering masts, long yards, and neat man-of-war appearance.

But her crew as they stood at their guns for the last time, cool, grim, silent and determined seamen, confident in their discipline, proud of their ship, were a model crew. A crew that has never been excelled and perhaps rarely equalled. It was a crew, that, knowing no surrender, could they have had a motive power other than sails, would have whipped the Merrimac by the sheer force of their battery and their determination to conquer. On account of the contour of the land at the mouth of the James river, the Merrimac passed out of sight from the deck of the Cumberland for over one hour, and it seemed doubtful whether the first attack would be upon the squadron at Hampton Roads or against the Congress and Cumberland. The delay was so great that many feared the opportunity would not be given to try their heavy guns; for what was known at that time of the relative merits of iron-clads and wooden ships? And great confidence was felt by the Cumberland in her trained crew and solid shot of eighty pound weight.

But at 2:30 P.M. the Merrimac hove in sight, heading directly for the Congress, which was riding to the last of the flood. The Cumberland, above and a little inshore, had begun to swing and lay almost across the river, her bows outwards.

As the Merrimac passed the Congress the latter opened with her whole broadside which rattled from the sides like hail upon a roof. This effect caused no surprise on the Cumberland because her guns were so much lighter than ours, being mostly thirty-two pounders.

The Merrimac moved slowly across the bows of the Cumberland and manœuvred for position to ram. Three times were the gun divisions sent from one battery to the other, till finally she came sufficiently in sight upon the starboard bow to train the forward guns, and fire was at once opened with them and the bow 10-inch pivot.

The Merrimac replied with her 7-inch rifle and broadside guns, sometimes aiming the latter at the small fort on shore.

Her first shot passed through the starboard hammock netting, killing and wounding nine marines, and their commander, Lieutenant Heywood, who was amongst them, was knocked down, but uninjured. The groans of these men, the first to fall, as they were carried below, was something new to those crews as they stood at their guns, and an introduction to a scene of carnage unparalleled in war.

Three soldiers from the shore who had come off to visit the ship were unable to return, and asked permission to join the gun crews. Two of them were killed, and one, McNamara, escaped.

The Merrimac lay about three hundred yards on the starboard bow, raking the Cumberland at every shot, while only the forward and the pivot guns of the first division by extreme train could be brought to bear on her.

Number one gun of this division was fired but once. The second shell from the murderous 7-inch rifle burst among the crew, as they were running the gun out, destroying literally the whole crew, except the powder man, and the gun remained disabled for the rest of the action. The captain of this gun, a splendid seaman, named Kirker, rated commodore's coxswain, had both arms taken off at the shoulder, as he was holding his handspike and guiding the gun.

He passed me as he was carried below, but not a groan escaped from him.

The spring from the starboard quarter was now manned on the spar-deck, and an attempt made to spring the broadside to bear; but this was ineffectual, for, on account of the slack tide and no wind, the spring lay fore and aft and useless. Events followed too fast to record them. The dead were thrown over the other side of the deck, the wounded carried below; no one flinched, but went on loading and firing, taking the place of some comrade, killed or wounded, as they had been told to do. But the carnage was something awful; great splinters, torn from the side, wounded more men than the shell. Every first and second captain of the first division was killed or wounded, and the writer, with a box of cannon primers in his pocket, went from gun to gun, firing them as fast as the decimated crews could load them.

But to return to the Merrimac. She kept up the destructive fire for some fifteen minutes, when she headed for the Cumberland, striking her upon the starboard bow, her ram penetrating the side under the berth-deck. She could not extricate herself, and, as the Cumberland commenced to sink, she bore the Merrimac down with her, until the water was over the forward deck. Had the officer forward on the spar-deck of the Cumberland had the presence of mind to let go the starboard anchor, it would have fallen on the Merrimac's deck and she would have been carried down in the iron embrace of the Cumberland. But the opportunity was lost; the weight upon the ram broke it off in the Cumberland's side, and the Merrimac swung round, broadside to the Cumberland. Whether the Merrimac was demoralized by this narrow escape, or her engines caught on the center, or for some other cause, she lay for some moments without moving. This was the Cumberland's opportunity, the first she had had, for the Merrimac had all along maintained a sneaking position on the bow, almost out of gunshot; and three solid broadsides, at a distance of not more than one hundred yards were poured into her, that, Confederate officers have told me, made the Merrimac fairly reel. Cheer upon cheer went up from the Cumberland, followed with rage and despair, as she slowly moved away, with the nozzles of two of her broadside 9-inch guns shot away. Seeing that our shot made so little impression, the gun captains were ordered to fire only at the ports.

The Merrimac, at this time, hailed the Cumberland, and asked if she would surrender. The reply went back: "Never! We will sink with our colors flying!"

It is a question whether Captain Buchanan was wounded at this time, by one of the marines on the spar-deck, or later on. Lieutenant Heywood, who, at Mobile, had charge of him after the fight with the Tennessee, writes me that Captain Buchanan told him he was wounded by a shot from the Cumberland, as he incautiously exposed himself in the pilot-house of the Merrimac; but I have seen Confederate accounts which place this event later on.

The water was rising rapidly, the Cumberland going down by the bows. The forward magazine was flooded, but the powder tanks, which supplied the forward divisions, had been whipped out, carried aft, and the supply of powder kept up. As the water made its appearance on the berth-deck, which, by this time, was filled with the badly wounded, heart-rending cries could be heard above the din of the combat, from the poor fellows, as they realized that they were helpless to escape a slow death as the water rose over them.

The Merrimac again took a position upon the starboard bow of the doomed Cumberland, and opened her fire. The first cutter was sent, with a hawser, from the port quarter to a schooner near by, and an effort made to spring our broadside to bear; but the Cumberland was becoming so waterlogged that she could not be moved.

The writer gathered the remains of the first division—some thirty men—and took them forward, to transport number one gun to the bridle-port, in a position that it could bear upon the Merrimac. The tackles were scarcely hooked, when a shell, passing through the starboard bow, burst among them, killing and maiming the greater number. It was about this time that Master-mate Harrington had his head shot off, and fell, a corpse, at my feet, in the act of receiving an order to slip the cable. There was no one left in the first division; not a gun's crew could

be mustered from the brave fellows who went into action, three-quarters of an hour before, so confident in their ship. No men ever stood at their guns better than the first gun-deck division of the Cumberland. They had literally disappeared—died at their posts.

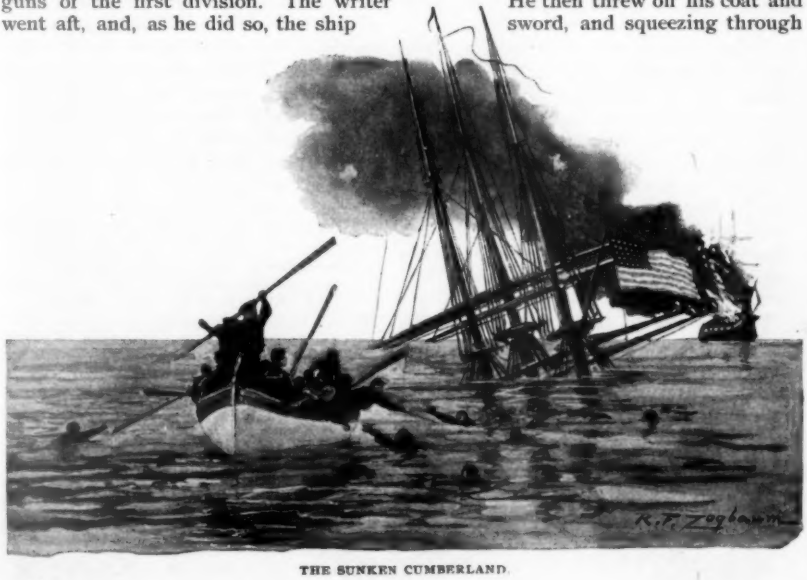
The appearance of the gun-deck forward, at this time, was something never to be forgotten—the deck covered with the dead and wounded, slippery with blood; the large galley demolished, and its scattered contents added to the general destruction; some guns run in as they had last been fired, many of them bespattered with blood; rammers and sponges, broken and powder-blacked, lay in every direction.

In the meanwhile, the water had been rapidly gaining, in spite of the efforts of the after-division, which had been sent to the pumps. At this time, the Merrimac again rammed the Cumberland, striking her abaft the fore-channels, but doing no special damage. Why she did so, I have never understood, unless to give a final coup de grace, for she must have seen that the Cumberland was rapidly sinking.

If there had been any men left, there was no longer any powder to serve the guns of the first division. The writer went aft, and, as he did so, the ship lurched forward, and the water poured into the bridle-ports. The ship was sinking; no time was to be lost, and the order was passed for every man to "look out for himself"—an order never given until the last extremity. The survivors rushed from the berth-decks and gun-decks, crowding up the after-ladders; some ran along the spar-deck and jumped into the launch, moored astern; others climbed the rigging, and others saved themselves on gratings and material from the deck. Fortunately, all the boats were lowered before the action commenced, and two of the largest were uninjured.

In this moment of dire confusion with the waters closing over the doomed ship, the last gun was fired, sounding the death knell, generally believed to have been gun number seven, and fired by Matthew C. Tierney, coxswain, who was mortally wounded and perished in the ship.

The writer was one of the last to leave the main deck, the water upon which was up to the main hatch. The ship had a heavy list to port, the ladders were almost perpendicular, and as he turned to the ward-room hatch ladder he found it blocked by our fat drummer Joselyn, struggling up with his drum, and who was afterward picked up using it as a buoy. He then threw off his coat and sword, and squeezing through



THE SUNKEN CUMBERLAND.

the port hole on the port side, jumped into the water, and seeing the launch astern swam to her and was picked up almost exhausted.

As has been stated the ship went down bow first, with the stern high in the air. There was about one hundred men in the launch, among them Lieutenant Morris and Master Stuyvesant. It was with difficulty that the boat was shoved clear, as with one plunge the Cumberland settled beneath the surface. Her flag could almost be touched as the boat moved away, but it was left to wave over the glorious dead who had defended it with their lives.

The crew of the Cumberland on the day of the engagement numbered 299 blue jackets and thirty-three marines. Of this number eighty were killed or drowned, and some thirty wounded saved, or a total of killed and wounded of over thirty-three per cent. I doubt if any battle of the war, ashore or afloat, can exhibit so large a proportion of dead to the number engaged, and it shows the desperate character of the fighting. The brunt of the fight fell upon the first division, commanded by the writer, and out of a total of eighty-five more than half were killed.

It is not easy to estimate the damage done to the Merrimac. Her smoke-stack was so perforated with shot holes, as to fill the gun-deck with smoke, and seriously decreased the draft of her boilers. The flag-staff was shot away. Many of the plates on the casemate were loosened. The muzzles of two of her guns were shot away, and of the crew two were killed and numbers wounded, amongst the latter her captain, Buchanan, who was a great loss to the Confederacy. Her ram was wrenched off in the Cumberland's side, causing the Merrimac to spring a leak, and the wounding of her commander was a serious misfortune to them.

Thus perished the Cumberland. No vessel ever went into a fight against greater odds, so great that but one result was possible, and yet fought to the bitter end, until the waters closed over her last gun. The Merrimac was more than double the size of the Cumberland, with armor four inches thick to oppose the wooden sides of the latter, and enabled to take any position at will, while the latter was chained to the bottom and helpless to move. There would have been no dishonor in surrendering to such odds, and yet what would have been the result? The Merrimac fresh from the surrender of the Cumberland, would have destroyed the fine steam frigate Minnesota that had grounded while going to the assistance of the Cumberland, would have captured the remaining naval force at Hampton Roads, consisting of the frigate Roanoke, which had lost her screw, and the sailing frigate St. Lawrence, and when the Monitor arrived late Saturday night she would have found herself alone. What would have been the fate of the Monitor when she was rammed by the Merrimac if the latter had not lost her spur in the Cumberland's side?

And yet the government bestowed neither promotion or medals upon the officers and crew of the Cumberland, and only some years after made an appropriation giving a month's pay to the survivors for the loss of their effects! History can point to no greater sacrifice for the honor of the flag than that made by the crew of the Cumberland. Without hope of assistance, against fearful odds, they fought to the end and their ship was their tomb. Let their memory be kept green in the hearts of their countrymen, and if their example stimulates the youths of coming generations to be true to their country and their flag, it cannot be said they died in vain.

No braver vessel ever flung her pennon [to the breeze,
No bark e'er died a death so grand;
Her flag the gamest of the game
Sank proudly with her, not in shame,
But in its ancient glory—
The memory of its parting gleam
Will never fade while poets dream;
The echo of her dying gun
Will last till man his race has run—
Then live in angels' history.



OMEGA:

The Last Days of The World.

By Camille Flammarion.

VI.

IT is now time to pause, amid the eventful scenes through which we are passing, in order to consider this new fear of the end of the world with others which have preceded it, and to pass rapidly in review the remarkable history of this idea, which has reappeared again and again in the past. At the time of which we are speaking, this subject was the sole theme of conversation in every land and in every tongue.

As to the dogma "Credo Resurrectionem Carnis," the addresses of the fathers of the Church before the council assembled in the Sistine chapel at Rome, were, on the whole, in accord with the opinion expressed by the cardinal archbishop of Paris. The clause "et vitam æternam" was tacitly ignored, in view of the possible discoveries of astronomy and psychology. These addresses epitomized, as it were, the history of the doctrine of the end of the world as held by the Christian Church in all ages.

This history is interesting, for it is also the history of the human mind face to face with its own destiny, and we believe it of sufficient importance to devote to it a separate chapter. For the time being, therefore, we abandon our role as the chronicler of the twenty-fourth century, and return to our own times, in order to consider this doctrine from an historical point of view.

The existence of a profound and tenacious faith is as old as the centuries, and it is a notable fact that all religions, irrespective of Christian dogma, have opened the same door from this mortal life upon the unknown which lies beyond, it is the door of the Divine Comedy of Dante, although the conceptions of paradise, hell and purgatory peculiar to the Christian Church, are not universal.

Zoroaster and the Zend-Avesta taught that the world would perish by fire. The same idea is found in the Epistle of St. Peter. It seems that the traditions of Noah and of Deucalion, according to which the first great disaster to humanity came by flood, indicated that the second great disaster would be of an exactly opposite character.

The apostles Peter and Paul died, prob-

ably, in the year 64, during the horrible slaughter ordered by Nero after the burning of Rome, which had been fired at his command and whose destruction he attributed to the Christians in order that he might have a pretext for new persecutions. St. John wrote the Apocalypse in the year 69. The reign of Nero was a bloody one, and martyrdom seemed to be the natural consequence of a virtuous life. Prodigies appeared on every hand; there were comets, falling stars, eclipses, showers of blood, monsters, earthquakes, famines, pestilences, and above all, there was the Jewish war and the destruction of Jerusalem. Never, perhaps, were so many horrors, so much cruelty and madness, so many catastrophes, crowded into so short a period as in the years 64–69 A.D. The little church of Christ was apparently dispersed. It was impossible to remain in Jerusalem. The horrors of the reign of terror of 1793, and of the Commune of 1871, were as nothing in comparison with those of the Jewish civil war. The family of Jesus was obliged to leave the holy city and to seek safety in flight. False prophets appeared, thus verifying former prophecies. Vesuvius was preparing the terrible eruption of the year 79, and already, in 63, Pompeii had been destroyed by an earthquake.

There was every indication that the end of the world was at hand. Nothing was wanting. The Apocalypse announced it.

But a calm followed the storm. The terrible Jewish war came to an end; Nero fell before Galba; under Vespasian and Titus, peace (71) succeeded war, and—the end of the world was not yet.

Once more it became necessary to interpret anew the words of the evangelists. The coming of Christ was put off until after the fall of the Roman empire, and thus considerable margin was given to the commentator. A firm belief in a final and even an imminent catastrophe persisted, but it was couched in vague terms, which robbed the spirit as well as the letter of prophesy of all precision. Still, the conviction remained.

St. Augustine devotes the xxth book of the City of God (426) to the regeneration of the world, the resurrection, the last judgment, and the New Jerusalem; in the xxist book he describes the everlasting torments of hell-fire. A witness to the fall of Rome and the empire, the bishop of Carthage believed these events to be the first act of the drama. But the reign of God was to continue a thousand years before the coming of Satan.

St. Gregory, bishop of Tours (573), the first historian of the Franks, began his history as follows: "As I am about to relate the wars of the kings with hostile nations, I feel impelled to declare my belief. The terror with which men await the end of the world decides me to chronicle the years already passed, that thus one may know exactly how many have elapsed since the beginning of the world."

This tradition was perpetuated from year to year and from century to century, notwithstanding that nature failed to confirm it. Every catastrophe, earthquake, epidemic, famine and flood, every phenomenon, eclipse, comet, storm, sudden darkness and tempest, was looked upon as the forerunner and herald of the final cataclysm. Trembling like leaves in the blast, the faithful awaited the coming judgment; and preachers successfully worked upon this dread apprehension, so deeply rooted in every heart.

But, as generation after generation passed, it became necessary to define again the wide-spread tradition, and about this time the idea of a millenium took form in the minds of commentators. There were many sects which believed that Christ would reign with the saints a thousand years before the day of judg-



VICTIMS OF THE PLAGUE.

ment. St. Ireneus, St. Papias, and St. Sulpicius Severus shared this belief, which acquired an exaggerated and sensual form in the minds of many, who looked forward to a day of general rejoicing for the elect and a reign of pleasure. St. Jerome and St. Augustine did much to discredit these views, but did not attack the central doctrine of a resurrection. Commentators on the Apocalypse continued to flourish through the somber night of the middle ages, and in the tenth century especially the belief gained ground that the year 1000 was to usher in the great change.

This conviction of an approaching end of the world, if not universal, was at least very general. Several charters of the period began with this sentence: Termino mundi appropinquante: "The end of the world drawing near." In spite of some exceptions, it seems difficult not to share the opinion of historians, notably of Michelet, Henri Martin, Guizot, and Duruy, regarding the prevalence of this belief throughout Christendom. Doubtless neither the French monk Gerbert, at that time Pope Sylvester II., nor King Robert of France, regulated their lives by this superstition, but it had none the less penetrated the conscience of the faint-hearted, and many a sermon was preached from this text of the Apocalypse:

"And when the thousand years are expired, Satan shall be loosed out of his prison, and shall go out to deceive the nations which are in the four quarters of the earth . . . and another book was opened, which is the Book of Life . . . and the sea gave up the dead which were in it: and death and hell gave up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to his works . . . and I saw a new heaven and a new earth."

Bernard, a hermit of Thuringia, had taken these very words of Revelation as the text of his preaching, and in about the year 960 he publicly announced that the end of the world was at hand. He even fixed the fatal day itself, as that on which "The Annunciation" and Holy Friday should fall on the same day, a coincidence which really occurred in 992.

Druthmare, a monk of Corbie, prophesied the end of the world for the 24th of March in the year 1000. In many cities popular terror was so great on that day that the people sought refuge in the churches, remaining until midnight, prostrate before the relics of the saints, in order to await there the last trump and to die at the foot of the cross.

From this epoch date many gifts to the Church. Lands and goods were given to the monasteries. Indeed, an authentic and very curious document is preserved, written in the year 1000 by a certain monk, Raoul Glaber, on whose first pages we find: "Satan will soon be unloosed, as prophesied by St. John, *the thousand years having been accomplished.* It is of these years that we are to speak."

The end of the tenth century and the beginning of the eleventh century was a truly strange and fearful period. From 980 to 1040 it seemed as if the angel of death had spread his wings over the world. Famine and pestilence desolated the length and breadth of Europe. There was in the first place the "mal des ardents," the flesh of its victims decaying and falling from the bones, was consumed as by fire, and the members themselves were destroyed and fell away. Wretches thus afflicted thronged the roads leading to the shrines and besieged the churches, filling them with terrible odors, and dying before the relics of the saints. The fearful pest made more than forty thousand victims in Acquitania, and devastated the southern portions of France.

Then came famine, ravaging a large part of Christendom. Of the seventy-three years between 987 and 1060, forty-eight were years of famine and pestilence. The invasions of the Huns, between 910 and 945, revived the horrors of Attila, and the soil was so laid waste by wars between domains and provinces that it ceased to be cultivated. For three years rain fell continuously; it was impossible either to sow or to reap. The earth became barren and was abandoned. "The price of a 'muid' of wheat," writes Raoul Glaber, "rose to sixty gold sous; the rich waxed thin and pale; the poor gnawed the roots of trees, and many were in such extremity as to devour human flesh. The strong fell upon the weak in the public highways, tore them in pieces, and roasted them for food. Children were enticed by an egg or some

fruit into by-ways, where they were devoured. This frenzy of hunger was such that the beast was safer than man. Famished children killed their parents, and mothers feasted upon their children. One person exposed human flesh for sale in the market place of Tournus, as if it were a staple article of food. He did not deny the fact and was burned at the stake. Another, stealing this flesh by night from the spot where it had been buried, was also burned alive."

This testimony is that of one who lived at the time and in many cases was an eye witness to what he relates. On every side people were perishing of hunger, and did not scruple to eat reptiles, unclean animals, and even human flesh. In the depths of the forest of Mâcon, in the vicinity of a church dedicated to St. John, a wretch had built a hut in which he strangled pilgrims and wayfarers. One day a traveller entering the hut with his wife to seek rest, saw in a corner the heads of men, women and children. Attempting to fly, they were prevented by their host. They succeeded, however, in escaping, and on reaching Mâcon, related what they had seen. Soldiers were sent to the bloody spot, where they counted forty-eight human heads. The murderer was dragged to the town and burned alive. The hut and the ashes of the funeral pile were seen by Raoul Glaber. So numerous were the corpses that burial was impossible, and disease followed close upon famine. Hordes of wolves preyed upon the unburied. Never before had such misery been known.

War and pillage were the universal rule, but these scourges from heaven made men somewhat more reasonable. The bishops came together, and it was agreed to establish a truce for four days of each week, from Wednesday night to Monday morning. This was known as the truce of God.

It is not strange that the end of so miserable a world was both the hope and the terror of this mournful period.

The year 1000, however, passed like its predecessors, and the world continued to exist. Were the prophets wrong again, or did the thousand years of Christendom point to the year 1033? The world waited and hoped. In that very year occurred a total eclipse of the sun; "The great source of light became saffron colored; gazing into each others faces men saw that they were pale as death; every object presented a livid appearance; stupor seized upon every heart and a general catastrophe was expected." But the end of the world was not yet.

It was to this critical period that we owe the construction of the magnificent cathedrals which have survived the rav-



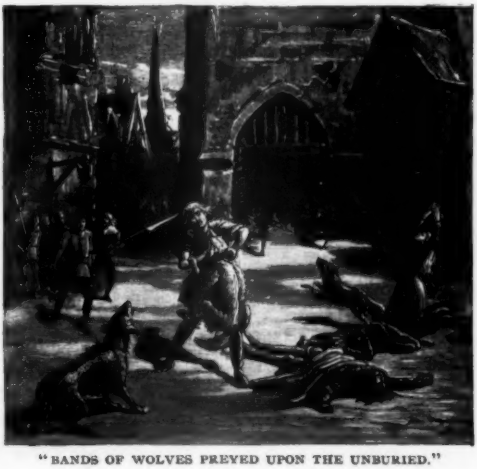
THE HUT IN THE FOREST OF MACON.

ages of time and excited the wonder of centuries. Immense wealth had been lavished upon the clergy, and their riches increased by donations and inheritance. A new era seemed to be at hand. "After the year 1000," continues Raoul Glaber, "the holy basilicas throughout the world were entirely renovated, especially in Italy and Gaul, although for the most part they were in no need of repair. Christian nations vied with each other in the erection of magnificent churches. It seemed as if the entire world, animated by a common impulse, shook off the rags of the past to put on a new garment; and the faithful were not content to rebuild nearly all the episcopal churches, but also embellished the monasteries dedicated to the various saints, and even the chapels in the smaller villages."

The somber year 1000 had followed the vanished centuries into the past, but through what troubled times the Church had passed! The popes were the puppets of the rival Saxon emperors and the princes of Latium. All Christendom was in arms. The crisis had passed, but the problem of the end of the world remained, and credence in this dread event, though uncertain and vague, was fostered by that profound belief in the devil and in prodigies which was yet to endure for centuries in the popular mind. The final scene of the last judgment was sculptured over the portals of every cathedral, and on entering the sanctuary of the church one passed under the balance of the archangel, on whose left writhed the bodies of the devils and the damned, delivered over to the eternal flames of hell.

But the idea that the world was to end was not confined to the Church. In the twelfth century astrologers terrified Europe by the announcement of a conjunction of all the planets in the constellation of the scales. This conjunction indeed, occurred, for on September 15th all the planets were found between the 180th and 190th degrees of longitude. But the end of the world did not come.

The celebrated alchemist, Arnauld de Villeneuve, foretold it again for the year 1335. In 1406, under Charles VI., an eclipse of the sun, occurring on June 16th, produced a general panic, which is chronicled by Juvénal of the Ursuline Order: "It is a pitiable sight," he says, "to see people taking refuge in the churches as if the world were about to perish." In 1491 St. Vincent Ferrier wrote a treatise entitled, "De la Fin du Monde et de la Science Spirituelle;" he allows Christendom as many years of life as there are verses in the psalter, namely, 2537. Then a German astrologer, one Stoffler, predicted that on February 20, 1524, a general deluge would result from a conjunction of the planets. He was very generally believed, and the panic was extreme. Property situated in valleys, along river banks, or near the sea, was sold to the less credulous for a mere nothing. A certain doctor, Auriol, of Toulouse, had an ark built for himself, his family and his friends, and Bodin asserts that he was not the only one who took this precaution. There were few sceptics. The grand chancellor of Charles V. sought the advice of Pierre Martyr, who told him that the event would not be as fatal as was feared, but that the conjunction of the planets would doubtless occasion grave disasters. The fatal day arrived . . . and never had the month of February been so dry! But this did not prevent new predictions for the year 1532, by the astrologer of the elector of Brandenburg, Jean Carion; and again for the year 1584 by the astrologer Cypriem Lëowitz. It was again a



"BANDS OF WOLVES PREYED UPON THE UNBURIED."

question of a deluge, due to planetary conjunctions. "The terror of the populace," writes a contemporary, Louis Guyon, "was extreme, and the churches could not hold the multitudes which fled to them for refuge; many made their wills without stopping to think that this availed little if the world was really to perish; others donated their goods to the clergy, in the hope that their prayers would put off the day of judgment."



In 1588 there was another astrological prediction, couched in apocalyptic language, as follows: "The eighth year following the fifteen hundred and eightieth anniversary of the birth of Christ will be a year of prodigies and terror. If in this terrible year the globe be not dissolved in dust, and the land and the sea be not destroyed, every kingdom will be overthrown and humanity will travail in pain."

As might be expected, the celebrated soothsayer, Nostradamus, is found among these prophets of evil. In his book of rhymed prophecies, entitled Centuries, we find the following quatrain, which excited much speculation:

> Quand Georges Dieu crucifiera,
> Que Mare le ressuscitera,
> Et que St. Jean le portera,
> La fin du monde arrivera.

The meaning of which is, that when Easter falls on the twenty-fifth of April (St. Mark's day), Holy Friday will fall on the twenty-third (St. George's day), and Corpus Christi on the twenty-fourth of June (St. John's day) and the end of the world will come. This verse was not without malice, for at this time (Nostradamus died in 1556) the calendar had not been reformed; this was not done until 1582, and it was impossible for Easter to fall on the twenty-fifth of April.



In the sixteenth century, the twenty-fifth of April corresponded to the fifteenth; the day following November 4, 1582, was called the fifteenth. After the introduction of the Gregorian calendar, Easter might fall on the twenty-fifth of April, its latest possible date, and this was the case in 1666, 1734, 1886, as it will be again in 1942, 2038, 2190, etc., the end of the world, however, not being a necessary consequence of this coincidence.

Planetary conjunctions, eclipses and comets were alike the basis for prophecies of evil. Among the comets recorded in history we may mention, as the most remarkable from this point of view, that of William the Conqueror, which appeared in 1066, and which is pictured on the tapestry of Queen Matilda, at Bayeux; that of 1264, which, it is said, disappeared the very day of the death of Pope Urban IV.; that of 1327, one of the largest and most imposing ever seen, which "presaged" the death of Frederick, king of Sicily; that of 1399, which Juvénal, the Ursuline, described as "the harbinger of coming evil;" that of 1402, to which was ascribed the death of Gian Galeazzo, Visconti, duke of Milan; that of 1456, which filled all Christendom with terror, under Pope Callixtus III., during the war with the Turks, and which is associated with the history of the Angelus; and that of 1472, which preceded the death of the brother of Louis XI. There were others, also, associated like the preceding, with catastrophes and wars, and especially with the dreaded last hours of the race. That of 1527 is described by Ambroise Paré, and by Simon Goulart, as formed of severed heads, poignards and bloody clouds. The comet of 1531 was thought to herald the death of Louise of Savoy, mother of Francis I., and this princess shared the popular superstition in reference to evil stars: "Behold!"

she exclaimed from her bed, on perceiving the comet through the window, "behold an omen which is not given to one of low degree. God sends it as a warning to us. Let us prepare to meet death." Three days after, she died. But the famous comet of Charles V., appearing in 1556, was perhaps the most memorable of all. It had been identified as the comet of 1264, and its return was announced for 1848. But it did not reappear.

The comets of 1577, 1607, 1652 and 1665 were the subjects of endless commentaries, forming a library by themselves. At the last of these Alphonzo VI., king of Portugal, angrily discharged his pistol, with the most grotesque defiance. Pierre Petit, by order of Louis XIV., published a work designed to counteract the foolish, and political, apprehensions excited by comets. This illustrious king desired to be without a rival, the only sun, "Nec pluribus impar!" and would not admit the supposition that the glory of France could be imperilled even by a celestial phenomenon.

One of the greatest comets which ever struck the imagination of men was assuredly the famous comet of 1680, to which Newton devoted so much attention. "It issued," said Lemonnier, "with a frightful velocity from the depths of space and seemed falling directly into the sun, and was seen to vanish with an equal velocity. It was visible for four months. It approached quite near to the earth, and Whiston ascribed the deluge to its former appearance." Bayle wrote a treatise to prove the absurdity of beliefs founded on these portents. Madame de Sévigné writing to her cousin, Count de Bussy Rabutin, says: "We have a comet of enormous size; its tail is the most beautiful object conceivable. Every person of note is alarmed and believes that heaven, interested in their fate, sends them a warning in this comet. They say that the courtiers of Cardinal Mazarin, who is despaired of by his physicians, believe this prodigy is in honor of his passing away, and tell him of the terror with which it has inspired them. He had the sense to laugh at them, and to reply facetiously that the comet did him too much honor. In truth we ought all to agree with him, for human pride assumes too much when it believes that death is attended by such signs from heaven."

We see that comets were gradually losing their prestige. Yet we read in a treatise of the astronomer Bernouilli this singular remark: "If the head of the comet be not a visible sign of the anger of God, *the tail may well be*."

Fear of the end of the world was reawakened by the appearance of comets in 1773; a great panic spread throughout Europe, and Paris itself was alarmed. Here is an extract from the memoirs of Bachaumont, accessible to every reader:

"May 6th, 1773. In the last public meeting of the Academy of Sciences, M. de Lalande was to read by far the most interesting paper of all; this, however, he was not able to do, for lack of time. It concerned the comets which, by approaching the earth, may cause revolutions, and dealt especially with that one whose return is expected in eighteen years. But although he affirmed that it was not one of those which would harm the earth, and that, moreover, he had observed that one could not fix, with any exactness, the order of such occurrences, there exists, nevertheless, a very general anxiety.

"May 9th. The cabinet of M. de Lalande is filled with the curious who come to question him concerning the above memoir, and, in order to reassure those who have been alarmed by the exaggerated rumors circulated about it, he will doubtless be forced to make it public. The excitement has been so great that some ignorant fanatics have besought the archbishop to institute prayers for forty hours, in order to avert the deluge which menaces us; and this prelate would have authorized these prayers, had not the Academy shown him the ridicule which such a step would produce.

"May 14th. The memoir of M. de Lalande has appeared. He says that it is his opinion that, of the sixty known comets, eight, by their near approach to the earth, might produce a pressure such that the sea would leave its bed and cover a part of the world."

In time, the excitement died away. The fear of comets assumed a new form. They were no longer regarded as indications of the anger of God, but their collision with the earth was discussed from a scientific point of view, and these collisions were not considered free of danger. At the close of the last century, Laplace stated

his views on this question, in the forcible language which we have quoted in Chapter II.

In this century, predictions concerning the end of the world have several times been associated with the appearance of comets. It was announced that the comet of Biéla, for example, would intersect the earth's orbit on October 29, 1832, which it did, as predicted. There was great excitement. Once more the end of things was declared at hand. Humanity was threatened. What was going to happen?

The orbit, that is to say the path, of the earth had been confounded with the earth itself. The latter was not to reach that point of its orbit traversed by the comet until November 30th, more than a month after the comet's passage, and the latter was at no time to be within 20,000,000 leagues of us. Once more we got off with a fright.

It was the same in 1857. Some prophet of ill omen had declared that the famous comet of Charles V., whose periodic time was thought to be three centuries, would return on the 13th of June of that year. More than one timid soul was rendered anxious, and the confessionals of Paris were more than usually crowded with penitents. Another prediction was made public in 1872, in the name of an astronomer, who, however, was not responsible for it—M. Plantamour, director of the Geneva observatory.

As in the case of comets, so with other unusual phenomena, such as total solar eclipses, mysterious suns appearing suddenly in the skies, showers of shooting stars, great volcanic eruptions accompanied with the darkness of night and seeming to threaten the burial of the world in ashes, earthquakes overthrowing and engulfing houses and cities—all these grand and terrible events have been connected with the fear of an immediate and universal end of men and things.

The history of eclipses alone would suffice to fill a volume, no less interesting than the history of comets. Confining our attention to a modern example, one of the last total eclipses of the sun, visible in France, that of August 12, 1654, had been foretold by astronomers, and its announcement had produced great alarm. For some it meant the overthrow of states and the fall of Rome; for others it signified a new deluge; there were those who believed that nothing less than the destruction of the world by fire was inevitable; while the more collected anticipated the poisoning of the atmosphere. Belief in these dreaded results was so widespread, that, in order to escape them, and by the express order of physicians, many terrified people shut themselves up in closed cellars, warmed and perfumed. We refer the reader, especially, to the second evening of Les Mondes of Fontenelle. Another writer of the same century, Petit,



PEOPLE SEEKING REFUGE IN CLOSED CELLARS.

to whom we referred a moment ago, in his Dissertation on the Nature of Comets says, that the consternation steadily increased up to the fatal day, and that a country curate, unable to confess all who believed their last hour was at hand, at sermon time told his parishioners not to be in such haste, for the eclipse had been put off for a fortnight; and these good people were as ready to believe in the postponement of the eclipse as they had been in its malign influence.



"O, BEAUTIFUL SUN!"

At the time of the last total solar eclipses visible in France, namely, those of May 12, 1706, May 22, 1724, and July 8, 1842, as also of the partial ones of October 9, 1847, July 28, 1851, March 15, 1858, July 18, 1860, and December 22, 1870, there was more or less apprehension on the part of the timid; at least, we know, from trustworthy sources, that in each of these cases these natural phenomena were interpreted by a certain class in Europe as possible signs of divine wrath, and in several religious educational establishments the pupils were requested to offer up prayers as the time of the eclipse drew near. This mystical interpretation of the order of nature is slowly disappearing among enlightened nations, and the next total eclipse of the sun, visible in southern France on May 28, 1900, will probably inspire no fear on the French side of the Pyrenees; but it might be premature to make the same statement regarding those who will observe it from the Spanish side of the mountains.

Among uncivilized people these phenomena excite today the same terror which they once did among us. This fact is frequently attested by travellers, especially in Africa. During the eclipse of July 18, 1860, in Algeria, men and women resorted to prayer or fled affrighted to their homes. During the eclipse of July 29, 1878, which was total in the United States, a negro, suddenly crazed with terror, and persuaded that the end of the world was coming, cut the throats of his wife and children.

It must be admitted that such phenomena are well calculated to overwhelm the imagination. The sun, the god of day, the star upon whose light we are dependent, grows dim; and, just before it becomes extinguished, takes on a sickly and mournful hue. The light of the sky pales, the animal creation is stricken with terror, the beast of burden falters at his task, the dog flees to its master, the hen retreats with her brood to the coop, the birds cease their songs, and have been seen even to drop dead with fright. Arago relates that during the total eclipse of the sun at Perpignan on July 8, 1842, twenty thousand spectators were assembled, forming an impressive spectacle. "When the solar disc was nearly obscured, an irresistible anxiety took possession of everybody; each felt the need of sharing his impressions with his neighbor. A deep murmur arose, like that of the far away sea after a storm. This murmur deepened as the crescent of light grew less, and when it had disappeared and sudden darkness had supervened, the silence which ensued marked this phase of the eclipse as accurately as the pendulum of our astronomical clock. The magnificence of the spectacle triumphed over the petulance of youth, over the frivolity which some people mistake for a sign of superiority over the indifference which the soldier frequently assumes. A profound silence reigned also in the sky: the birds had ceased their songs. After a solemn interval of about two minutes, joyous transports and frantic applause greeted with the same spontaneity the first reappearance of the solar rays, and the melancholy and indefinable sense of depression gave way to a deep and unfeigned exultation which no one sought to moderate or repress."

Every one who witnessed this phenomenon, one of the most sublime which nature offers, was profoundly moved, and took away with him an impression never to be forgotten. The peasants especially were terrified by the darkness, as they believed that they were losing their sight. A poor child, tending his flock, completely

ignorant of what was coming, saw the sun slowly growing dim in a cloudless sky. When its light had entirely disappeared the poor child, completely carried away by terror, began to cry and call for help. His tears flowed again when the first ray of light reappeared. Reassured, he clasped his hands, crying: "O, beautiful sun!"

Is not the cry of this child the cry of humanity?

So long as eclipses were not known to be the natural consequences of the motion of the moon about the earth, and before it was understood that their occurrence could be predicted with the utmost precision, it was natural that they should have produced a deep impression and been associated with the idea of the end of the world. The same is true of other celestial phenomena and notably of the sudden appearance of unknown suns, an event much rarer than an eclipse.

The most celebrated of these appearances was that of 1572. On the 11th of November of that year, about a month after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, a brilliant star of the first magnitude suddenly appeared in the constellation of Cassiopeia. The stupefaction was general, not only on the part of the public, to which it was visible every night in the sky, but also on the part of scientists, who could not explain its appearance. Astrologers found a solution of the enigma in the assertion that it was the star of the Magi, whose reappearance announced the return of the Son of God, the last judgment and the resurrection. This statement made a deep impression upon all classes of society. The star gradually diminished in splendor, and at the end of about eighteen months went out, without having caused any other disaster than that which human folly itself adds to the misery of a none too prosperous planet. Science records several apparitions of this nature, but the above was the most remarkable. A like agitation has accompanied all the grand phenomena of nature, especially those which have been unforeseen. In the chronicles of the middle ages, and even in more recent memoirs, we read of the terror which the aurora borealis, showers of shooting stars and the fall of meteorites have produced among the alarmed spectators. Recently, during the meteor shower of November 27, 1872, when the sky was filled with more than forty thousand meteorites belonging to the dispersed comet of Biéla, women of the lower classes, at Nice especially, as also at Rome, in their excitement sought information of those whom they thought able



"FLOATING BODIES INEXTRICABLY LACED."

to explain the cause of these celestial fireworks, which they had at once associated with the end of the world and with the fall of the stars, which it was foretold would usher in that last great event.



Earthquakes and volcanic eruptions have sometimes attained such proportions as to lead to the fear that the end of the world was at hand. Imagine the state of mind of the inhabitants of Herculaneum and of Pompeii when the eruption of Vesuvius buried them in showers of ashes? Was not this for them the end of the world? And more recently, were not those who witnessed the eruption of Krakatoa of the same opinion? Impenetrable darkness lasting eighteen hours, an atmosphere like a furnace, filling the eyes, nose and ears with ashes, the deep and incessant cannonade of the volcano, the falling of pumice stones from the black sky, the terrible scene illumined only at intervals by the lurid lightning or the fireballs on the spars and rigging of vessels, the thunder echoing from cloud and sea with an infernal musketry, the shower of ashes turning into a deluge of mud,—this was the experience of the passengers of a Java vessel during that night of eighteen hours, from the 26th to the 28th of August, 1883, when a portion of the island of Krakatoa was hurled into the air, and the sea, after having first retreated, swept upon the shore to a height of thirty-five meters and to a distance of from one to ten kilometers over a coast-line of five hundred kilometers, and in the reflux carried away with it the four cities, Tjiringin, Mérak, Telok-Bétong and Anjer, and the entire population of the region, more than forty thousand souls. For a long time the progress of vessels was hindered by floating bodies, inextricably interlaced; and human fingers, with their nails, and fragments of heads with their hair were found in the stomachs of fishes. Those who escaped, or who saw the catastrophe from some vessel, and lived to welcome again the light of day, which had seemed forever extinguished, relate in terror with what resignation they expected the end of the world, persuaded that its very foundations were giving way and that the knell of a universal doom had sounded. One eye-witness assures us that he would not again pass through such an experience for all the wealth that could be imagined. The sun was extinguished and death seemed to reign sovereign over nature. This eruption, moreover, was of such terrific violence that it was heard through the earth at the antipodes; it reached an altitude of twenty thousand meters, producing an atmospheric disturbance which made the circuit of the entire globe in thirty-five hours (the barometer fell four milometers in Paris even), and left for more than a year in the upper layers of the atmosphere a fine dust, which, illumined by the sun, gave rise to those magnificent twilight displays admired so much throughout the world.



These are formidable disturbances, partial ends of the world. Certain earthquakes deserve citation with these terrible volcanic eruptions, so disastrous have been their consequences. In the earthquake of Lisbon, November 1, 1755, thirty thousand persons perished; the shock was felt over an area four times as large as that of Europe. When Lima was destroyed, October 28, 1724, the sea rose twenty-seven meters above its ordinary level, rushed upon the city and erased it so completely that not a single house was left. Vessels were found in the fields several kilometers

from the shore. On December 10, 1869, the inhabitants of the city of Onlah, in Asia Minor, alarmed by subterranean noises and a first violent trembling of the earth, took refuge on a neighboring hilltop, whence, to their stupefaction, they saw several crevasses open in the city which within a few moments entirely disappeared in the bowels of the earth. We have direct evidence that under circumstances far less dramatic, as for example on the occasion of the earthquake at Nice, February 23, 1887, the idea of the end of the world was the very first which presented itself to the mind.

The history of the earth furnishes a remarkable number of like dramas, catastrophes of a partial character, threatening the world's final destruction. It is fitting that we should devote a moment to the consideration of these great phenomena, as also to the history of that belief in the end of the world which has appeared in every age, though modified by the progress of human knowledge. Faith has in part disappeared; mystery and superstition, which struck the imagination of our ancestors, and which has been so curiously represented in the portals of our great cathedrals and in the sculpture and painting inspired by Christian traditions, this theological aspect of the last great day, has given place to the scientific study of the probable life of the solar system to which we belong. The geocentric and anthropocentric conception of the universe, which makes man the center and end of creation, has become gradually transformed and has at last disappeared; for we now know that our humble planet is but an island in the infinite, that human history has thus far been founded on pure illusions, and that the dignity of man consists in his intellectual and moral worth. Is not the destiny and sovereign end of the human mind the exact knowledge of things, the search after truth?

During the nineteenth century, evil prophets, more or less sincere, have twenty-five times announced the end of the world, basing their prophesies upon cabalistic calculations destitute of serious foundation. Like predictions will recur so long as the race exists.

But this historic interlude, although opportune, has for a moment interrupted our narrative. Let us hasten to return to the twenty-fifth century, for we have reached its most critical moment.



VII.

Inexorably, with a fatality no power could arrest, like a projectile speeding from the mouth of a cannon toward the target, the comet continued to advance, following its appointed path, and hurrying, with an ever-increasing velocity, toward the point in space at which the earth would be found on the night of July 14–15. The final calculations were absolutely without error. These two heavenly bodies—the earth and the comet—were to meet like two trains, rushing headlong upon each other, with resistless momentum, as if impelled to mutual destruction by an insatiable rage. But in the present instance the velocity of shock would be 865 times that of two express trains having each a speed of 100 kilometers per hour.

During the night of July 13–14, the comet spread over nearly the entire sky, and whirlwinds of fire could be seen by the naked eye, eddying about an axis oblique to the zenith. The appearance was that of an army of flaming meteors, in whose midst the flashing lightning, produced the effect of a furious combat. The burning star had a revolution of its own, and seemed to be convulsed with pain, like a living thing. Immense jets of flame issued from various centers, some

of a greenish hue, others red as blood, while the most brilliant were of a dazzling whiteness. It was evident that the sun was acting powerfully upon this whirlpool of gases, decomposing certain of them, forming detonating compounds, electrifying the nearer portions, and repelling the smoke from about the immense nucleus which was bearing down upon the world. The comet itself emitted a light far different from the sunlight reflected by the enveloping vapors; and its flames, shooting forth in ever-increasing volume, gave it the appearance of a monster, precipitating itself upon the earth to devour it. Perhaps the most striking feature of this spectacle was the absence of all sound. At Paris, as elsewhere, during that eventful night, the crowd instinctively maintained silence, spellbound by an indescribable fascination, endeavoring to catch some echo of the celestial thunder—but not a sound was heard.

The moon rose full, showing green upon the fiery background of the sky, but without brilliancy and casting no shadows. The night was no more night, for the stars had disappeared, and the sky glowed with an intense light.

The comet was approaching the earth with a velocity of 41,000 meters per second, or 2460 kilometers per minute, that is, 147,600 kilometers per hour; and the earth was itself travelling through space, from west to east, at the rate of 29,000 meters per second, 1740 kilometers per minute, or 104,400 kilometers per hour, in a direction oblique to the orbit of the comet, which for any meridian appeared at midnight in the northeast. Thus, in virtue of their velocities, these two celestial bodies were nearing each other at the rate of 173,000 kilometers per hour. When observation, which was in entire accord with the computations previously made, established the fact that the nucleus of the comet was at a distance no greater than that of the moon, everyone knew that two hours later the first phenomena of the coming shock would begin.

Contrary to all expectation, Friday and Saturday, the 13th and 14th of July, were, like the preceding days, wonderfully beautiful; the sun shone in a cloudless sky, the air was tranquil, the temperature rather high, but cooled by a light, refreshing breeze. Nature was in a joyous mood, the country was luxuriant with beauty, the streams murmured in the valleys, the birds sang in the woods; but the dwelling places of man were heartrendingly sad. Humanity was prostrated with terror, and the impassible calm of nature stood over against the agonizing fear of the human heart in painful and harrowing contrast.

Two millions of people had fled to Australia from Paris, London, Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Rome and Madrid. As the day of collision approached, the Trans-Atlantic Navigation company had been obliged to increase threefold, fourfold, and even tenfold, the number of air-ships, which settled like flocks of



LEAVING FOR THE ANTIPODES.

birds upon San Francisco, Honolulu, Noumea, and the Australian cities of Melbourne, Sidney and Pax. But this exodus of millions represented only the fortunate minority, and their absence was scarcely noticed in the towns and villages, swarming with restless and anxious life.

Haunted by the fear of unknown perils, for several nights no one had been able to close their eyes, or even dared to go to bed. To do so, seemed to court the last sleep and to abandon all hope of awaking again. Every face was livid with terror, every eye was sunken; the hair was dishevelled, the countenance haggard and stamped with the impress of the most frightful anguish which had ever preyed upon the human soul.

The atmosphere was growing drier and warmer. Since the evening before, no one had bethought himself of food, and the stomach, usually so imperious in its demands, craved for nothing. A burning thirst was the first physiological effect of the dryness of the atmosphere, and the most self-restrained sought, in every possible way, to quench it, though without success. Physical pain had begun its work, and was soon to dominate mental suffering. Hour by hour, respiration became more difficult, more exhausting and more painful. Little children, in the presence of this new suffering, appealed in tears to their mothers.

At Paris, London, Rome and St. Petersburg, in every capital, in every city, in every village, the terrified population wandered about distractedly, like ants when their habitations are disturbed. All the business of ordinary life was neglected, abandoned, forgotten; every project was set aside. No one cared any longer for anything, for his house, his family, his life. There existed a moral prostration and dejection, more complete than even that which is produced by seasickness. Some few, abandoning themselves to the exaltation of love, seemed to live only for each other, strangers to the universal panic.

Catholic and Protestant churches, Jewish synagogues, Greek chapels, Mohammedan mosques and Buddhist temples, the sanctuaries of the new Gallican religion—in short, the places of assembly of every sect into which the idiosyncrasies of belief had divided mankind, were thronged by the faithful on that memorable day of Friday, July 13th; and even at Paris the crowds besieging the portals were such that no one could get near the churches, within which were to be seen vast multitudes, all prostrate upon the ground. Prayers were muttered in low tones, but no chant, no organ, no bell was to be heard. The confessionals were surrounded by penitents, waiting their turn, as in those early days of sincere and naïve faith described by the historians of the middle ages.

Everywhere on the streets and on the boulevards the same silence reigned; not a sound disturbed the hush; nothing was sold, no paper was printed; aviators, aeroplanes, dirigible balloons were no more to be seen; the only vehicles passing were the hearses bearing to the crematories the first victims of the comet, already numerous. The days of July 13th and 14th had passed without incident, but with



"STRANGERS TO THE UNIVERSAL PANIC."

what anxiety the fateful night was awaited! Never, perhaps, had there been so magnificent a sunset, never a sky so pure! The orb of day seemed to go down in a sea of gold and purple; its red disc disappeared below the horizon, but the stars did not rise—and night did not come! To the daylight succeeded a day of cometary and lunar splendor, illuminated by a dazzling light, recalling that of the aurora borealis, but more intense, emanating from an immense blazing focus, which had not been visible during the day because it had been below the horizon, but which would certainly have rivalled the sun in brilliancy. Amid the universal plaint of nature, this luminous center rose in the west almost at the same time with the full moon, which climbed the sky with it like a sacrificial victim ascending the funeral pyre. The moon paled as it mounted higher, but the comet increased in brightness as the sun sank below the western horizon, and now, when the hour of night had come, it reigned supreme, a vaporous, scarlet sun, with flames of yellow and green, like immense extended wings. To the terrified spectator it seemed some enormous giant, taking sovereign possession of earth and sky.

Already the cometary fringes had invaded the lunar orbit. At any moment they would reach the rarer limits of the earth's atmosphere, only 200 kilometers away.

Then everyone beheld, as it were, a vast conflagration, kindled over the whole extent of the horizon, throwing skyward little violet flames, and almost immediately the brilliancy of the comet diminished, doubtless because just before touching the earth it had entered into the shadow of the planet and had lost that part of its light which came from the sun; this apparent decrease in brilliancy was chiefly due to contrast, for when the eye, less dazzled, had become accustomed to this new light, it seemed almost as intense as the former, but of a sickly, lurid, sepulchral hue. Never before had the earth been bathed in such a light, which at first seemed to be colorless, emitting lightning flashes from its pale and wan depths. The dryness of the air, hot as the breath of a furnace, became intolerable, and a horrible odor of sulphur, probably due to the super-electrified ozone, poisoned the atmosphere. Everyone believed his last hour was at hand. A terrible cry dominated every other sound. The earth is on fire! The earth is on fire! Indeed, the entire horizon was now illuminated by a ring of bluish flame, surrounding the earth like the flames of a funeral pile. This, as had been predicted, was the carbonic-oxide, whose combustion in the air produced carbonic-anhydride.



"A FIERY RAIN FELL FROM EVERY QUARTER OF THE SKY."

Suddenly, as the terrified spectator gazed silent and awestruck, holding his very breath in a stupor of fear, the vault of heaven seemed rent asunder from zenith to horizon, and from this yawning chasm, as from an enormous mouth, was vomited forth jets of dazzling greenish flame, enveloping the earth in a glare so blinding, that all who had not already sought shelter, men and women, the old and the young, the bold as well as the timid, all rushed with the impetuosity of an avalanche to the cellarways, already choked with people. Many were crushed to death, or succumbed to apoplexy, aneurismal ruptures, and wild delirium resulting in brain fever.

On the terraces and in the observatories, however, the astronomers had remained at their posts, and several had succeeded in taking an uninterrupted series of photographs of the sky changes; and from this time, but for a very brief interval, with the exception of a few courageous spirits, who dared to gaze upon the awful spectacle from behind the windows of some

upper apartment, they were the sole witnesses of the collision.

Computation had indicated that the earth would penetrate the heart of the comet as a bullet would penetrate a cloud, and that the transit, reckoning from the first instant of contact of the outer zones of the comet's atmosphere with those of the earth, would consume four and one-half hours,—a fact easily established, inasmuch as the comet, having a diameter about sixty-five times that of the earth, would be traversed, not centrally, but at one-quarter of the distance from the center, with a velocity of about 173,000 kilometers per hour. Nearly forty minutes after the first instant of contact, the heat of this incandescent furnace, and the horrible odor of sulphur, became so suffocating that a few moments more of such torture would have sufficed to destroy every vestige of life. Even the astronomers crept painfully from room to room within the observatories which they had endeavored to close hermetically, and sought shelter in the cellars; and the young computor, whose acquaintance we have already made, was the last to remain on the terrace, at Paris,—a few seconds only, but long enough to witness the explosion of a formidable bolide, which was rushing southward with the velocity of lightning. But strength was lacking for further observations. One could breathe no longer. Besides, the heat and the dryness, so destructive to every vital function, there was the carbonic-oxide which was already beginning to poison the atmosphere. The ears were filled with a dull, roaring sound, the heart beat ever more and more violently; and still this choking odor of sulphur! At the same time a fiery rain fell from every quarter of the sky, a rain of shooting stars, the immense majority of which did not reach the earth, although many fell upon the roofs, and the fires which they kindled could be seen in every direction. To these fires from heaven the fires of earth now made answer, and the world was surrounded with electric flashes, as by an army. Everyone, without thinking for an instant of flight, had abandoned all hope, expecting every moment to be buried in the ruins of the world, and those who still clung to each other, and whose only consolation was that of dying together, clung closer in a last embrace.



"EXTRA!"

But the main body of the celestial army had passed, and a sort of rarefaction, of vacuum, was produced in the atmosphere, perhaps as the result of meteoric explosions; for suddenly the windows were shattered, blown outwards, and the doors opened of themselves. A violent wind arose, adding fury to the conflagration. Then the rain fell in torrents, but reanimating at the same time the extinguished hope of life, and waking mankind from its nightmare.

"*The XXVth Century! Death of the Pope and all the bishops! Fall of the comet at Rome! Paper, sir?*"

Scarcely a half hour had passed before people began to issue from their cellars, feeling again the joy of living, and recovering gradually from their apathy. Even before one had really begun to take any account of the fires which were still raging, notwithstanding the deluge of rain, the scream of the newsboy was heard in the hardly awakened streets. Everywhere, at Paris, Marseilles, Brussels, London, Vienna, Turin and Madrid, the same news was being shouted, and before caring for the fires which were spreading on every side, everyone bought the popular one-cent sheet, with its sixteen illustrated pages fresh from the press.

"*The Pope and the cardinals crushed to death! The sacred college destroyed by the comet! Extra! Extra!*"

The newsboys drove a busy trade, for everyone was anxious to know the truth of these announcements, and eagerly bought the great popular socialistic paper.

This is what had taken place. The American Hebrew, to whom we have already referred, and who, on the preceding Tuesday, had managed to make several millions by the reopening of the Paris and Chicago exchanges, had not for a moment yielded to despair, and, as in other days, the monasteries had accepted bequests made in view of the end of the world, so our indefatigable speculator had thought best to remain at his telephone, which he had caused to be taken down for the nonce

into a vast subterranean gallery, hermetically closed. Controlling special wires uniting Paris with the principal cities of the world, he was in constant communication with them. The nucleus of the comet had contained within its mass of incandescent gas a certain number of solid uranolites, some of which measured several kilometers in diameter. One of these masses had struck the earth not far from Rome, and the Roman correspondent had sent the following news by phonogram:

"All the cardinals and prelates of the council were assembled in solemn fête under the dome of St. Peter. In this grandest temple of Christendom, splendidly illuminated at the solemn hour of midnight, amid the pious invocations of the chanting brotherhoods, the altars smoking with the perfumed incense, and the organs filling the recesses of the immense church with their tones of thunder, the Pope, seated upon his throne saw prostrate at his feet his faithful people from every quarter of the world; but as he rose to pronounce the final benediction a mass of iron, half as large as the city itself, falling from the sky with the rapidity of lightning, crushed the assembled multitudes, precipitating them into an abyss of unknown depth, a veritable pit of hell. All Italy was shaken, and the roar of the thunder was heard at Marseilles."

The bolide had been seen in every city throughout Italy, through the showers of meteorites and the burning atmosphere. It had illumined the earth like a new sun with a brilliant red light, and a terrible rending had followed its fall, as if the sky had really been split from top to bottom. (This was the bolide which the young calculator of the observatory of Paris had observed when, in spite of her zeal, the suffocating fumes had driven her from the terrace.)

Seated at his telephone, our speculator received his despatches and gave his orders, dictating sensational news to his journal, which was printed simultaneously in all the principal cities of the world. A quarter of an hour later these despatches appeared on the first page of the XXVth Century, in New York, St. Petersburg and Melbourne, as also in the capitals nearer Paris; an hour after the first edition a second was announced.

"*Paris in flames! The cities of Europe destroyed! Rome in ashes! Here's your XXVth Century, second edition!*"

And in this new edition there was a very closely written article, from the pen of an accomplished correspondent, dealing with the consequences of the destruction of the sacred college.

"*Twenty-fifth Century, fourth edition! New volcano in Italy! Revolution in Naples! Paper, sir?*"

The second had been followed by the fourth edition without any regard to a third. It told how a bolide, weighing ten thousand tons, or perhaps more, had fallen with the velocity above stated upon the solfatara of Pozzuoli, penetrating and breaking in the light and hollow crust of the ancient crater. The flames below had burst forth in a new volcano, which, with Vesuvius, illuminated the elysian fields.

"*Twenty-fifth Century, sixth edition! New island in the Mediterranean! Conquests of England!*"

A fragment of the head of the comet had fallen into the Mediterranean to the west of Rome, forming an irregular island, 1500 meters in length by 700 in width, with an altitude of about 200 meters. The sea had boiled about it, and huge tidal waves had swept the shores. But there happened to be an Englishman nearby, whose first thought was to land in a creek of the newly formed island, and scaling a rock, to plant the British flag upon its highest peak.

Millions of copies of the journal of the famous speculator were distributed broadcast over the world during this night of July 14th, with accounts of the disaster, dictated by telephone from the office of its director, who had taken measures to monopolize every item of news. Everywhere these editions were eagerly read, even before the necessary precautions were taken to extinguish the conflagrations still raging. From the outset, the rain had afforded unexpected succor, yet the material losses were immense, notwithstanding the prevailing use of iron in building construction.

"*Twenty-fifth Century, tenth edition! Great miracle at Rome!*"

What miracle, it was easy enough to explain. In this latest edition, the XXVth Century announced that its correspondent at Rome had given circulation to

a rumor which proved to be without foundation; that the bolide had not destroyed Rome at all, but had fallen quite a distance outside the city. St. Peter and the Vatican had been miraculously preserved. But hundreds of millions of copies were sold in every country of the world. It was an excellent stroke of business.

The crisis had passed. Little by little, men recovered their self-possession, rejoicing in the mere fact of living.

Throughout the night, the sky overhead was illuminated by the lurid light of the comet, and by the meteorites which still fell in showers, kindling on every side new conflagrations. When day came, about half past three in the morning, more than three hours had passed since the head of the comet had collided with the earth; the nucleus had passed in a southwesterly direction, and the earth was still entirely buried in the tail. The shock had taken place at eighteen minutes after midnight; that is to say, fifty-eight minutes after midnight, Paris time, exactly as predicted by the president of the Astronomical society of France, whose statement our readers may remember.

Although, at the instant of collision, the greater part of the hemisphere on the side of the comet had been affected by the constricting dryness, the suffocating heat and the poisonous sulphurous odors, as well as by deadening stupor, due to the resistance encountered by the comet in traversing the atmosphere, the supersaturation of the ozone with electricity, and the mixture of nitrogen protoxide with the upper air, the other hemisphere had experienced no other disturbance than that which followed inevitably from the destroyed atmospheric equilibrium. Fortunately, the comet had only skimmed the earth, and the shock had not been central. Doubtless, also, the attraction of the earth had had much to do with the fall of the bolides in Italy and the Mediterranean. At all events, the orbit of the comet had been entirely altered by this perturbation, while the earth and the moon continued tranquilly on their way about the sun, as if nothing had happened. The orbit of the comet had been changed by the earth's attraction from a parabola to an ellipse, its aphelion being situated near the ecliptic. When later statistics of the comet's victims were obtained, it was found that the number of the dead was one-fortieth of the population of Europe. In Paris alone, which extended over a part of the departments formerly known as the Seine and Seine-et-Oise, and which



THE COUNCIL ASSEMBLED UNDER THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S.

contained 9,000,000 inhabitants, there were more than 200,000 deaths.

Prior to the fatal week, the mortality had increased threefold, and on the 10th fourfold. This rate of increase had been arrested by the confidence produced by the sessions of the Institute, and had even diminished sensibly during Wednesday. Unfortunately, as the threatening star drew near, the panic had resumed its sway. On the following Thursday the normal mortality-rate had increased fivefold, and those of weak constitution had succumbed. On Friday, the 13th, the day before the disaster, owing to privations of every kind, the absence of food and sleep, the heat and feverish condition which it induced, the effect of the excitement upon the heart and brain, the mortality at Paris had reached the hitherto unheard of figure of 10,000! On the eventful night of the 14th, owing to the crowded condition of the cellars, the vitiation of the atmosphere by the carbonic-oxide gas, and suffocation due to the drying up of the lining membrane of the throat, pulmonary congestion, anæsthesia, and arrest of the circulation, the victims were more numerous than those of the battles of former times, the total for that day reaching the enormous sum of more than 100,000. Some of those mortally affected lived until the following day, and a certain number survived longer, but in a hopeless condition. Not until a week had elapsed was the normal death-rate reestablished. During this disastrous month 17,500 children were born at Paris, but nearly all died. Medical statistics, subtracting from the general total the normal mean, based upon a death-rate of twenty for every 1000 inhabitants, that is, 492 per day, or 15,252 for the month, which represents the number of those who would have died independently of the comet, ascribed to the latter the difference between these two numbers, namely, 222,633; of these, more than one-half, or more than 100,000, died of fear, by syncope, aneurisms or cerebral congestions.

But this cataclysm did not bring about the end of the world. The losses were made good by an apparent increase in human vitality, such as had been observed formerly after destructive wars; the earth continued to revolve in the light of the sun, and humanity to advance toward a still higher destiny.

The comet had, above all, been the pretext for the discussion of every possible phase of this great and important subject —the end of the world.

(*Concluded in the August number.*)

"MEROPE MORTALEM NUPSIT!"

By Elizabeth Worthington Fiske.

O sad Merope! When thy sisters glow,
Throned high, resplendent, and thou droopest pale,
Thy beauty shrouded by the heavy veil
Thy wedlock won! when, in the pulsing flow
Of the great sea of light, all stately, go
The starry squadrons, leaving silver trail—
In shade of chill cloud-cavern dost thou wail
That thou didst smile on mortal love below?

Or, as thou leanest o'er some rift, does sight
Rise, phantom-like, of days when Heaven seemed cold,
And thou didst deem yon Earth sole land of light?
Thou and another! Sweet, those times are old!
Now each must bend, apart, to awful fate:
In Hades he!—Thou, sky-bound, desolate!

ZEHIR-ED-DIN MUHAMMED BABER

EMPEROR OF HINDUSTAN. A.D 1482–1530



By Edward S. Holden.

THE Memoirs of Baber* begin with these words: "In the month of Ramazan (A.D. 1494) and in the twelfth year of my age, I became king of Ferghana. The country of Ferghana is situated in the fifth climate, on the extreme boundary of the habitable world. On the east it has Kashgar, on the west Samarkand." "It is a country of small extent, but abounding in grain and fruits," and of these fruits the melon is the favorite and chief. To his dying day, Baber did not forget the melons of his native country. It has been famous for its doctors learned in the law, for its poets and for its astronomers, as we shall see. "The revenues of Ferghana may suffice, without oppressing the country, to maintain 3000 or 4000 troops." The memoirs begin with the description of the country, with the genealogies of countless petty kings, and with an account of the characters of the emirs and begs of the royal household.

Baber's father was a strict Mohammedan and a great reader of poems. He was an eminently just man. A caravan from northern China perished in the snow, near his capital, and, although himself in great want, he preserved the merchandise till, after one or two years, the heirs of the merchants came to his city, when all was placed in their hands. "His generosity was large," says Baber, "and so was his whole soul; he was of an excellent temper, affable and sweet in his conversation, yet brave withal and manly." On his sudden death, his sons contended for his kingdom, and a large part of Baber's memoirs consists of stories of perpetual petty combats, sieges and stratagems, of "excursions and alarums" in the immediate vicinity of Samarkand. All of this history is told in a straightforward and simple manner. "I have no intention," he says, "in what I have written, to reflect on anyone. All that I have said is only the plain truth. And I have not mentioned it

* Memoirs of Baber, Emperor of Hindustan, written by himself, and translated by Messrs. Leyden and Erskine. Sir Henry Elliot's History of India as told by its own historians and other authorities.

with the least design to praise myself. I have in every word most scrupulously followed the truth. Let the reader, therefore, excuse me."

The kingly race* was far above the standard of the emirs and begs, who were usually promoted for prowess in battle and whose loyalty was self-interest. It is not difficult to learn the national character of the Turkis from Baber's outspoken judgments of the different chiefs. One was "a good-humored man, of plain, simple manners, who excelled in singing at drinking parties." Another was "a libidinous, treacherous, good-for-nothing hypocrite." Another was "a pious, religious, faithful Moslem, whose judgment and talents were uncommonly good. He was of a facetious turn, and, though he could neither read nor write, he had an ingenious and elegant vein of wit." In this manner, Baber runs over the catalogue of his officers and weighs their qualities, just as the Emperor Marcus Aurelius sums up the character of his associates. Let these further instances suffice.

"Indeed, Ali Shir Beg was an incomparable person. From the time that poetry was first written in our language no man has written so much and so well. He also left excellent pieces of music; excellent both as to the airs themselves and as to the preludes. There is not upon record in our history any man who was a greater patron of men of ingenuity and talent than he." Musicians, painters and poets alike came under his protection; and he was singular in this that he had neither wife nor child. "He passed through the world unincumbered." He declined the cares of government and spent his time in study and composition. The following is his: "Oh you who say 'Do not curse Yazid, for possibly the Almighty may have mercy on him,' I say, if the Lord pardoneth all the evil which Yazid did to the descendants of the Prophet, he will also pardon you who may have cursed him."

"Another was Sheikhem Beg. He composed a manner of verses in which both the words and sense are terrifying and correspond with each other. The following is his:

"During my sorrows of the night the whirlpool of my sighs bears
the firmament from its place;
The dragons of the inundations of my tears bear down the four
quarters of the habitable world."

When he repeated these verses, the Mulla said to him, "Are you repeating poetry or are you frightening folks?"

I cannot resist quoting a short poem by Abd-er-Razzak to illustrate a different kind of exaggeration. He was on the shores of the Persian gulf in May, 1442, and thus describes the intense heat:

"Soon as the sun shone forth from the height of heaven,
The heart of stone grew hot beneath its orb;
The horizon was so much scorched-up by its rays,
That the heart of stone became soft like wax;
The bodies of the fishes, at the bottoms of the fish-ponds,
Burned like the silk which is exposed to the fire;



* Baber was a direct descendant of Tamerlane through the paternal, and of Chengiz Khan through the maternal line.



Both the water and the air gave out so burning a heat
That the fish went away to seek refuge in the fire ;
In the plains, hunting became a matter of perfect ease,
For the desert was filled with roasted gazelles."

The chief doctor of the canon law in Ferghana was executed by his enemy. Of him Baber, himself the bravest of men, says: "I have no doubt that he was a saint. What better proof of it than that all his enemies perished in a short while? He was also a very bold man, which is also no mean proof of sanctity. All mankind, however brave they be, have some little anxiety or trepidation about them. He had not a particle of either."

Khosrou Shah was thoroughly despised by Baber who says that, "For the sake of this fleeting and faithless world, which never was and never will be true to anyone, this thankless and ungrateful man seized the sultan, a prince whom he himself had reared from infancy to manhood, and whose tutor he had been, and blinded him by lancing his eyes. Every day till the day of judgment may a hundred thousand curses light on the head of that man who is guilty of such black treachery; let every man who hears of this action of Khosrou Shah pour out imprecations upon him; for he who hears of such a deed and does not curse him, is himself worthy to be cursed."

Ali Shir's verses may have suggested the form of this passage.

Such were the chiefs by whom Baber was surrounded and through whom and against whom he had to act. Their followers were brave, but inconstant. Their cities alternately welcomed the struggling army of Baber (which was sometimes no more than two hundred warriors) and rejected it.

He learned the art of war in a rough school. On one occasion, much plunder was unjustly taken by his men, which he made them give up. "Such was the discipline of my army that the whole was restored without reserve, and before the first watch of the next day was over there was not a bit of thread or a broken needle that was not restored to its owner." He was one of the first to introduce concerted action of divisions of his army, in the place of mad rushes of separate hordes and tribes.

Samarkand, the city of Baber's affections, was thrice taken and lost. He is never tired of dwelling on the perfection of its buildings. "In the whole habitable world there are few cities so pleasantly situated. It is," he says, "in latitude 39° 37′, longitude 99° 16′." This is the calculation from Ulugh Beg's "tables," the longitude being counted from Ferro. Ulugh Beg (1393–1449) was the grandson of Tamerlane, and a ruler of Samarkand, but was far better fitted to shine as a man of science than as a king. His short reign of three years was a succession of misfortunes, but his fame as a mathematician and as an astronomer is permanent.

Since the time of the Greek schools of Alexandria, the home of the exact sciences had been, successively,

Bagdad, Cordova and Seville, Tangiers and Samarkand;* and it was not until the time of Tycho (1576) that such learning was born in the western peoples. Ulugh Beg was the last of the Arabian school. More than a century before Tycho, he constructed mighty instruments for astronomical observation, and with the aid of more than a hundred observers and calculators he prepared his famous tables of the motions of the planets and his catalogues of stars. Like all mediæval astronomers, he meddled with astrology and foretold his own death at the hands of his son, which was not difficult, considering the political state of the realm. "Ulugh Beg's observatory," says Baber, "was erected on the skirts of the hill of Kolik, and was three stories in height. Not more than seven or eight observatories have been constructed in the world. Among these, one was erected by the Caliph Mamun; another was built by Ptolemy, at Alexandria." The college, the baths, the mosques, all call for exceeding praise; even "the bakers' shops are excellent, and the cooks are skilful." Once more we hear of its excellent melons, and of the wine of Bokhara, one of its dependencies. "When I drank wine at Samarkand, in the days when I had my drinking-bouts, I used that wine." It was a learned city, too, and a friend to poets; and here Baber acquired and practiced the poetic art himself, with no mean skill.

In those days (contemporaneous with Columbus), not all the chief men could read and write. The memory was, therefore, highly cultivated. As one of them said, "When a man has once heard anything, how can he forget it?" Baber himself invented a new kind of writing —the "Baberi character"; and his presents to great nobles were often copies of his poems, written out by his copyists. He himself was a great stickler for propriety in composition, and on one occasion he soundly rates his eldest son, then the reigning monarch in Kabul, for various literary errors. "In consequence of the far-fetched words you have employed, your meaning is by no means very intelligible. Your spelling is not bad, yet not quite correct. You certainly do not excel in letter-writing. In the future, you should write unaffectedly, with clearness, using plain words, which cost less trouble to both writer and reader."

Here is one of Baber's early poems, written when he was in great distress:

"Do thou resign to Fate him who injures thee,
For Fate is a servant that will not leave thee unavenged."

And again:

"Let the sword of the world be brandished as it may,
It cannot cut one vein without the permission of Allah!"

"I have found no faithful friend in the world but my soul;
Except my own heart, I have no trusty confidant."



* It is interesting to know that, after four centuries and a half, the Russian government has recently erected an observatory at Tashkend.



The incident which follows shows his high estimate of the value of poetry, and exhibits his straightforward simplicity of mind. He says:

"During a drinking party the following verse was repeated:

> What can one do to regulate his thoughts, with a mistress possessed of every blandishment?
> Where *you* are, how is it possible for our thoughts to wander to another?

It was agreed that every one should make an extempore couplet to the same rhyme, and I said:

> What can be done with a drunken sot like you?
> What can be done with one foolish as a she-ass?

Before this, I had always committed my verse to writing. Now, when I had composed these lines, my mind led me to reflections and my heart was struck with regret that a tongue which could repeat the sublimest productions, should bestow any trouble on such unworthy verses; that it was melancholy that a heart, elevated to nobler conceptions, should submit to occupy itself with these despicable fancies. From this time forward I religiously abstained from satirical or vituperative verses. At the time I had not considered how objectionable the practice was." Later on, we find him translating a tract into verse. "I composed every day, on an average, fifty-two couplets."

At a great feast in Heri, Baber had another occasion to show his simple manners. He records the event thus: "In the course of the feast, a roast goose was put down in front of me. As I was ignorant of the mode of carving it, I let it alone. Badia-ez-Zeman Mirza (the head of Baber's family) asked me if I did not like it. I told him frankly that I did not know how to carve it."

Heri was a place of great luxury, and this was a great feast of Baber's rich relatives to him as a young man. It cost him a little to speak the simple truth before them, but he did not shrink.

In a winter's journey to Kabul the army was deeply distressed by snows and storms. Finally they halted at a cave. Baber dug for himself a hole in the snow "as deep as my breast and the size of a prayer-carpet" and sat down in it. "Some desired me to go into the cavern, but I would not go. I felt that for me to be in a warm dwelling and in comfort, while my men were in the midst of snow and drift; for me to be enjoying sleep and ease, while they were in distress, would be a deviation from that society in suffering which was their due. I continued, therefore, to sit in the drift."

On another of his night marches against the enemy, he ascended a high pass. "Till this time I had never seen the star Soheil Canopus (which is, indeed, not visible in northern latitudes), but on reaching the top Soheil appeared below, bright, to the south. I said, 'This cannot be Soheil'—they answered, 'It is, indeed, Soheil.'"

The descendant of Ulugh Beg came justly by his knowledge of the stars—even of the stars which he had never seen. How many of our readers today would recognize Canopus if they saw it?

In his early youth Baber was shamefaced and modest, and for a long time he used no wine. In later years he caroused with a kind of fierce regularity, and he duly chronicles each of his drinking-bouts. After the battle which gave him India, he made, as he says, "an effectual repentance" which was sincere. He broke all his jewelled golden drinking cups and gave them to dervishes and the poor, made his store of wine into vinegar, and finally he issued a proclamation of his change of life and humbled himself before Allah.

Let us see how a tyrant dreams. Once when Baber had taken a potion of *bhang* he fell asleep and has recorded his dream. "While under its influence I visited some beautiful gardens. In different beds the ground was covered with flowers. On the one hand were beds of yellow flowers in bloom; on the other hand, red flowers were in blossom. In many places they sprung up in the same bed mingled together, as if they had been flung and scattered abroad. I took my seat on a rising ground to enjoy the view of all the flower-plots. As far as the eye could reach, there were flower gardens of a similar kind." Recollect that this history was written years after the dream. And then he adds, "In the neighborhood of Peshawer, during the spring, the flower-plots are exquisitely beautiful." Wherever this stern warrior went he planted flower gardens and orchards and built places of delight.

"For nearly 140 years, Samarkand had been the capital of my family. A foreign robber,* one knew not whence he came, had seized the kingdom, which dropped from our hands. Almighty Allah now gave me back my plundered and pillaged country." It was lost to him, however, by the issue of a pitched battle. "Such was our situation when I precipitated matters and hurried on the battle—

> "He who with impatient haste lays his hand on his sword,
> Will afterward gnaw that hand with his teeth from regret."

"The cause of my eagerness to engage was that the stars called the 'eight stars' were on that day exactly between the two armies; and if I had suffered that day to elapse they would have been favorable to the enemy." And he goes on to say with the experience of his later years, "These observances were all nonsense and my precipitation was without the least solid excuse."

This battle lost him his kingdom once more; but he never quite recovered from superstition. Witness the following involved account of his reasons for refusing a battle in India toward the end of his life: "If on that same Saturday I had fought, it is probable that I should



*This "foreign robber" was a direct descendant of Chengiz Khan, and, therefore, a relative of Baber himself, who, however, was no friend to the Mogul tribesmen, but counted him a Turki.



have won. But it came into my head that last year I had set out on a New Year's day which fell on a Tuesday, and had overthrown my enemy on a Saturday. This year we commenced our march on New Year's day, which fell on a Wednesday, and if we beat them on a Sunday, it would be a (too) remarkable coincidence. On that account I did not march my troops!"

By a series of strange good fortunes, which seem utterly incomprehensible to Europeans, the fickle tribesmen in the neighborhood of his borders finally deserted their former rulers and attached themselves to him. The cities opened their gates and he became the master of Kabul, and Kabul was the stepping-stone to India.

The ancient enemy of Baber, who had usurped his kingdom of Samarkand, came to a violent end. His body was dismembered and his limbs were sent to different kingdoms. His head was stuffed with hay and sent to the Turkish emperor at Constantinople. His skull, set in gold, was used by the Persian king as a drinking cup. Baber's allies, the Persians, put fifteen thousand prisoners to the sword. Many of these were of Baber's own race, and this alliance with the Persians did not help him to recover his kingdom, though his worst enemies were overcome by their aid, and he was left free to execute his conquest of Hindustan.

From Kabul he made several incursions into India, which were mere raids, and finally he set out on his expedition of conquest, aided by the disaffected nobles of the Penjab. There is no space to relate the complex wars and negotiations nor to describe the final great battle which gave him Agra, the capital. His armies were the Turki hordes with Indian allies. His success was largely due to the discipline which he was the first to introduce. The men were armed with bows and arrows, spears, cimeters and maces, and a few matchlocks.

The siege artillery of that day was home-made and ponderous. "While the bridge over the Ganges was constructing, Ustad Ali Kuli played his gun remarkably well. The first day he discharged it eight times; the second, sixteen times; and for three or four days he continued firing in the same way. It was called the Victorious Gun, and Ustad Khan was rewarded for his success."

After the capture of Agra, in 1526, the treasure was distributed. Humaiun, Baber's eldest son and successor, got $87,000, besides a palace. His other sons and the emirs received all the way from $20,000 to $7,500. "Every merchant, every man of letters, every one in the army, all my relatives and friends, great and small, had presents in silver and gold, in cloth, in jewels and in captive slaves."

At the same time the famous great Mogul diamond was captured. "It is so valuable," says Baber, "that it is valued at half the daily expense of the whole world."*

* It was valued at over $4,000,000.

He gave it to his eldest son at the time; but it does not seem to be generally known that just before his death (in 1530) the diamond was once more in his possession.

Baber was thus settled on the throne of India and had become the founder of an empire. Let us see what the conqueror thought of his conquest.

"Hindustan is a country that has few pleasures to recommend it. The people are not handsome. They have no idea of friendly society. They have no genius, no comprehension of mind, no politeness of manner, no kindness or fellow-feeling, no ingenuity or mechanical invention in planning or executing their handicraft works, no skill or knowledge in design or architecture; they have no good horses, no good flesh, no grapes or musk-melons, no ice or cold water, no good food or bread, no (public) baths or colleges, no candles, no torches, not a candle-stick even." "The chief excellency of Hindustan is, that it is a large country, and has abundance of gold and silver," and many skilled artisans. In Agra alone, he daily employed 680 mechanics, and he kept 1491 stone-masons busy with his various buildings.

His life had been one of incessant activity and strife up to this time. "From the eleventh year of my age onward I had never spent two festivals of the Ramazan in the same place."

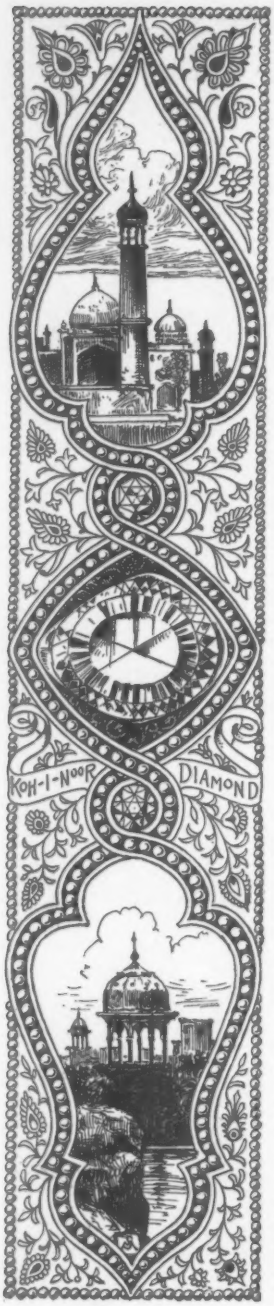
"This day I swam across the river Ganges for amusement. I had previously crossed, by swimming, every river that I had met with, the Ganges alone excepted."

In India he had to contend with secret enemies, as well as with armies in the field.

In Agra, Baber was poisoned through the treachery of his cooks and the carelessness of the taster. "The taster was ordered to be cut to pieces. I commanded the cook to be flayed alive. One of the women was trampled to death by an elephant, the other was shot by a matchlock." Baber recovered. "Thanks be to Allah! I did not fully comprehend before, that life was so sweet a thing. The poet says—

> 'Whoever comes to the gates of Death,
> Knows the value of Life.'"

By a singular good fortune, there have been preserved letters of Baber, written to his sons, in warning and reproof, and also to an old and trusted friend in Kabul. The first letters show that he was disappointed and hurt by the conduct of his children; and the last is an outpouring of the griefs of his inmost heart to his friend. He says: "My solicitude to visit my western dominions (Kabul) is boundless and great beyond expression. I trust in Almighty Allah that the time is near at hand when everything will be completely settled in this country. As soon as matters are brought to that state, I shall, with the permission of Allah, set out for your quarters without a moment's delay. How is it possible that the delights of those lands should ever be erased from the heart? How is it possible to forget the de-



licious melons and grapes of that pleasant region? They very recently brought me a single musk-melon from Kabul. While cutting it up, I felt myself affected with a strong feeling of loneliness and a sense of my exile from my native country, and I could not help shedding tears." He gives long instructions on the military and political matters to be attended to, and continues, without a break: "At the southwest of Besteh, I formed a plantation of trees; and as the prospect from it was very fine, I called it Nazergah (the view). You must there also plant some beautiful trees, and all around sow beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers and shrubs." And he goes straight on. "Syed Kasim will accompany the artillery." After more details of the government, he quotes fondly a little, trivial incident of former days and friends, and says: "Do not think amiss of me for deviating into these fooleries." "I conclude with every good wish."

Towards the end of 1529 Baber's health failed rapidly, and his son Humaiun also fell ill. The latter was conveyed to Agra and tenderly cared for, but his life was despaired of. One of Baber's high officers, distinguished for his piety, said to Baber that Almighty Allah might vouchsafe to spare Humaiun's life in return for the sacrifice of Baber's most precious possession, and suggested that the great diamond captured at Agra be the offering. "No," said Baber, "my own life is the most precious of my possessions, and I devote it to this end." He three times walked about the dying prince and retired to pray. Returning he exclaimed, "I have borne it away," and in fact, from that time Baber declined and his beloved son waxed stronger. With his unvarying affection for his family, he besought Humaiun to be kind and forgiving to his brothers, and what is rare in such cases, the admonition was faithfully respected during many trying years. In a short time death, the sunderer of societies, the garnerer of graveyards, the plunderer of palaces, bore him away to the mercy of Allah, the compassionating, the compassionate, and his son reigned in his stead.

Baber has portrayed his own character in words which every generous heart will understand. He was a gentleman and a soldier—thorough-bred. Mr. Erskine, the translator of his memoirs, has summed it up judiciously. "A striking feature in Baber's character is his unlikeness to other Asiatic princes. Instead of the stately, systematic, artificial character that seems to belong to the throne in Asia, we find him natural, lively, affectionate, simple, retaining on the throne all the best feelings and affections of common life. We shall find few princes who are entitled to rank higher than Baber in genius and accomplishment. His grandson Akber may perhaps be placed above him for profound and benevolent policy. The crooked artifice of Aurengzebe is not entitled to the same distinction. The merit of Chengiz Khan and of Tamerlane terminates in their splendid conquests, which

far excelled the achievements of Baber. But in activity of mind, in the gay equanimity and unbroken spirit with which he bore the extremes of good and bad fortune, in the possession of the manly and social virtues, so seldom the portion of princes, in his love of letters, and his success in the cultivation of them, we shall find no other Asiatic prince who can justly be placed beside him."

The circumstances of oriental and of western life are totally dissimilar. If we can make the needed allowances for the difference, Baber will appear not unworthy to be ranked with the great Cæsar, as a general, as an administrator, as a man of letters. His character is more lovable than Cæsar's, and reminds us of Henry IV. of France and Navarre. He conquered India and founded a mighty empire. Take him for all in all, he was the greatest of the Mogul kings.



THE CRICKET.

By Charles G. D. Roberts.

Oh, to be a cricket,
That's the thing!
To scurry in the grass
And to have one's fling!
And it's Oh, to be a cricket
In the warm thistle-thicket,
Where the sun-winds pass,
Winds a-wing,
And the bumble-bees hang humming,
Hum and swing,
And the honey-drops are coming!

It's to be a summer rover,
That can see a sweet, and pick it
With the sting!
Never mind the sting!

And it's Oh, to be a cricket
In the clover!
A gay summer rover
In the warm thistle-thicket,
Where the honey-drops are coming,
Where the bumble-bees hang humming—
That's the thing!



AS ONE.

By Elizabeth Stoddard.

When I, enclosed within the city's walls,
Behold the multitudes that come and go,
Hands clenched on gain, earth's treasures all unsought.
Then I recall, recall the drift of time.

But when the wealth of earth is proffered me—
The first faint blossom of the spring I share,
The latest autumn leaf, the last green blade,
Then I forget, forget the drift of time.

The months go by, and take me in their train,
The vesture wrapping them, enfolds me too,
And all the journey through, we seem as one,
And I forget, forget the drift of time.

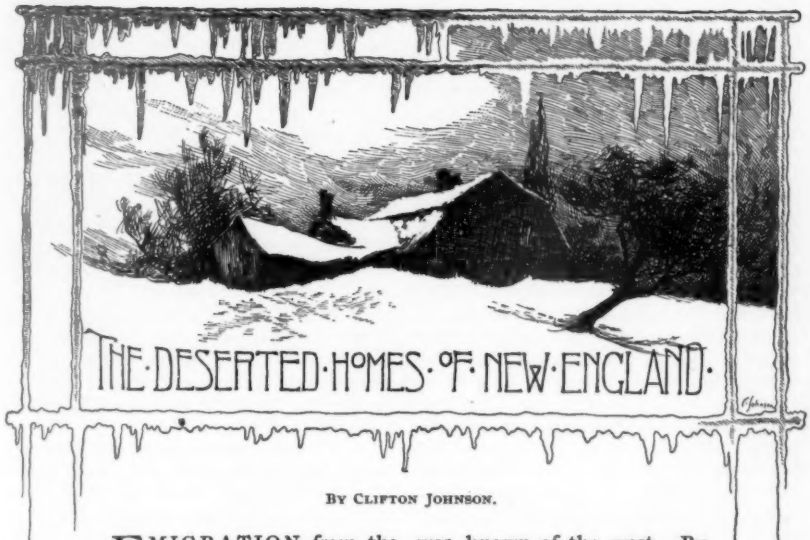
I hear the blue bird's call in windy dawns,
The robin's cheery note from dewy fields,
The swallow's cry along the pool at eve,
And I forget, forget the drift of time.

When hedges give the prophecy of birds,
And sunbeams play on the expectant boughs,
The leaves uncurl and fill their veins with life,
And I forget, forget the drift of time.

I watch a tumult in the summer skies,
A blurr of sunshine, and the rush of rain,
The tempest dying in the twilight's hush,
And I forget, forget the drift of time.

When naked woods are armored by the frost,
And all the highways filled with soundless snows,
Then comes the sun to show his golden palm,
And I forget, forget the drift of time.

The mountains look upon me, and the sea—
I hover on their crests in silver mists,
And with the waters I pass beyond their verge,
And I forget, forget the drift of time.



By Clifton Johnson.

EMIGRATION from the coast in New England began early, among the would-be tillers of the soil, to the fertile meadows along the inland rivers. When these lands had been taken the settlers began to push back among the hills whose rugged, tumbled masses cover so much of New England's little corner of the United States. This region, to those familiar with the vast tracts of our country, so greatly superior in fertility and accessibility, seems to hold for the farmer very little attraction. But at the time it was settled little was known of the west. By contrast with the sandy plains along the coast it was very rich and the crops sent down from the hill farms were considered something wonderful.

The land amongst the hills could be had almost for the asking. The emigrants to these regions were not mere adventurers seeking gold or sudden wealth. They sought homes, and they did not hope to possess these homes except by hard labor and strict economy. Such pioneers are men of energy and thrift and are bound to win prosperity even though circumstances seem adverse.



Each family was in those times a little world in itself. The farm furnished food and clothing and the very house for the family shelter. Woodland was all about and there were many little saw-mills along the streams where the trees could be converted into beams and boards. The farmer himself did much of the work preparatory to the building, and all the neighbors lent ready assistance at the raising.

Every farm had its field of flax and its flock of sheep. These furnished the raw material for clothing, which the women of the family spun into thread, wove into cloth and made into garments. Farming and household utensils and much of the furniture was homemade. A maple orchard furnished most of the sugar used. Wants which the family was dependent on the outside world to supply were simple and few. Needed supplies from without they readily obtained by exchange of products at the village store, and an occasional wagon-load of farm produce carried to one of the large towns, or the surplus of their herds and flocks driven thither, brought them wealth. A comfortable home was the near, clear object on which the young people set their eyes, and they expected to win it by sturdy work in the manner to which they were used.

The family and the home town bounded the world then. What lay beyond was but vaguely known. Now wider and fuller knowledge makes self and a quiet village life seem contracted. The newspaper and literature give wide outlooks from one end of the world to the other to the humblest home. In the reader's ears, however remote his habitation, is a continual hum of strange sounds,—the waves of the sea, the din of crowded city streets, the thud of the pick as the miner searches for treasure in the far west, the clicking of the reapers in the wide grain fields of the prairies, and the ring of gold and silver money as it changes hands in the world's trade and commerce. The dweller in the weatherworn little house among the secluded New England hills hears all this, and as he follows the slow plow across the rocky fields or swings the scythe beneath the hot skies of summer, is it any wonder if he sees visions of fortune or fame beckoning him? At the very best there will be whispers in the breezes of quicker gains for lighter labor, and of enlivening sights and sounds to be gained by a change of abode. All this makes the bonds of seclusion chafe, and many go and few return.



Had the Puritans gone up the Mississippi and settled on the rich lowlands of the middle states, New England would still be largely given up to forests. The land west gives so much larger returns for the same expenditure of time and labor in the case of most crops, that our rocky uplands would naturally have been the last to be utilized. Still, the advantage of the west over the east was not marked till the railroads made transportation easy and farm machinery was invented to do the work which before had to be done by hand and required many laborers. These machines could be used to advantage only in large and level fields. Such fields the west had and our hills had not. New England could no longer compete with the west, which now had fertile soil, clear, broad fields, railroads and labor-saving machinery all in her favor. The scythe was antiquated, yet much of the hill grassland could only be mown by hand. Planting, cultivating, reaping and threshing were in the west all reduced to a science. In the east nature compelled the slow old methods. In all old communities there is the tendency to follow very closely the ways which have become habitual. As their fathers worked so the new generation worked, but a living could no longer be made in the old ways. Success was only with the few who could adapt themselves to the changing times and their needs.



As a rule it was the most energetic who emigrated to the more promising fields of the west. This left behind those who were least fitted to cope with altered conditions and increased competition. Life and living have become more complicated. The farm no longer furnished all the necessaries of life as it had formerly. Food, clothing, house furnishings and farm tools had to be bought to a much larger extent than before. Carpets and wall-paper called for a periodical outlay. A set of upholstered furniture for the parlor was aspired to, and the girls of the family felt that their happiness depended on their having a melodeon.

Travelling has become more general with the increase of railroads, and journeying, which in stage-coach days held small attraction, is now considered a necessity. It has become a great trial to live far removed from a railroad station. "Everyone, nowadays, wants to go somewhere once in a while." The possession of railroads, and hence facilities for travel, gives to all the large places a magnetic power over the dwellers in the outlying towns. More important still as an element of city attraction is the thought common among the young people, that their home village is dull and slow. They long to get where there is more life and movement. It has become the rule for boys to leave for the cities somewhere between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and each lad as he grows up naturally follows the example of his older brothers and the other village boys. It may be that the parents, too, leave the old homestead and go to live with one of their children, or they wait till death calls them, and another is added to the lonely, deserted houses amongst the hills. The children have no use for the old place and it is sold for whatever it will bring at auction. Probably it is not at once given over to decay. There are in all communities certain people of a roving disposition, who own no homes, but rent a house as convenience dictates. They take some place where rents are low and there abide until the fever of unrest calls them to move on again. The homes which the old families have left are usually occupied for a number of years by a succession of these rovers. Such tenants are apt to be shiftless in their tendencies and the place gets out of repair, and the outbuildings sag and lean and fall to pieces. When the house has seen its last occupant it is usually convenient to make it a storage place for apples, farm tools and odds and ends, but it receives slight care and decay makes swift havoc. Even the little mendings which the most shiftless would make for their own comfort are neglected. The roof gets leaky, the window panes fall in or get broken, a door loses its hinges, a stone in the underpinning is displaced, and these little beginnings are not long

in making the whole place a broken mass of fallen bricks and timbers. Each year the scanty grass is harvested, and the apples picked, but the land is not helped by fertilizing and bushes start up all along the walls and encroach on the open fields, and nature seems in a fair way to take the whole place back to herself once more.

One grief of the young people on the farm is the lack of ready money. To have spending money and smart clothes is to a boy quite apt to be one of the heights of his ambition. In the country the attainment of these things is wofully hard. If you work for your father on the home farm he does not pay wages and there is difficulty in making him see your need of pocket money as you see it yourself. In the majority of cases, even if the father were willing to supply the boy's calls, he can spare little money for anything beyond absolute necessities. In earlier times there was no alternative but to work on where one was and there were few things one needed to buy. But when the factories began to spring up there was call for laborers and the way at once opened to earning ready money. This first set the current of life in the country flowing into the cities. The reason for the current continues to exist and so does the direction of the flow.

It is the attraction of the city which is at present the chief cause of the depopulation of the New England country. The new lands of the west have been largely taken up and emigration has ceased in that direction. The west has the advantage in raising wheat, corn and other great crops, but many localities in the east are especially favored for dairy farming and market gardening. The people do not leave the farms because a living cannot be made. This is the case at times, but it is not the rule. The impossibility of making a living is often asserted and has wide acceptance. But it would be hard to find an instance where the same thought, energy and hard work has been used which wins success in the other callings which does not win success as well in farming. Instance after instance can be found where young men have taken farms, and by studying the needs of the markets and keeping their land under high cultivation have had handsome returns. It requires hard work, and it requires system. They get their crops started early and they try to be first with them in the markets. They pride themselves in making a reputation for always having the best of everything. Produce from their farms is always fresh and nicely put up. Everything they handle is pure and clean and in all ways first class. Such farmers find a steady market. They win the confidence of the wealthy city residents and get the highest prices. At the farm the buildings are kept painted and in good repair, the stock is well-housed, the fields are fertilized and made to give rich returns, and an air of busy thrift is everywhere apparent. The grounds about the house are neatly kept and a lawn-mower is brought into frequent use to keep the grass down. Indoors is attractiveness too. The ideal farmer is not simply the man who grubs in the dirt, and his thought is not bounded by the acres he tills. He has his library. Papers and magazines are frequent visitors and there is a piano in the sitting-room. In his thrift and success he finds satisfaction. There is a systematic strife after attainment which gives a healthful interest to his work, and for such as he, the city has slight attraction.

Of the unsuccessful class there are always some who are burdened by circumstances beyond their control. There is a large number, however, who are burdened by their own habits and lack of thought. The man whose crops are a little late and apt to fall short of the best in quality does not get high prices. He has a seedy, slouchy look when he comes into town with his produce. The butter, eggs and other things he carries are put up in all sorts of old boxes, baskets and bags, and they lack attractiveness. Such management is not good business, and the man cannot make farming a success. He says farming does not pay, but it is rather his way of farming which does not pay. He thinks the city a sphere more suited to his talents. In time he deserts the farm, and, perhaps, in some factory or city shop makes very good pay. He did not put brains into his farming. Now an overseer furnishes brains and his chief contribution is labor. In that he makes a better living now than formerly, he thinks he has demonstrated that farming did not pay. But



often he has only proved that he accomplished more under another's overseeing than under his own.

For the last forty years or over the farm population of New England has been decreasing. Even the valley towns in close proximity to railroads and city markets show a depletion, and unoccupied houses can be found along the finest of our old village streets. As you move back from the larger places and the railroads into the hills, the abandoned homes are found on every roadway, and many towns have lost nearly half their inhabitants. The interest in these deserted homes and in the reasons for them, and the remedy, has been widespread. Within the last few years the states in which they are most numerous have undertaken to find tenants. The methods employed have been much the same, and an explanation of the plan adopted in Massachusetts will serve for all.

The board of agriculture had charge of the work. The first move was to send circulars to the assessors of each town in the state asking them to give lists and descriptions of "abandoned or partially abandoned farms" in their vicinity. "An abandoned or partially abandoned farm" was defined to be one which was not occupied for purposes of cultivation or a summer home, and which was for sale at a low price.

Farms that had been so long abandoned that the buildings had disappeared and the land mostly grown up to brush and wood were not to be considered. Tracts of land suitable for purposes of cultivation or for grazing, even without buildings, were, however, listed. It was also noted that it would be useless to call attention to any farms but those offered for a low price in proportion to their productive capacity.

One hundred and thirty-five towns responded with reports of deserted homes. A circular was then dispatched to the owners of these farms asking for a detailed description of the farm, its buildings, its distance from post-office and railroad station, and its price. Upon receipt of these answers a pamphlet was prepared containing the full description of each farm with a map and prefatory matter of general explanation. Copies were distributed free upon application to the board of agriculture.

Most of the farms then advertised were in the hilly and broken central section of the state, or in the western part, among the rugged regions of the Green Mountain range. Special stress was laid on the fact that the scenery in many of these deserted localities was of unsurpassed beauty, and that the location and surroundings of many of the farms catalogued made them

ideal places for summer residences. Figures are given in the pamphlet, to show that the great staples of old-fashioned farming are being replaced by a different class of crops. The time when great numbers of cattle were fattened in the Connecticut valley and on the Berkshire hills, and then driven to Boston market, is past. The wheat crop has been steadily falling off for the past fifty years. But a vast increase in the production of butter and milk shows dairy-farming to be prosperous and profitable, and figures of the same sort prove that there is gain in the raising of vegetables, poultry, small-fruits, and other things. It is noted, too, that the Massachusetts farmers have one marked advantage over those in most other states. This lies in the numerous big towns and cities, which afford a good home-market for what the farms produce. The business of supplying these centers of population with milk, butter, eggs, fresh fruit and fine vegetables belongs to the farmers of the home state. Those who furnish the best in condition, and at the time wanted, will find a demand and remunerative prices.

The average size of abandoned farms was found to be eighty-six acres. Their value with buildings averaged $894. Those without buildings averaged $561. The average cost of the land itself, per acre, was thus less than six dollars.

The quotation of one or two descriptions from the catalogue of farms for sale, will give an idea of all, and of the places they advertise. The following is one of the low-priced places:

Shutesbury.—Farm of sixty acres; mowing, eight; pasture, eighteen; woodland, thirty-four; suitable for cultivation, twelve. Almost all the grass can be cut with a machine. One-story house, five rooms, in need of some repair. Small barn, in good repair. Good well at house, and running water back of barn. Twenty apple and twelve other fruit trees. Railroad station, Leverett, six miles; post-office, Shutesbury, one mile. Price, $400; cash at sale, $100; interest on balance, four per cent.

For an example of one of the more expensive farms we note this one in Windsor: Farm of 164 acres; mowing, sixty; pasture, forty; woodland, forty-six; suitable for cultivation, twenty. Grass can be cut with a machine. Sugar bush, 150 trees. House, seven rooms; fair repair. Brook in pasture; two wells, one in cellar, one in barn. Seventy-five apple trees. Railroad station, Dalton, four miles; post-office, Windsor, two miles. Price, $1200; cash at sale, $600; interest on balance, six per cent. School, half a mile; church and cheese-factory, two miles.

This effort of the state led to a great deal of discussion in the newspapers, and there were numerous applications for the catalogues. Most interest was awakened among the well-to-do residents of the large towns. Their object was to procure for themselves, at a modest price, a country home for the summer. For all-the-year-round homes, as farms pure and simple, these outlying districts seemed to lack attraction.



Some response came from dwellers in the city, who had lost their health and hoped by an outdoor life to win back their strength and vigor. Some wrote, who, in their factory work, had had the half-spoken wish, for years, to leave the din and dust and live in country quiet. But there is among these great hesitancy about making the change. To leave good wages and a safe situation for uncertainty is not easy. To many, country



life is dreamed of as one of the hopes of the future, half their lives; but they never catch more than vacation glimpses of it, and the hope is never realized. From the west came other inquiring letters. People who had moved from the east had not forgotten their old homes, and were homesick.

But that the hill-towns should regain all their former prosperity does not, at present, seem probable. The winters, in particular, are a great trial. With their cold and the blocked roads, they make the women of the family prisoners for months. It requires not a little hardihood to get about much in snow time. An old gentleman, who had lived all his life among the hills, remarking on this, said: "The summer visitor comes up here, and says, 'This is a glorious region,' and talks as if there was no finer place on earth to live in. But he has just run away from the heat and noise of the city. He'd sing a different song if he came up here in winter. He'd be as rabid to get away as he was before to come."

In the villages there is always some little stir and society, but on the scattered outlying farms time is apt to drag heavily. The almost inevitable result of this six months of winter loneliness is that the people's lives get a touch of hopelessness. This melancholy can often be detected in the settled tone of voice, which has become sad and complaining, even when speaking of the most ordinary and even cheerful facts.

Another burden of the hill-town farmers is the taxes. In many places they run up to twenty dollars on a thousand, and have been known to go as high as twenty-eight. It is no small task, in the majority of families, to raise the money to pay such rates. They are driven to seek a home elsewhere, in regions where the burdens are less heavy. As for would-be purchasers from the outside, whether they be poor or wealthy, they will hesitate long before buying where the yearly cost of owning property is so high.

To a man with a family, who settles in a new place, the character of the schools and their accessibility, become important. The hill-towns, as compared with others, are, in most cases, at a disadvantage. A district school education is all they usually have to offer. The school year is short, and the teachers poorly paid, and themselves are usually graduates of no other than this same district school. They, very likely, have no further interest in the teaching than to gain a little money to help pay the home taxes, or the interest on the home debt, or, more probably, for

their own personal expenditure. The school-houses are few and far between. They are lonesome little buildings, placed in some spot conveniently central for the district, many times entirely out of sight of any houses, and again in some little clearing all closed in by the somber woods. The furnishing is very rude, and modern helps for study are noticeable by their absence. Some of the scholars have to travel a distance of two or three miles, along the lonely, half-wooded roads, to get to school, and the scholar who is not obliged to bring his dinner is an exception. The coming of settlers from the outside is not encouraged by these facts, for no man with a family in these days of education will voluntarily place his children beyond its reach. The value of schooling is far too well understood, and its necessity for a successful battle with life is comprehended by all. The prospect of good schools is now one of the potent attractions to the emigrant, and where these are lacking he will not go.

The new rural life in New England will be somewhat different from that of the past or that of the present. Along the streams is a chance for a limited number of mills to do profitable work, and there are many favorable opportunities for gain in dairy-farming, which need not entail seclusion or great drudgery. The old-fashioned churning and home butter-making are things of the past on the large farms and among the more enterprising farmers. Instead, the cream is collected each day, at the farm-houses, by a man who makes that his business, and is carried to some central point, where there is a creamery. Here is a special building where all the cream of the district is made into butter, by men who spend their whole time at it. This makes science of the work, and some of the dairy-farms carried on in this way are very remunerative. Farming in these regions never returns a large fortune, but it may give a comfortable home and a snug sum laid away in the savings bank.

In summer the hills have their fairest aspect, and many pilgrims from the cities resort thither, to spend their vacations. Here quiet broods, and the air is sparkling and pure. Narrow roadways criss-cross the country invitingly everywhere. They pass through shadowy woods, across farmland clearings, along the narrow valleys, where the little streams pursue a fretting course among the boulders, and again high up among the sunlit, stone-fenced pastures. Some towns, especially favored by fashion, chance or nature, are being quite rejuvenated by the summer people. They often take an interest in the homes, schools, churches and library of the place, which results in a substantial gain for the town, in appearance, education and refinement. By this annual eflux from the cities the country districts are in some measure getting back what they yield to the cities, and in this lies suggestion of a more hopeful time coming. But if the future leaves the lonely little farms far from neighbors, on the by-roads, and some of the more barren and weather-beaten hill-tops entirely deserted, it will be no wonder. Nor is such a view wholly cheerless. As long as land is plenty in more favored regions, where the soil is richer and society and modern facilities of travel more within reach, it will not make life less full if these lonely hills are again possessed by the old-time forests.





WHAT SOCIETY OFFERS MARY GREW.

By Mrs. Clara Sidney Davidge.

THERE is no decline in the discussion of what was lately termed, in a leading journal, The Problem of the Age. A recent article in The Cosmopolitan, called The House of the Dragons, gives a picture of the defeat of Mary Grew, an industrious and self-respecting wage-earner, to keep at bay the great dragon of want.

The reasons given for failure are of a various character. At one point, the blame seems to be with the luxurious habits of the leisure class. Again, it rests with the fluctuations in the demand for manufactures, creating dull seasons, during which many would-be workers are submerged. And the final cause appears to arise from the mismanagement of certain coöperative organizations, in the hands of women of leisure, whose misconception of the real needs of those wage-earners who were tempted to pin their faith to such institutions, made their pretended aid appear a farce.

This interest in the condition of the least fortunate of the population of large cities, and in the remedial movements suggested for, or applied to, existing evils, is perhaps most vigorous and lively, as yet, in its intellectual side. Our attention is held when Mr. Jacob Riis tells us that one-tenth of the inhabitants of New York end by being buried in Potter's field, after a long and fruitless struggle with untold miseries. Another investigator shocks us by describing a tenement, in which one faucet supplies, or is supposed to supply, the requirements of one hundred and twenty persons. The well-known abuses in factories; the frightful effects of the sweating system; the over-



By her active interest in the working girl's welfare, Mrs. Clara Sidney Davidge, the daughter of the Rt. Rev. Henry C. Potter is peculiarly fitted to discuss the important problem of Mary Grew's existence. When Bishop Potter established Grace House, Mrs. Davidge aided heartily in the conduct of several clubs for working girls, and subsequently she founded others outside of church auspices, where she and her sister spent an evening or two of each week, achieving by their tact and graciousness the all important atmosphere of perfectly unrestrained companionship with the members. Then came the idea of providing summer recreation, and when, one day, a lady, who declined to give her name, brought to Bishop Potter a sum of money to be applied to such work, he introduced to her his daughter and the outcome was "Holiday House." Working girls to the number of two hundred or three hundred are spending a bright, happy vacation there in the hot months, each girl staying two weeks. In the Girls' Friendly Society, too, of which Miss Grace Dodge was the moving spirit, Mrs. Davidge has been an enthusiastic helper.

crowding in tenements, resulting from the use of every inch of floor space, at night, for the accommodation of lodgers, while during the day mattresses so rented are strapped to doors and walls; the unmeasured harm of child labor—all these things we have heard of, read of, and sometimes have found out ourselves. The sum total leaves us appalled by the crushing knowledge, with two questions uppermost in mind: who can be held to blame for such conditions, and what can be done to alter them?

A paper in the March issue of The Forum, by Miss Clare de Graffeuried, gives a very extended and analytical examination of the subject. This paper, which is called The Condition of Wage Earning Women in the United States, is the result of years of investigation and of the closest study in all the large centers of the north, south, east and west.

Although from it we learn that "in the poorest quarters of foreign cities—Whitechapel in London, Glasgow, Rouen, Naples—I saw no such concentration of squalor, filth, airless pest-holes, foul closets and sinks, such massing of human beings within narrow, damp, windowless walls, as exist in New York." We also learn from other publications, by the same lady, that in New York a much larger percentage of wage-earning women live in homes, than in Boston and many other cities. And because they are so placed in families, the moral character of wage-earning women in New York averages far higher than that of the same class in many centers.

A very little personal investigation will prove that suffering and degradation in New York have a blackness and hopelessness peculiar to the points where humanity is most crowded and competition hottest. A lady who had heard the old story, often repeated, that the insufficient pay of shop girls drove them often into lives of shame, numbered among her acquaintances so many girls behind counters whose simple, faithful lives were far above reproach, she was tempted to doubt.

She enquired from among these friends of hers as to their knowledge of the subject, and was told almost in answer to her first enquiry, by one of the oldest employées in a large establishment, the story of a young girl working on the same floor. This girl, gentle, sweet and quiet, and well liked by her mates, had been paid three dollars weekly for a number of years. There was no prospect whatever that her pay would be increased. Any number of girls were ready to take her place at the same figure, girls living at home, and requiring a salary only for dress and pocket money. She on the contrary, boarded with an aunt, who required the full amount of her earnings for board, and who declined any longer to assist her with her personal expenses. One day this young girl came to the shop, looking unhappy and dejected, to say good-by to her companions. "When you meet me on the street," she said to a friend, "do not speak to me. I cannot earn enough here to live on. I cannot find anything else to do. And so I am going to live with a gentleman whom I happened to meet some months ago. I do not want to go, but I cannot help it." When her companions *did* meet her after this they said her face was immeasurably sad.

In the paper on the condition of wage-earners, the causes of distress are given with the utmost fulness, definiteness and exactitude. Here are a few of them. "Health is wrecked by constant sitting or standing, spinal diseases follow on unnatural positions, limbs are distorted by atrophy or overuse, some toilers reaching up all day, others stooping over, others on all fours. Bad light impairs the sight, the roar of machinery destroys the hearing. Consumption results from inhaling dust, from over-heating, exposure or wet spinning. Ragpickers contract contagious diseases and nicotine shatters the nerves of thousands. Unguarded hatchways yawn in many rooms, belting is not shielded, stairways are rickety and wholly dark, winding round elevator shafts,—death-traps even in absence of fire. In deadly occupations like tile-making, lead-poison ends the worker; and in type-foundries, brass-beating, frame-gilding, breathing metal dust is destructive. From applying phosphorus to matches, unless extreme caution be used, rotting of the jaw ensues, causing death. Dust of cotton, flax, bagging and rope-mills, soldering jewelry with the gas-jet, dyes of feathers and flowers, do these hurt less fatally because no blood follows, as when fingers are cut off in stamping-presses or

the arm is torn away by unguarded machinery?" And again, "In the intermittent character of women's toil lies its greatest peril. Textile work continues the year round; but not so millinery, dress, cloak, shoe and umbrella-making, and sewing. Summer and winter hosts of unemployed knock at shop and factory clamorous for work." . . . . . "Our wretched competitive system with its hundreds of thousands of piece workers taken on for a busy season and then dropped when every steady place is preempted causes some bread-winners to go upon the street. When scores of homeless girls, who support dependents, are turned off on Saturday night in cities with the notice, 'no more work,' vice gathers in its victims."

And yet the horizon brightens in certain directions since the same statistician has proved that "sociological students observe a marked awakening in the employing class, with improved house and factory conditions as the result. Proprietors see that contented, educated, progressive help is cheapest. Some firms allow operatives a share in the profits, others build model working women's houses or attractive industrial settlements, founding libraries, institutes, clubs of workers, and gymnasiums. An increasing number of employers pay for over-time, holidays, and vacations, furnish the tea at noon, continue wages to sick or aged, and act always as their employées best friends." Another hopeful sign is that "a stringent law firmly enforced is a lively conscience-finder and abates many evils. No sooner had the governor of Massachusetts thundered his edict against sweat-shops than wholesale dealers 'fairly fell over one another' in assuring the chief inspector that they would have no more clothing made amid tenement filth."

Those who have never been thrown into personal relationship with wage-earners dismiss the subject as far as women are concerned, by consigning them to a choice on their own responsibility between the sharp competition of an individual career or domestic service. "Get thee to service," cries one class of reformers. How? Where? Employment offices are often notorious frauds. Factory ways these pitiable beings know, not kitchen ways. Who wants rags and inexperience? Besides independent, gregarious shop-life draws like a magnet away from mistresses' authority, long hours and night and Sunday duties in the solitude of the distinctly menial position, which truly or not is deemed a barrier to social advancement and desirable marriage.

An article on Women Workers, appearing in the Standard for January 8, 1887, takes the same view. It is written, so it states, by a forewoman of ten years' experience in a principal wholesale house in Philadelphia for the manufacture of white goods and clothing. "It may well be asked," she says, "with impatient curiosity, what the solitary advantage is which factory work possesses over housework? and the answer is briefly this: It is faithfully, thoroughly, patiently taught, for men as masters have that priceless precision of knowledge which inspires confidence, commands respect, and raises the spirit of hope and emulation in the highest degree. In the factory the first step taken with raw hands is to show them an exact sample of their work. No knowledge is taken for granted, nothing is trusted to luck; they are burdened with no responsibility. Every stage of the process is conscientiously taught by practical lessons. A manufacturer wants fifty tuckers, corders, lace-workers, bronze operators. He does not wring his hands, tear his hair, and set up a wail, he and his neighbors, that may be heard the length and breadth of the land, because of the scarcity of such workers. If they are not to be had already trained, he takes the women who come in answer to his call—and it is to be observed that they do come when he summons them—and trains them, and the thing is done. . . Only a woman would expect a rosy-cheeked girl who dug potatoes and ran barefoot in Ireland, to handle her fine china, wash and iron her fine linen, and cook her steak to a turn, and only a woman would wonder and weep where rack and ruin, dyspepsia and discomfort came, as they rightfully came upon her. . . To women who want such helpers it may be said they will not come to you till you can teach them, and you cannot teach them what you do not know yourselves, the finest of all arts, the art of housewifery."

This is very forcible, and if we add to

it the sense or feeling so widespread in this country, that a certain equality or a possible advancement is within the reach of all, we get the condition of affairs existing in the west, often very entertaining, as instanced by the two young women of local breed, living in a town largely made up of eastern settlers, who, when asked why they did not "try to get good places," instead of lying about at home or walking the streets while their mother went out scrubbing by the day, replied, "Oh, we can't work out for these people, they don't want you to eat with them or sleep with them." This is, of course, extravagant, but until domestic employers living in the country and in small towns can overcome in those they wish to employ the horror of the untried, the dread of the unknown, the misery of homesickness and of separation from their families for these affectionate natures, they will continue to go unserved by the native and half native wage-earners out of employment in large towns.

Constant reiteration on the part of the experienced, and a very little experiment on our own part, soon points out the measureless injury done by careless giving, or even carefully considered gifts. A helping hand in illness, a tiding-over in sudden difficulty, binds helper and helped into friendship; but the aimless dole of small amounts saps force at the fountain head.

To find work for the unemployed is the truest friendship; but to do this requires a system.

There is but one bureau of employment for trades in New York, a small, experimental affair, feeling its way through the soft, deadening incubus of gentle, helpless, incompetent creatures—since it is the half-trained and least effective portion of workers most often seeking employment. The result of various experiments shows that employers are willing enough to make use of such a bureau, if it does not give them any trouble. But when an advertisement in two lines will bring more applicants for a vacancy than can possibly be employed, it is unreasonable to suppose that any proprietor will pay a fee to such a bureau, or even put himself out, often, to send a written application or a messenger. It is, therefore, necessary to keep the bureau constantly in the mind of employers, and, as it is yet too crude for wide advertisement, an agent, necessarily of tact, enterprise and good address, must constantly visit factories and shops, see heads of establishments, foremen and "bosses," pounce on any vacancy, and fit in the most promising applicant for work in her lists. Girls fitted for only one trade are placed as learners of other work, so that the fluctuations in business may be balanced, as exists naturally in the flower and feather trade. It is not possible to place very incompetent, dull or delicate girls in the ranks of highly skilled workers. At a profit-sharing establishment for the manufacture of children's clothes, at 10 East Fifteenth street, New York city, now on a most successful and thoroughly business basis, where hands enjoy not only a share in the profits, but have a vote in the management of the house, it was found that if disabled or incompetent girls were taken on, for kindly reasons of personal interest, even if only paid what was actually earned by them, their unfitness blocked the whole machine. Delay and disadvantage resulted, and the wages of the entire number were lowered, because of this drag on the wheels. Such individuals, therefore, by the decision of the whole, ceased to be employed; and if such a course was found necessary in a shop where the well-being of employées is of preëminent importance, it must, of course, be looked for absolutely in trades conducted on the hardest lines of self-interest.

The bureau, for trades only, meets with fair success, though each position gained costs the bureau three dollars, and usually not more than one applicant for work can be advantageously placed in a day. It is, therefore, easily seen that such an organization is open to the reproach of not being wholly self-supporting (applicants pay a small fee on appointment to a position) and of having some resemblance, in its progress, to the tortoise. The difficulties are immense, and the money better expended than in any unsystematic attempt to support workers while out of employment. The glut of these latter is easily understood. Forsaking old ways and places, country girls, foreigners, former domestics, women of leisure in homes, have flocked to join the army already in the industrial field, and the result is not

to be worked out without anguish of discomfiture and bitter cries of amazement and despair. Perhaps, under the pitiless pressure, some will find their own way back into deserted paths, in which there is both space and opportunity. Housekeeping is an almost forgotten art, in an earlier acceptation of the word. The difficulty of establishing city or country boarding-houses for wage-earners, where they can be secured against the greed of a money-making landlady, is largely created by the impossibility of finding any woman who can wisely buy provisions, superintend the preparation of food and the ordering of a table, or undertake the management of servants in other than a spirit of ignorant and dictatorial quarrelsomeness. Yet this profession is in no way derogatory to personal dignity and is exceptionally well paid.

The relentless lessons of experience are probably not to be interrupted, in the long run, by any eagerness or inventive effort. But individuals can be affected, and individual undertakings strengthened, in a thousand ways. By a different system of national economy, we are told on high authority, that the surplus which would accrue under another form of taxation might be expended on public buildings, galleries, museums, parks, and the like, for the use and benefit of all. If this Utopian idea, wherein each might be a giver, none a receiver only, be as yet far from realization, there are lesser possibilities well within our grasp. College settlements, neighborhood and workingmen's and women's clubs are struggling along, dotted about in all directions. They do not ask for money, we are told. To be sound, they must be self-supporting. But if a collection can be given to a museum, an engraving can, "without fear or favor," be bestowed upon a club. If an addition can be made to college libraries, the same can be done for lesser corporations. Easiest of all, a branch of instruction can be undertaken.

"Oh believe me," says the young girl described in The House of the Dragons, "all that the working girl wants is a chance to get honest, steady, healthy work. We should know how to make our dresses and hats if we only had the money to buy the materials." That practical knowledge of this kind is common among working girls is not the experience of those with a personal knowlenge of some two or three thousand of them. At a co-operative summer boarding-house managed experimentally by women of leisure, for five successive seasons, it was the exception when more than one out of fifty of the visitors had any ideas whatever as to making a bed,—the only department in which "coöperation" was looked for. "Mother does all that," was the constant explanation. It is perfectly reasonable that "mother" should do "all that," and all that remains to be done in the domestic department in homes where daughters must make an early rush for, and stay late at store or factory. But it cannot be the best arrangement that "mother" should be the only person knowing how to do these things, or that ignorance of them should be held as a mark of gentility. Such false standards and estimates offer opportunities far greater than that afforded by merely railing against their existence. For these pliant, loving souls have only to see that those they hold above them are ready and dextrous and informed on practical matters, to re-arrange their whole set of ideas on these subjects, and to readily enter contests with their mates in any direction where ground may be broken for them. These country resorts, already half developed, could become fairy-lands of happiness, "nature's schools," for those whose playtime is often but fourteen days out of the year, not by benefactions or endowments, but by companionship with people they do not meet in the trades they follow and in whose acquirements and character they have faith enough to double their effectiveness, if only such visitors could spare a corresponding term out of their year, in learning to know the working girls of New York.





THE FIRST WOMAN OF SPAIN.

By Sylvester Baxter.

MY introduction to the Spanish literature of today came with my participation in Spanish-American life during a stay of more than a year in the Mexican capital. I strayed into the pasture, as it were, expecting nothing; to my unbounded astonishment I found it teeming with a wonderful and luxuriant growth.

To two events I look back with peculiar gratification. That the art of book-making is well understood and practised in the land beyond the Pyrenees, the handsome volumes proceeding from Barcelona testify. In a book-store one day, while looking over some volumes of the popular "Artes y Letras" series, my eye was caught by the charming illustrations of a story called Marta y Maria, by Armando Palacio Valdés. A story that can inspire such natural-looking pictures (they were by Pellicier) must be interesting, I thought. I bought the book and was introduced to one of the greatest of modern novelists. The chance acquaintance thus made proved to be of more than personal import. For, through a friend, eminent in American letters, to whom I enthusiastically made known my find, and who has long been wont with appreciative kindliness to lift from younger literary lights, whose quality he might detect, the bushels that concealed their shining, the rare worth of Valdés was revealed to the English-speaking constituency with whom he has ever since been a favorite.



E. PARDO BAZAN.

In Valdés I had happened upon one of the youngest of the company. It was six years later when, on a second visit to Mexico, I chanced to pick up a handsome volume that again gave me the keen delight that a discoverer feels—for, however well



others may know the object, one is, in his own eyes, a discoverer when he happens upon something new to himself. The book was that exquisite story Morriña, by Emilia Pardo Bazan; since made available to English readers in an excellent translation by Mrs. Serrano. It was a block of the contemporary life of Madrid, lifted out of its vicinage with consummate skill, as the practised horticulturalist will take a plant from a garden without disturbing its growth. It was a thing complete in itself, with no broken joints, no lacerated edges; an episode common enough in the life of the world, given with its antecedents and consequences, and depicted with a fidelity to nature and an artistic touch that revealed the interest of the affair, the beauty of its relation and the tragedy of its inevitable conclusion. It was not the tragedy of romance, however, all clouds and tears and agony; it was permeated with sunshine and smiles, and kindliness—delightful in the reading—for these are the material out of which the life that makes tragedy, as well as comedy, is builded. Showing the importance of the thousand things and happenings that make the story, in their bearings upon the lives concerned, it thus concerned all life in the importance of such things.

One felt that the author of this story was strikingly receptive to impressions and strikingly capable of giving them expression with all the fineness of texture in which they came to her senses. The work was terse and compact, vital with movement and nervous energy; the figures were most distinctly defined, firmly modelled and delicately characterized. There was a virile quality in it all that seemed astonishing in a woman; manifest, for instance, in a wonderful insight into boy nature, or, rather, young-man nature—an intimacy with the most secret recesses of a youth's soul, to gain which it would seem that the writer must have been a boy—unless male and female are much more alike than is commonly supposed.

Mention of Morriña would hardly be complete without a word as to the remarkable illustrations by Cabrinety—masterpieces of their kind, which seem to have emerged from the text, so completely do they realize one's conception of the story's scenes and characters. An illustrator who aids the author with such rare sympathy, deserves recognition as a factor in literature, as well as in graphic art. One finds it difficult to believe that Cabrinety's figures are not drawn from instantaneous photographs, so real are they, so strongly differentiated, until one perceives that their art is too real, too natural, to be that of photography.

Perhaps the claim that has been made for Emilia Pardo Bazan, that she is the first novelist of Spain, may be somewhat extravagant, in view of writers like Galdós and Valdés; it is difficult to fix relative rank in such matters, and so great are the merits of the three authors, that it would probably be nearer the truth if we estimated them as peers.

But it would be no exaggeration to characterize her as the first woman of Spain, for, with due respect to the queen regent, the rank that concerns us is not the ephemeral standing of social or political position, but the lasting degree of intellectual leadership. Indeed, it may be doubted if she has ever had her equal among any women in the world of letters.

The career of our author, the story of her intellectual and literary development, is one of exceptional interest, particularly on account of the way in which she became the first champion of realism in Spanish literature, and the remarkable and wholly natural means that made that tendency her own. She was born in 1852 in La Coruña, the capital and chief seaport of the maritime province of Galicia. On both sides she is descended from the ancient nobility of the province. An only child of a wealthy and cultivated family, her education was peculiar. In the autobiographical notes that precede her beautiful story, Los Pazos de Ulloa, she gives

NOTE.—*The illustrations accompanying this article give a good idea of the clever work of Cabrinety and are taken from Señora Bazan's story Morriña.*

a most interesting account of her literary development. Her first literary recollection goes back to the African war, which was the occasion of her first verses, the quality of which may be imagined, she says, when it is considered that she was just approaching the years in which the church concedes to children the use of their reason!

She was one of those children who read everything they come across. Works that pleased her she read from four to six times, and of some of them, particularly Don Quixote, she says that entire chapters remained fresh in her memory, so that she could recite them word for word. One summer they went to Sangenjo, on the Galician coast, where, in a house which they hired for the season, there was an old, disorderly library. She made the room her headquarters, and revelled in the abundance of books. Of these she remembered only one, but that made a most vivid impression: a Bible in several volumes. In the reading of this she engulfed herself, as she says, and received a most profound impression. The child of eight or nine years, while feeling the magnificence of the biblical poesy with an intensity that yet surprises her, read the coarse passages abounding in the Old Testament without curiosity, or tarnishing in the least the clear azure of her infantile fantasy.

In their great house at La Coruña, where she had the companionship of no child of her own age, she was given the run of the library, for her parents were pleased at her fondness for reading. She had the range of everything, except a high shelf, to which her father had retired several volumes with the injunction not to touch them. These were the forbidden fruit of paradise for her. One day, taking advantage of complete solitude, by piling two chairs upon a dozen big books, with much danger to her neck, she reached the mysterious volumes. Throwing them to the floor, one after another, and jumping after them, she seated herself, Turkish fashion, to enjoy her prize. She opened one of the volumes, looked at the frontispiece, glanced at the vignette. She could not explain what she felt; rather than shame it seemed to be disgust, contempt and anger. Without reading a line of that book or the others, she threw them with such good aim that they all fell into their old corner on the back part of the shelf.

She rebelled against the piano, and

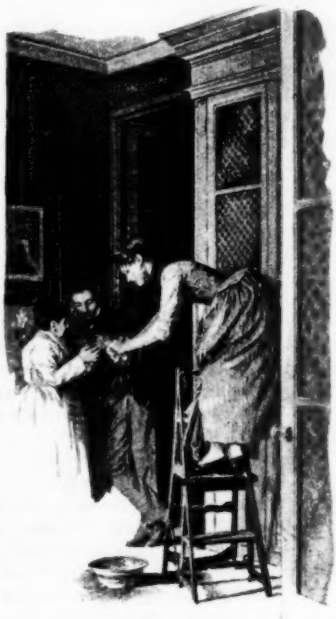


begged for Latin in its place. She found more music in the poets; Homer most pleased her, and the three favorite books of her childhood were the Bible, Don Quixote, and the Iliad. At the age of fourteen years she was allowed to read everything in the way of history, poetry, science, the novels of Cervantes and the verses of Quevedo; only the works of Dumas, Sue, George Sand, Victor Hugo, and the rest of the French romanticists, were placed under the ban. Whenever they were mentioned in her presence, she was given to understand that there was no reading worse for a young girl. Of The Wandering Jew she heard such accounts that she learned to regard it as the quintessence of human iniquity. Such talk had its effect in arousing an irresistible curiosity, and she thought that those stories must be something tremendous in effect when, in a house like theirs, where they read so much and conversed on literary subjects with such ample freedom, that was the only fiction that met with condemnation. One day, finding herself in the house of one of the few friends of her own age that she possessed, they chanced to be alone in the office. Emilia screamed with joy; the first thing that attracted her eyes on the book-shelves was a big volume, with the inscription, "Victor Hugo, Notre Dame de Paris." There was no conflict between duty and desire; the latter triumphed without a struggle. She embraced the first opportunity to get hold of the book; concealing it under her cloak she carried it home, hid it until night, when she read it in bed until her candle burnt out. "This is, indeed, a

novel," she thought; "here nothing happens in a natural and ordinary way, as in Cervantes; neither are there any of those things that might happen at every step, as in Fernan Caballero; here everything is extraordinary, immense and extravagant: neither can the understanding of the author be compared with that of other men, for he is a phœnix, and peerless."

Three important events in her life occurred in near succession: she dressed in long clothes, she married, and the revolution of September 1868, broke out. Her marriage to Don José Quiroga, at the age of sixteen, and the transition from the quiet family life to the distractions of the elegant society of Madrid, eclipsed for some time her love of letters. These diversions corrected certain tendencies to isolation and a sort of painful timidity that had resulted from her early life; but in the course of time they began to cause an emptiness of soul, a feeling of inexplicable anxiety, like that of one who goes to bed on the eve of a duel and in sleep is oppressed by a fear that he may not awake in time to comply with his duty.

Doña Emilia turned appreciatively to German philosophy; reading Krause himself, she found him a theosophist, illumined, of passionate soul, a dreamer; the opposite of the thinker, whose type she found realized in Kant. Learning German for the sake of knowing the philosophers at first hand, she preferred to devote herself to Goethe, Schiller, Bürger and Heine, finding the good French translations preferable for the metaphysical works. From Schelling, Fichte and Hegel she went to Saint Thomas, Descartes, Plato and Aristotle.



While pursuing her studies she forbade herself the reading of novels, and, in general, of all books of a purely entertaining character, in which category she placed the novel at that time. Up to her twenty-third year she remained almost wholly ignorant of contemporary Spanish literature, and did not even know of the existence of Galdos and Pereda. For a student of Espinosa and Kant to waste time in novel-reading seemed to her like requiring a gray-haired and venerable professor to waltz and play children's games. The only distraction she permitted herself was to compose verses now and then, or to write an occasional article. Much as she enjoyed poetry, she began to appreciate that there was a far more sane and spiritual delight in prose, and the exercise of translating divers languages enamored her of Castilian speech; in discovering its treasures, its hidden excellence, its relief and its harmony, she became an impassionate collector of vocables, in whose isolated character she noted, as in gems, features of beauty without end—color, luster and individual aroma.

Her first serious literary effort was a critical essay which gained her the prize in a competition at Santiago, in which her chief competitor was another brilliant woman, Señora Arenal. In the same literary tournament she gained the first prize in poetry, in the shape of a beautiful golden rose, awarded her for an ode. This was shortly after the birth of her eldest boy, Jaime, in 1876—the first of three children.

For three years she wrote nothing but occasional articles on literary, scientific and religious subjects. Her serious studies continued, but a weariness of spirit generated by such uninterrupted reading caused her to turn more to external life, and she began to read not only poetry, but novels, which she found delightfully attractive. The ideas she had formed on the subject underwent marked modifications. She continued, however, to

read more in foreign languages than in her own. In Italian she perused Manzoni; in English, Walter Scott, Bulwer and Dickens; in French, George Sand and Victor Hugo, without suspecting the existence of the contemporary Spanish novel. Meanwhile she kept up her special studies in science and philosophy, reading Draper, Haeckel, Secchi and others.

Her attention was at last called to the Spanish fiction of the day by a chance mention of the works of Valera and Alarcon. Pepita Jiminez and El Sombrero de tres Picos were the first modern novels that she read in her own tongue. Between her old acquaintances, Cervantes, Hurtado and Espinel, and the modern works, she recognized the same sort of likeness that exists between an ancestral portrait and that of a descendant in the costume of today. The discovery caused such satisfaction that it aroused in her the desire to try her hand at something of the kind. "If fiction resolves itself into describing places and customs familiar to us, and characters that we can study in the people about us, then I can venture into the field myself," she thought.

The result was Pascual Lopez: the Autobiography of a Medical Student. It was well received. It was unmistakably individual in style. Her literary sympathies were manifest in her work, in which, however, she did not rid herself of her traditional conception of a novel; that it must contain something unwonted and extraordinary. A natural everyday environment was made the vehicle for the depiction of an occurrence, Monte Cristo-like in its marvellousness, though having the plausible guise of possibility, of credibility, that characterizes some of the best work of Edward Everett Hale, and, in a less artistic degree, that of Jules Verne. Pascual Lopez has a particular interest as reflecting more directly than any subsequent work the formative influences that developed the author: an innate tendency to direct and faithful artistic interpretation, a substantial foundation of the best literary traditions of Spain, and an ephemeral ingredient of romanticism, destined to speedy dissipation in the powerful solvent of the author's true nature. The remarkable erudition of Señora Pardo Bazan, her well grounded knowledge of science

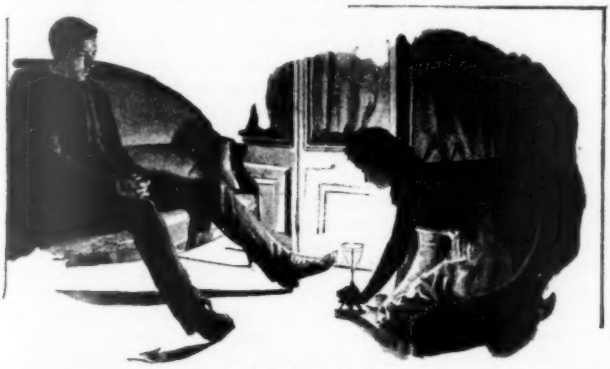


and philosophy, was manifest in this, her first novel; not at all, however, in any trace of pedantry, but in an ability to characterize with striking clearness and deep insight.

While writing the first pages of her second novel, Un Viaje de Novios (A Wedding Journey), she read for the first time Balzac, Flaubert, Goncourt and Daudet. She comprehended more and more the tendency of the modern novel; its leading place in contemporary letters, its obligation to reflect nature and society in their vitality, without juggling the truth to give place to literary fictions more or less beautiful. She concluded that every country must cultivate its own literary traditions, particularly when they were so illustrious as those of Spain, but must do this without prejudice against the acceptance of modern methods. Neither could progress in the art of fiction be overlooked because of trans-Pyrenean precedence, since for time immemorial the three Latin nations had mutually influenced each other's literature. With these ideas fresh in mind, the prologue of her Viaje de Novios formed one of the first echoes in Spain of French naturalism, with which she contrasted, and gave preference to, a national realism.

Señora Pardo Bazan gives a delicious account of a visit to Victor Hugo, which she made at this period, towards the close of 1880. Being in Paris, the last survivor of the romanticist generation invited her to his "court," as she terms it. For, in his sumptuous salon the author of Hernani appeared no less than a dethroned mon-

arch. On each side, seated in double file, and preserving silence, or standing about and conversing in subdued tones, as if not venturing to approach the master, were the ultimate courtiers of fallen majesty, belated neophytes of romanticism. Victor Hugo called her to a seat by his side; silence and general attention were established during the dialogue of indulgent questions and timid responses, which are de rigueur at audiences of the kind. She endeavored to conceal behind a large bouquet of heliotropes that she carried, her embarrassment under the interrogations, while maintaining the respect due to the venerable representative of the past. But, when Victor Hugo, after declaring that he regarded Spain as a second fatherland, lamented its decadence, adding that it could not be otherwise since the inquisition had martyred authors and sages without mercy, she responded with all the circumspection required by etiquette in contradicting any person, and especially a man like Victor Hugo, that precisely their epochs of literary splendor were coincident with the inquisition; that the inquisition had never roasted either a sage or an author, but Jews, witches and illuminati. As he was unconvinced, she ventured into a polemic with the old gentleman, and confronted his assertions with well-supported facts. A lady who was doing the honors of the house asked her, with a certain affectation, if she had studied history with the Dominicans. She responded, that in Michelet, Thiers, and other French historians she had read about Saint Bartholomew, the reign of terror, and other episodes of French history beside which the horrors of the inquisition were as cakes and pie; adding, that in her country they would not have persecuted Clemente Marot, nor sent André Chenier to the scaffold, for in Spain they prized the muses, a testimony of which was her presence in that house. "Voilà bien l'espagnole," murmured Victor Hugo, with a smile, and he straightway began to offer incense to Spain, declaring it the most romantic country in Europe, and to ask about the contemporary novelists and poets, of whom he did not know half a word!



In her critical work, La Cuestion Palpitante, powerful and incisive, she drew upon herself the attacks of the romanticist champions. She characterizes realism as offering a theory broader, more complete and perfect than naturalism. "It comprehends and embraces the natural and the spiritual, the body and the soul, and conciliates and brings into unity the opposition of naturalism and idealism. Realism includes everything except the exaggerations and caprices of two extreme, and consequently exclusivistic, schools.

That hostility to the modern tendency in fiction is not confined to conservatives, but is manifest among radicals also, was shown by the reception given to La Tribubuna, Señora Bazan's first great novel, a work of remarkable strength; dramatic in the truest sense with the quality that obtains from artistic selection and disposition, out of the cosmos of existence, of matters of vital and active interest, engaging the reader therein with a concern akin to that of participators in the events depicted. La Tribuna was suggested by the sight of dozens of groups of operatives from the great cigar factory in La Coruña on their way homeward at close of day. "Can there be anything like a novel beneath those calico gowns and frayed mantles?" she asked herself. "Yes," her instinct responded,

"wherever there are four thousand women, there are certainly four thousand novels; the thing is to find them out." Then she recollected that those women, dark, strong and resolute in bearing, had been the most ardent partisans of the federal idea in the revolutionary years, and she felt a curiosity to study the development of a political idea in woman's brain.

For two months she visited the factory morning and afternoon, listening to conversations, delineating types, hunting for phrases and modes of thought. She obtained local newspapers of the federal epoch, evoked recollections, described the Coruña of her childhood, and reconstructed the days of the famous compact. She did not make the slightest attempt at satire, and she even endeavored to diminish her humorous effects. But the book displeased the republicans, who believed themselves caricatured, while the conservatives were enraged at the sincere and frank descriptions of the common people and of factory life. To the unprejudiced reader the story seems thoroughly impartial; the work of a true artist, sensible of her mission to record faithfully and leave the reader to make his own deductions.

An aristocrat by birth, Señora Bazan is evidently democratic by nature; made so by her broad and keen sympathies, aroused by her observations in circles of life foreign to her class. No socialist could put it stronger than the following: "The genuine social inferno into which the novelist may descend, the modern Dante who writes cantos of the Comedia Humana, is the factory; and the most condemned of the condemned, that being who is converted into a wheel, a cylinder, an automaton."

It would require too much space to give an account of the various novels of our author, or to present with anything like adequacy her estimation of her contemporaries, or her views upon her art, so brilliantly and convincingly expressed in her writings. Like the other leading Spanish novelists of today Señora Bazan has her special piece of earth for the field of her stories. Just as Valdés has chosen Asturia, and Pereda the mountains of Santander, so she devotes herself to her native Galicia.



In Pascual Lopez she sought to give an idea of the scholastic life of old and mediæval-like Galicia, represented by Santiago; in La Tribuna the modern and industrial aspect, as shown in her native Coruña; in El Cisne de Vilamorta, a small village with its intrigues and trivial politics; in Bucolica, a village girl, poor, ignorant and led by instinct; in Los Pazos de Ulloa, the Galician mountain regions, the power of "caciquedom" over the peasants, and the decadence of a noble estate; and in La Madre Naturaleza (Mother Nature), the sequel of Los Pazos, she gives free play to her affection for country life and landscape. In the novels whose action takes place away from Galicia, the leading characters are usually Gallegos, as in our author's three latest works, Insolacion, Morriña, and Una Cristiana, the scenes of which are in Madrid.

A volume of short stories completes the list of Señora Bazan's fiction up to date. A little volume of her poems, under the title of Jaime, the name of her eldest boy, has been issued for private circulation only. Other works by her are several volumes of literary, scientific and religious studies, including a work on the Christian epic poets (Dante, Tasso, Milton, Hojeda, Klopstock and Chateaubriand), a volume of studies in Darwinism, and a strikingly able discussion of The Revolution and the Novel in Russia, originally given as a series of lectures in the Athenæum at Madrid.

The death of her father in 1890, left Emilia Pardo Bazan, as his only child, successor to his title of nobility. But she does not use it. "Who would recognize me as countess? I shall remain Pardo Bazan all my life," she says. Looking upon the strong, frank and friendly features shown in her portrait, one can imagine the tone in which she utters the words.



"HE GROUNDED HIS GUN, AND FOR A TIME LEANED ON IT."

IN THE CYPRESS VIEW NEIGHBORHOOD.

By Opie Read.

THE rusty piece of iron that hung in the hall-way, above a deer's head, was, Tal Martin declared, the fragment of an ancient breast-plate; but anyone less romantic, and therefore of a soberer judgment, might have seen that it was the mould-board of a plough. Tal Martin was the recognized leader in the political, and consequently the social, arena of Cypress View. He was a tall man, with an arrogation of stateliness in his bearing; a natural product of the soil, and with a temperament drawn from social conditions. His education was shallow, and was therefore showy. As he was the son of an extensive slave-owner, circumstances had made him a conspicuous child; and, reared in the feeble reflex of a fading though pretentious aristocracy, he felt, in after-years, the right to domineer. His library consisted mainly of Walter Scott and a train of puerile imitators, and



Opie Read is perhaps the best known of western writers, at least of western novelists. A giant in stature—he is six feet and three or four inches in height—he has become, in a measure, something of the same sort of figure in western literature. He first became generally known to the world by founding the Arkansaw Traveller, and later won a more thinking constituency by his novels. Of these, "A Kentucky Colonel" is, perhaps, best known, its sales having reached nearly 100,000 copies. Mr. Read is very close to nature and the human heart, and he knows the West and South. Since the removal of the Arkansaw Traveller to Chicago, he has withdrawn from the publication, and has paid more attention to the pulse of city life, and his forthcoming novel, "The Colossus," will, it is said, be to the western metropolis, what his previous works have been to the great belt of Americanism just south of Mason and Dixon's line. He lives the life of the great Mississippi valley and is telling its story well.

his house was surmounted with crenellations, castle-like, but cut in thin pine. He had learned, with more or less grace, the lesson taught by the war, and was strong enough—yea, noble enough, to swear that nothing could weaken his intense Americanism; and this, let it be known, covers a multitude of foibles.

Politics might have granted this man the frail tenure of an evanescent name, but his community was not strong enough to swing the congressional district. He did go to the state legislature; yes, and it took him three years to recover his former standing.

In the neighborhood of Cypress View lived a negro named Sam Buck; and among his people he was a leader—a powerful fellow physically, and, as more than one man had direct cause to believe, as fearless as a wolverine. Tal Martin and Sam Buck had known each other from a time which to them was a dateless antiquity. Sam had belonged to Tal's uncle; and in that close intimacy which existed between the proud white boy and the slave—an intimacy encouraged by the aristocracy, in that it shut out the presuming white trash from any recognition whatever—they had played and wrestled with each other, and sometimes had so far loosened the clamps of caste as to fight. In the later years, when the old conditions, which were thought to be built of stone, but which really were built of straw, were blown away by a regathering of those mighty forces that swept Charles the First into eternity, Tal and Sam stood opposed to each other as democrat and republican. But in the lull-season, when there were no candidates to be defended and no shrewd political tricks in contemplation, the two men often met, not, indeed, to exchange social civilities, for that was now far removed from consideration, but to talk of the buoyant days of youth, the hallowed long-ago. On a sandy knoll, the cemetery of the neighborhood, were buried two boys—a son of the white man and a son of the negro. These boys had played together—played soldier, with the purple bloom of the iron-weed stuck in their hats; played years ago, when the bass drum measured its boom-bam-bam to the fife's startling scream of the Bonnie Blue Flag. The fathers went away while the boys were still playing, the white man as a colonel with Hindman, and the negro, with his arms outstretched toward that vague something known to him as freedom, fled north and drove a team for Rosecranz. Both men returned to witness a painful attempt at re-adjustment, and, in time, stood as opposing protagonists in the treacherous play of politics.

Last autumn it was felt that trouble of a serious nature was gathering in the Cypress View community. The blacks, weary of waiting and sick of blindly following an alien leader, demanded their ballot-box rights; the white men swore that the affairs of the county should be administered by the tax-payers. An election was approaching.

One afternoon, Tal Martin, riding horseback toward the county-seat, met Sam Buck walking in the road. The negro carried an army gun. They were about to pass, without taking particular notice of each other, when Tal's horse shied and began to prance.

"Look like he wanter fling you, Mr. Martin," said Sam, stopping.

"Yes, the scoundrel has been shut up in the stable until he doesn't know how to behave himself. Whoa, here!"

The horse snorted, and then stood still. The negro spoke: "It's de way, sah, wid animals ez well ez it is wid folks. Da doan like ter be pinched up an' denied de rights whut da thinks 'longs ter 'em."

"What're you trying to get at now, Sam? Trying to make the horse a pretext for the airing of your own fancied ills?"

"I ain't said nuthin' 'bout my ills, Mr. Martin, but it 'pear like da wuz on yo' min'. But dar ain't no use in tryin' ter hide de fack," he added, shoving back his hat.

"Who 's trying to hide any facts, and what facts are there to hide?" Tal asked.

The negro jolted himself with a grunting laugh. "Ez fur who's tryin' ter hide facts," said he, "let dat be understood; but ez fur whut facts dar is ter hide, let me say dis, an' say it, too, in ricollection o' de truth dat dar ain't no man dat I likes an' honors mo' den I does you. Understan', now, dat I doan' want no pusson'l quar'l wid you; dat"——

"Go ahead, Sam. There's no need of so much explanation."

"All right, sah."

He grounded his gun, and for a time leaned on it, as if in meditation; then, looking up and shoving his hat still further back on his head, he thus delivered himself:

"Whut is de use in a man callin' hisse'f free, when de main p'int o' freedom is hil' back frum him? Whut's de use in votin', when you knows dat de man whut you vote fur ain't got no chance? Now, I knows, Mr. Martin, an' you knows, too, dat dar is mo' 'publican votes in dis county den dar is dimocrats, eben not countin' de po' niggers dat you kin buy; but has de 'publicans—de niggers, ef you please—got anything ter show fur all deze votes? No, sah! All de officers is dimocrats, an' has been ever sense de reconstruction; an' now I want ter ax you, an' ax it p'intedly: is dat right? Now—wait er minit"—Tal had made a sign of impatience—"now, I knows dat at heart you is er good man; I knows dat befo' I got back home atter de war you kep' my wife frum starvin'; an' I knows dat you is er brave man; an' so I wanter ax you: is dis 'dition o' erfairs right? De niggers is human bein's—you must grant dat fack; you 'knowledged dat when you uster stan' up fur us ergin de white trash: but now you counts de votes o' de white trash, but you doan' count mine. An' now, ergin, Mr. Martin, let me ax you; is dat right?"

Tal was picking a fragment of bark from the tangled mane of his horse.

"I axes you ef it is right, Mr. Martin."

"Sam"——

"Yas, sah," the negro said, with eagerness.

"From one point of view you are right, but, fortunately—I say fortunately, for, of course, I must speak in the interest of the white man—there is another point from which this question is to be viewed."

"I doan' see how dar ken be, sah."

"I presume not; for it requires a strong stretch of vision for a man to see beyond his own prejudices."

"Kin you see dat fur, sah?"

"Yes; for I can see my side of this question, and can also see yours."

"I didn't know dar wuz but one side ter er question o' right."

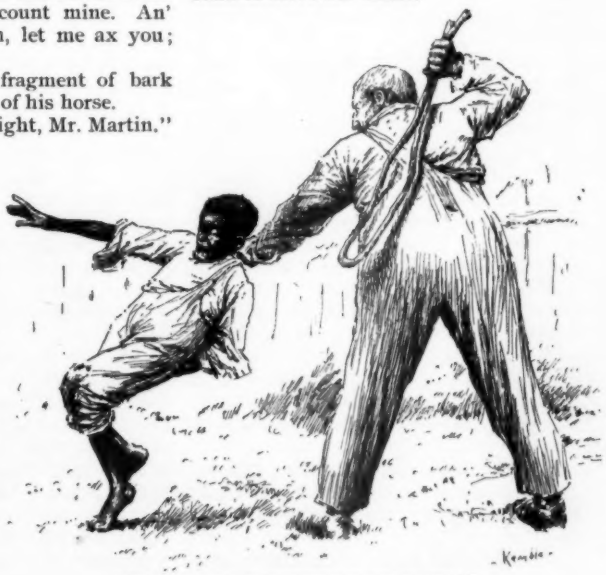
"There's not, to an absolute question of right; but to the question now before us there are two sides—a black and a white side. But I haven't time to argue the case now. Come over to my house."

"Ternight?"

"Yes, you may come tonight."

The white man pursued his course toward the county-seat, and the negro, shaking his head, as though yielding to the counter-currents of troubled thought, strode in the direction of his home.

The sun had set when Martin left the village. Far away, and high above the cypress trees, where the gold-blush of twilight still lingered, a night-hawk screamed; and down on the sandy roadside, where the dew gathered on a poisonous weed, the bayou snake seized the helpless toad. The hip-shot cow, gaunt with a promise of early death from underfeeding and over-milking, rang her sad thought-suggesting bell, as she wabbled in advance of the negro boy who had come to drive her home.



"'HOW HARD DAT WHITE MAN COULD HIT.'"

Martin carried a new Winchester rifle across the pommel of his saddle.

II.

The white man was sitting in his pretense of a library, when he heard a heavy footfall on the veranda. He stepped to the door, which was open, and, looking out, said:

"Come in, Sam."

The negro, whose powerful tread shook the house, entered the room, and stood for a moment, as if awaiting further instructions.

"Sit down."

He "wadded up" his cotton hat, dropped it on the floor, and sat down. The lamp-light fell upon him, and proclaimed him a monster.

"Have a cigar?"

"I thankee, sah." He took a cigar, and lighted it with a match which the white man struck and held out to him.

"What've you been doing today?"

"Oh, not much o' nuthin', sah; piddlin' round er little."

"Cotton turning out pretty well?"

"Wall, sah, not ez well ez I hoped fur; but still I kain't complain. Hurrah grass got afoul o' it, in one ur two places, an' come mighty nigh chokin' de life outen it, I tell you."

"Do you remember the origin of the Hurrah grass, Sam?"

"De whut, sah?"

"The—do you know how it came here?"

"Wall, no, sah; I kain't say I does."

"You've heard of Congressman Flack, haven't you?"

"Who? dat befo'-de-war Flack?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I knowed him; owes me er dime ter dis day. Uster tote water ter his law-office, an' he neber did squar up de er-count."

"Well, he's the man that introduced Hurrah grass. He sent the seed from Washington, along with a letter saying that the grass would grow on any sort of land."

"An' he tole de truth fur once, 'caze dat grass is strong ernuff ter kill off ever'-thing dat gits in its road. Who planted it fust?"

"It was tried first on the old Preston place"——

"Whar we uster go atter hoss-apples, when we wuz boys," the negro broke in.

"Yes, that's a fact; and do you recollect when we got into a row with the Pryor boys?"

"Does I ricolleck it? Jes' like it wuz yistid'y—dat's how *I* ricollecks it. An', say, doan' you 'member dat Gabe, de long-legged one, wid de sorter ashy look, got you down, an' I snatched er rail off'n de fence an' hit him in de head wid it?"

"Yes," the white man laughed, "and do you remember Rufe, the one that was trying to stab you"——

"When you snapped dat ole single-bar'l self-cocker in his face! Lawd bless yo' life, I reckon I does."

He threw back his head and laughed, with a roar that echoed throughout the house. The lamp-light fell upon him, and proclaimed him, not a monster, but the genial remembrancer of a mellow past. The wonted strength of purpose, the grim adherence to preconceived notions, which a moment ago were emphasized by his heavy features and lowering sullenness of countenance, were gone now, as a darkness that had faded at the approach of light.

"Laws er massy (holding one hand near his face and swaying his body with measured slowness), Laws er massy, dem ole days! An' lemme tell you," he added, turning about and straightening up, "things doan' taste now like da did den. Huh! uster climb up in er cherry-tree, an' fill myse'f up, an' fall out, an' hit de groun', an' bounce like er ball; but I'd git up an' walk on off like nuthin' dun happened ert all. You kain't start out now an' find no sich hoss-apples ez dem wuz—now, hol' on, Tal; I know you gwine say dat de age o' er pusson makes er good deal o' diffunce, an' dat he ain't got de same appertite dat he uster hab; but I knows better, 'caze I'se got er appertite fur dem ole Preston place hoss-apples right dis minit. Laws er massy! Ricolleck dat time when me an' you an' ole Unk Laz's boy Tom—de one de steers run in de creek wid an' drounded—wuz in er swimmin', and Job Walker an' dem triflin' Bradley boys come erlong? An' doan' you ricolleck—er-haw-haw!—ricolleck dat, ever' time you'd come out, old Job would grab up er han'ful o' mud an' dab it on you, ter make you go in an'

wash off ergin, so you could put on yo' close; an' doan' you know dat one time he waited till you dun put on yo' shirt, an' den he fling mud at you, an' you ducked yo' head, an' it hit you wid er spat on de back o' de naik? Ricolleck all dat, Tal?"

"Do I? Well, I couldn't forget it if I tried; and don't you remember, that, shortly afterwards, we came on him in swimming, and I tied a knot in the sleeve of his shirt, and rubbed mud on it, so he couldn't, or rather wouldn't, untie it with his teeth?"

"Laws er massy, yas; an' he fit you, too, he did—fit you so hard dat I 'lowed he gwine whup you; but you got de turn on him atter 'while, an' bless my life ef I didn't think you gwine kill him right dar. I wuz thinkin' yistid'y 'bout de time when —oh, I doan' know how long 'go it has been—when we went ter er baptizin', an' come home, an' cotch er ole rooster, an' tuck him down on de branch an' played baptizin' wid him."

"And we got whipped for it, too. Don't you recollect that Uncle John whaled both of us?"

"Ain't furgot dat, I tells you. 'Members dat de fust thing he come ercross wuz er plough-line, an'—uh! huh!—how hard dat white man could hit! Laws er massy, dem ole days!"

The white man threw his cigar into the fire-place. The scenery of the negro's countenance was shifted, and he threw *his* cigar into the fire-place—into the ashes of the past.

"Sam!"

"Mr. Martin."

"You remember our conversation to-day?"

"I does; an' dat's de reason I'se yere, sah."

A silence followed, and then the white man spoke:

"I acknowledged, that, from one point of view, you were right, but that from another point you were wrong. Now, I don't want to engage into a long discussion; but let me say this to you: the Anglo-Saxon is a dominant race, and always will be. The white people of this neighborhood—and of every neighborhood in the South, for that matter—have been brought up with one principle predominating all others: the principle of local self-government; and now, if we should suffer our affairs to be administered by your people, where would that principle be? The negro, you must understand, is not a creature of self-government, but is generally the creature of some rascally white man. Of course, the negro does not realize this; if he did, he would correct it. We own the land, and we pay the taxes. We select men made capable by experience or by present adaptability, to manage our affairs; your party, whose seat of general interest is far removed from here, would foist upon us men of no experience and of no principle, we fear. To your people, office-holding is a new thing; and you should know that it takes a financier to handle the funds of a county. And you have no such timber to offer. There may come a time"——

"Hol' on right dar, Mr. Martin." The negro stood up. "How is er man ter learn widout de opportunity? Er man may hab er thousand books, yit he never kin read 'less somebody shows him how. Whut's de use in waitin', when we doan' git no closer den we wuz befo'? You say dat we is ruled by bad white men. Dat *has* been de case; but er nigger is at de head o' de present uprisin', sah—er nigger dat ain't erfeerd ter say whut his rights is, an' ter stan' by 'em. 'Dar may come er time' is de tune de cow died on. An' aldo' it has been sung time an' time ergin ter de niggers o' dis neighborhood—sung till da's sick o' it—I'm gwine ter make it my biz'ness ter see dat da doan' die on it. Whut you say erbout our ignunce is true; but dis guberment, de constertution, sah, whut doan' take no notice o' er pusson's ignunce, has granted us er sartin right, an' now we gwine take it. De sheriff o' dis county has bragged, when he wuz drunk—an' dat's de sort o' f'nanceer you's talkin' erbout—dat he had hil' office ten year an' never wuz erlected er single time. You nee'n' ter say dat he didn't brag erbout dis, fur I yered him myse'f. Now, whut hope has we got, in de face o' sich a fack ez dis? De hope o' dat atter 'while you spoke erbout? No, sah! We's got de hope o' de present, an' we ain't gwine ter wait no longer on er atter 'while. We is stronger den de white folks, an' we gwine ter hab our rights; an' I want ter tell you right now, dat unless you asho' me, in writin', dat

de men whut gits de mos' votes shall hab de offices, dar's gwine ter be trouble—an' *red* trouble, at dat. De niggers is waitin' fur de word frum me; da's got guns. Whut must I tell 'em?"

"I think you'd better tell them that the white people are going to rule this country."

"Anything else, sah?"

"Yes—you might tell them that one white man can whip three negroes."

"Dat mout be true, sah; but dis time he'll ha' ter whip five. Anything else?"

"Nothing else."

The negro stepped toward the door, softening his monstrous tread, but turned, stood for a moment, and then asked:

"Ain't you sorry dat dis bad state o' erfairs has come erbout? Ain't you sorry dat men who lib so close tergedder, an' who's got putty much de same intrusts at stake, ha' ter rise up ergin one 'nudder?"

"Yes, I *am* sorry; but there doesn't seem to be any way to avoid it. Our manhood would be lowered by yielding to your demand."

"Ah, an' den we ain't got no freedom ert all!"

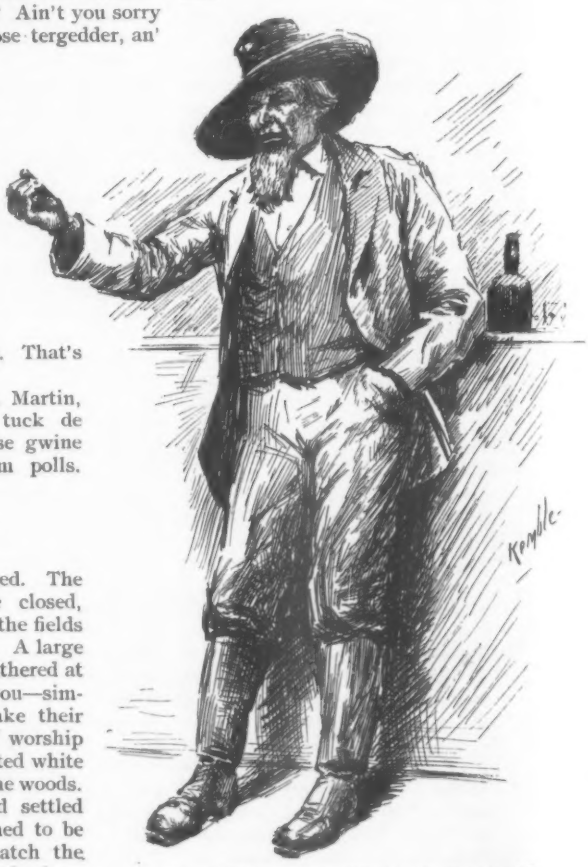
"Argument is useless. That's all. Good-night!"

"One word mo', Mr. Martin, so you kain't say we tuck de 'vantage o' you. We'se gwine ter take charge o' dem polls. Good-night!"

* * *

All work was abandoned. The cross-roads stores were closed, and no song came from the fields now white with cotton. A large body of negroes had gathered at the church on the bayou—simple-minded people to take their trouble to their place of worship—and squads of mounted white men galloped through the woods. A tremulous quiet had settled everywhere: there seemed to be an eager listening to catch the report of the first gun—the keynote of a red recital—and each side, it was known, was loth to take upon itself this grave responsibility.

"Don't any of you boys shoot first," Tal Martin had said. "They'll try to taunt you into it, but hold off. They'll shoot after a while. The longer a negro holds a gun the bigger fool he is. Remember that the highest tribunal in the land may pass upon this business. We'll camp over yonder in the cypress woods tonight. We don't want to go armed to the polls, for that would hurt us at the next presidential election. The negroes will march early tomorrow morning, and when we see that they are about to take possession of the polls, we'll open the ball."



"'DE SHERIFF O' DIS COUNTY HAS BRAGGED,'"

The two forces were encamped within half a mile of each other. The weather was hot and no fires were kindled.

"In the morning we'll fight," said an old fellow who had followed Lee. "Seems sorter natural boys, to be wallering around this way."

"Do you reckon those fellows will fight much?" asked a young fellow whose only military service had been seen when, sashed and beglittered, he had taken a silent and stiff-kneed part at the unveiling of a monument.

"Do I reck'n so?"—the old fellow was biting off a mouthful of long-green tobacco—"Well, yes, I do reckon so. They fought during the war; I'll tell you that."

"Can they shoot pretty well?"

"Look here, young feller, where were you raised? Haven't you seen niggers shoot squirrels out of the tops of trees? Let me tell you one thing: anybody that can pull a trigger is devilish dangerous with a gun; it don't make much difference whether he knows how to aim it or not, for if he don't hit one man he's mighty apt to hit another, and it's just as bad for the man that's hit as if he had been aimed at."

Tal Martin rarely spoke; he was depressed with sadness and not silent with fear. Sadness is often a complexion of bravery, while levity is sometimes the plume of the coward.

"Tomorrow morning and we have it," the leader of the white men mused. "I'm sorry, but it can't be helped."

He dozed off to sleep, and when he awoke, a whippoorwill, in a tree nearby, was trying the tone of his melancholy pipe. It was still dark; a warm wind was blowing, and the tops of the cypress trees were moaning. Tal got up and looked about him. The men were asleep; he could hear them snore. Lee's old soldier was muttering in his slumber, and Tal caught these words: "Reckon my boy is about grown by this time. Soon be five years since I seen him." The boy had been dead twenty years. The old soldier, asleep on the ground, was back again in the Wilderness, following a ragged flag. The light foot-steps of the sentinels could be heard—the whole affair was a serious play at soldiering. The old graveyard was on a hill to the right, not far away; and the white man felt a strong yearning to stand once more on the sacred spot. He passed the sentinels without attracting attention and carefully picked his way toward the hill. He stood amid the tombstones of his people; he sat down on an old grave, and the mellow years came floating back; and he saw two boys playing, with the purple bloom of the iron-weed stuck in their hats. The night was slowly passing away from the hill and was frowning darker down in the woods. A sudden noise startled the musing man, and looking up, he saw some one standing near.

"Who's there!" Martin called, catching up a rifle that lay beside him.

"Me, sah," a voice answered.

"What, you, Sam?"

"Yas, sah."

"What are you doing over here?"

"I mout ax de same o' you, sah."

"I have come," said the white man, "to visit my people."

"An' I has come ter visit my boy whut de white folks let me bury yere."

"Yes, he is buried here," the white man replied, getting up and slowly approaching the negro.

"Yas, sah, an' right dar is whar yo' boy lies. Da played tergeder years er go, an' da's er sleep tergeder now."

"And their fathers are here ready to kill each other," the white man replied.

"I wouldn't kill you, Mr. Martin."

"And I wouldn't kill you, Sam; but there'll be killing enough here today. It's almost daylight now and I must get back. Good-by, Sam."

The negro, not replying, dropped on his knees beside the grave of his boy; the white man turned quickly and knelt beside the stone that marked the eternal bed of his son. And then, with one impulse the two men reached over and shook hands. The negro spoke:

"Tal, kain't we fix up dis trouble?"

"I hope so, Sam. Suppose we make a just division of the offices, making it as nearly equal as we can; let honesty count first, and then capability. What did you say, Sam?"

"I said, thank God."

"And so do I. Come, old friend, it is time to go. You call off your men and I'll call off mine."

"Tal, we'se played tergeder yere an' we may sleep tergeder yere, an' blessed be de name o' de Lawd."



NOTES OF THE BRUSSELS MONETARY CONFERENCE.

By E. Benj. Andrews.

MORE than any other principality on earth, the little kingdom of Belgium seems to belong to mankind. Founded upon an international convention, its very existence is a perpetual reminder of the great states beyond its domain. Naturally, as remarked by a distinguished speaker in the recent Monetary Conference, Belgium "is not disinterested in any of the difficulties that progress has to resolve in its pauseless march, which is, perhaps, the reason why it has had the honor to be chosen more than once as the seat of international bodies gathered to study in common the amelioration of law or to perfect, at some point, the economic organism."

Brussels, the capital, has a peculiarly cosmopolitan character. Its native population is a mixture of Flemish, Walloon, Dutch and French, who, through long intermarriage and association, being well educated, too, have attained much breadth of view and of sympathy. The city contains, besides, a large and considerably permanent mass of people who are not citizens of Belgium. The English contingent is the most numerous of these; but the Americans, the Germans and the French are also well represented. The city's culture is thus, of necessity, very many-sided. President Harrison could not have chosen a more fitting environment for an international study of the silver question.

The meetings of the conference occurred in the Palais des Academies, a place uniquely rich in historical suggestions, where ample and elegant accommodations were provided. In this and in other matters the Belgian government showed the conference the most considerate attention, seeming determined that it should be successful. Private citizens vied with officials in this. Delegates received much notice, socially. Boxes at the opera were placed



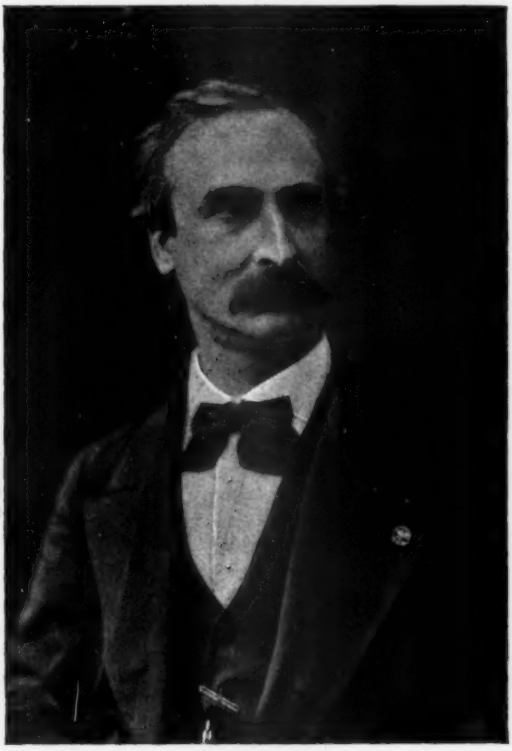
E. Benjamin Andrews, D D. LL.D., was born forty-nine years ago in a New Hampshire town. After studying in New England he enlisted in the Union army and saw full service, during three years and a half, in Maryland and Virginia, being wounded severely at Petersburg in '64. Two years later he entered Brown university, from which he graduated in '70; and four years later he received a further degree from Newton theological institute. After occupying in various institutions, academical chairs in the domain of philosophy and political economy, Mr. Andrews went to Berlin and Munich, studying under the most noted German masters, and finally came to the presidency of Brown university four years ago. In his professional work and foreign studies he paid special attention to those branches of economics which concern monetary questions, and he is thus eminently fitted to be one of those who are attempting to solve our intricate currency problems.

at their disposal; very elaborate receptions, public and private, were given in their honor, and the good-will and hospitality of the city were exhibited towards them in every possible way.

The king and queen of Belgium spent one afternoon in meeting the members and attachés of the conference, at the royal palace. This event was odd and interesting. Instead of keeping position in some part of the spacious hall and expecting the guests to pass their hosts in procession and thus receive greeting, as is usual at state receptions in the capital of our country, the king adopted an order precisely the reverse of this. The marshal of the court bade his ushers to station the various national delegations about the hall, in the alphabetical order of the nations' names, as these appear in French: Allemagne, Autriche-Hongrie, Belgique, Danemark, Espagne, États-Unis d'Amérique, and so on. All being ready, the royal pair entered the room at the corner where the German delegates stood, and themselves made the circuit of the delegations, following the order just indicated, from Allemagne round to Russie, Suède, Suisse, and Turquie.

King Leopold is a striking figure. He is six feet and four inches tall, with a flowing, whitish beard that reaches far down his breast, and a benign and thoughtful face. His regulation military uniform, with its short coat, makes him look even taller than he is. There is probably more individuality in his appearance than in that of any other man now alive, unless Bismarck excels him in this.

Leopold is a facile linguist. Passing from delegation to delegation, he had a few words for everyone, speaking readily in French, German, or English, according to necessity. His remarks proved him to be at home in the public affairs of all the great nations. The queen did not converse much, and, although she made efforts to look pleasant, and did, here and there, engage delegates in interesting chat, one could not repress the feeling that she was relieved when the parade was over. At the conclusion of the king's and queen's tour, refreshments were served to the entire company, which was very large, while a band of a hundred pieces, stationed in an adjoining room, discoursed excellent classical music.



MONTEFIORE LEVI.

On the evening of December 2, M. Montefiore Levi, the president of the conference, gave the delegates, at his personal expense, a theater party in the Royal Park theater of Brussels. Engaging the entire theater and its outfit, M. Levi summoned from Paris M. Coquelin ainé, and his magnificent company of comedians, to render their charming presentation of The Taming of the Shrew. The the-

ater was crowded with noted people, all of them, of course, M. Levi's guests, who enjoyed this delightful entertainment, not more for its high quality than for the thoughtfulness and generosity of M. Levi which it evinced.

M. Montefiore Levi is one of the most interesting of men. A Hebrew in race and religion, he is so well educated, through study, reading and travel, that in sympathy he is perfectly cosmopolitan. Though habitually using the French language, yet, having passed many years in England, he speaks English, too, all but perfectly. Immensely wealthy, the richest man but one in Belgium, owning a palace in the city for winter residence, and another in the country for summer, with equipage and service equal to the king's own, he is the most modest, unassuming and accessible man imaginable. His hospitality is bounteous; yet, without effort, he makes each guest feel perfectly at home at his board. As a presiding officer, he is absolutely fair, not one word or act betraying the direction of his opinions or sympathies, although all know perfectly, from other sources, that nothing is discussed in the conference on which he does not have very positive convictions. A manufacturer and banker on an extensive scale, he understands the theory and practice of trade as few men in any nation do. He is a politician, withal, a senator of the kingdom, a conservative liberal of great zeal and influence, yet highly respected by his political opponents. It was a signal piece of good fortune, that a man of his character was induced to accept the arduous duty of guiding the conference in its deliberations.

M. Beernaert, the prime-minister of Belgium, and also its minister of finance, bestowed upon the conference unremitting attention. He would himself have been a member of it but for his arduous labors as head of the government, which were particularly exacting at the time, owing to the acute constitutional crisis through which Belgium is passing. During the session, every delegate was invited to M. Beernaert's hôtel, once or twice, and entertained in a most generous and hearty way. M. Beernaert, like every member of the Belgian cabinet, occupies for his residence a "white house," a hôtel or mansion, provided and furnished by the state. Most of these quarters are very fine. The director of the Belgian mint, also, resides in the mint, occupying a suite of spacious rooms, palatially fitted up. This public housing of cabinet officers and other high functionaries of the government is a custom which prevails in France as well as in Belgium.

Royal in their amplitude and elegance were the dinner parties given during the conference by M. Alphonse Allard and Madame Allard. M. Allard, aside from M. Levi the most prominent Belgian delegate in the conference, formerly the director of the Belgian mint, is a well-known writer upon monetary themes; but, unlike most political economists, he is wealthy as well as learned. He and Mrs. Allard entertained, at one time or another, every member of the conference. What was most enjoyable on these occasions was not the dinners, sumptuous as these were, but the attractive conversation of the host and hostess, both persons of much cultivation, and the chance to view the rich works of art which adorn their mansion from top to bottom.

The houses of MM. Levi and Allard probably give a pretty good idea of what the best house interiors in Brussels are like, thus enabling one to compare Belgian with American taste in an important department of art. It seems to the writer that the cultivated Belgians excel us in beautifying the house within, as much as we excel them in exterior domestic architecture. They decorate almost wholly according to Romanesque motives. Their houses contain fewer works of art than one commonly sees in the best American homes, but these are, as a rule, more choice. There is less bric-à-brac, less effort to fill each nook and corner with dainty objects. First-rate rugs and tapestry are more common than with us, and a higher order of taste is displayed in frescoes and in mural adornment in general.

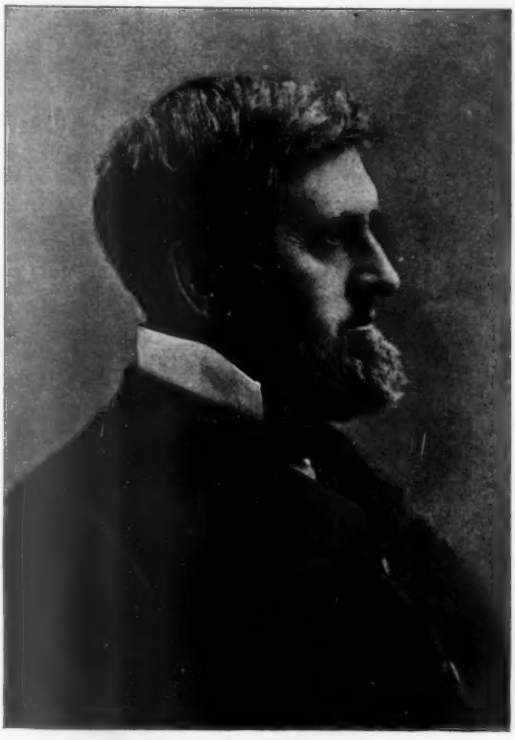
Among the representatives of the twenty countries participating in the conference were many remarkable men, not a few of them prominent figures in recent European history. Sir Charles Fremantle, K. C. B., president of the English delegation, has been connected with the British finances since 1853. In 1868 he was secretary to Mr. Disraeli, then first lord of the treas-

ury. In 1870 he was appointed deputy-master of the royal mint, which station he now holds. In 1887–88 he was a member of Lord Herschel's commission on gold and silver.

Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, another prominent British delegate, was, in 1878, president of an international commission of inquiry, instituted by the khedive, to examine the resources of Egypt. In 1881 he was appointed a royal commissioner for the negotiation of a treaty of commerce with France, and in 1885 he was one of the delegates who assembled in Paris to draw up the act regulating the navigation of the Suez canal. These two gentlemen are in sympathy with the Gladstone government, and in the conference, so it was understood, specially represented its views.

Sir William H. Houldsworth, Bart., who would probably have headed the British delegation, had Lord Salisbury remained in power, may be called the leader of the conservative party in Lancashire, and is considered certain of a place in the next tory cabinet. He served both upon the depression of trade commission and upon the gold and silver commission. Houldsworth is a moving spirit in the English bi-metallic league; but his learning, ability, and familiarity with business have earned him the respect even of his most determined monetary opponents. Mr. Charles Alfred de Rothschild, conspicuous in the delegation as representing the greatest banking interest on earth, was a mediator, so to speak, between the extremists among his colleagues. Unlike Sir William H. Houldsworth, he is a pronounced monometallist, yet no one emphasized more than he the need of international action favorable to silver.

M. Tirard, head of the French delegation, and speaker for the entire Latin union, an ex-premier of France, and lately again one of the French cabinet as minister of finance. He is a man of striking presence and pleasing manners, and extraordinarily well versed in affairs. He speaks with power, and his eloquence attracted much attention in the conference.



SENATOR ALLISON.

M. Tirard exemplifies the art of public speech almost to perfection. His voice is not so full, smooth or well-trained as Wendell Phillips's was, but it is questionable whether in other respects Phillips would have been his superior, at least in off-hand address. On the occasion of his main speech, M. Tirard was called out suddenly, so that what he said must have had more or less of an impromptu character; yet, not only was his matter ample, orderly, and well in hand, but his manner, while earnest, was delightfully easy and graceful. With an art that quite concealed itself, he modulated his voice far up and down in pitch and over an extraordinary variety in

quality. Most masterful of all was his handling of his hands. He succeeded in forgetting them, the orator's highest attainment; but so perfectly had they been trained beforehand that neither at any instant assumed an awkward position or remained stationary for so much as half a minute. Now he clasped his hands; now he folded his arms. Occasionally he would place one palm upon his thigh, waving the other out in some graceful gesture appropriate to his thought. Suddenly the two members would exchange these offices. At times both would hang a few seconds at his sides, while the speaker presented some recitative portion of his discourse. Never once, I believe, did M. Tirard place either hand behind him, as is so common with public speakers in America. He did not hesitate and he did not rush. His animation did not flag in the slightest, yet was kept up without either shouting, stamping or contortion. Altogether it was a very remarkable oratorical performance.



ALFRED DE ROTHSCHILD.

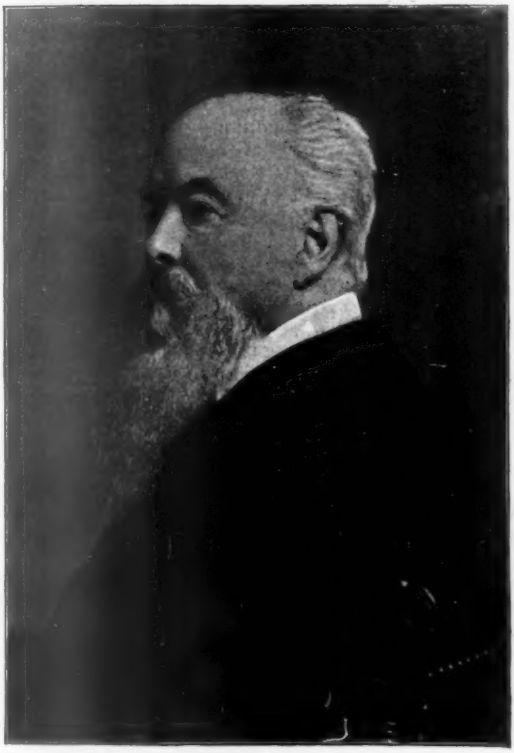
M. Tirard was perhaps the only delegate whose utterances in the conference would be called truly eloquent. In the thought of all its European members the conference was regarded not as a deliberative body in a usual sense, but as a diplomatic assemblage, to whose nature somewhat formal and stately discourse was better suited than forensic elocution. Many delegates read what they had to say. Some did this, no doubt, because of the difficulty which they experienced in using French, the official language of the conference. But not a few whose vernacular was French evidently employed manuscript to be sure of saying precisely what they wished to say, as if they had been plenipotentiaries and their words were going to bind their respective governments.

The Americans whose words commanded most attention were Senators Allison and Jones—Allison as chairman of the United States delegation, and also because of his perfect acquaintance with the monetary history of the United States; Jones, because of his familiarity with the history and principles of monetary science. Senator Jones's abilities have been far too lightly esteemed in the East, where he is little known. One who has argued with him, or heard him argue, upon any branch of monetary science, may still disagree with him, as the writer of this does, at many, if not most points, but will be little likely to laugh at him.

A number of delegates not yet mentioned deserve consideration. Not to dwell upon those, like Count Khevenhüller-Metsch, of Austria-Hungary, Count Alvensleben, of Germany, and Baron di Renzis, of Italy, who each attracted attention because of the high place he holds in the diplomatic service of his country, one would be glad to speak of the gentlemen in the conference who have won distinction through their scientific and literary attainments. Our limits forbid more than a mention of such.

One of them is Hans Forsell, of Sweden, the bitterest theoretical monometallist in the conference, who has thoroughly studied the subject of money, and can substantiate his propositions with learned reasons. Another is Don Joaquin D. Casasus, of Mexico, some of whose writings upon money were submitted to the conference and betrayed great erudition, who, however, made only passing remarks in the conference. Still another is Alphonse Rivier, of Switzerland, a long time Swiss minister to Belgium and professor of pub-

lic law in the University of Brussels. M. Rivier is remarkably well read in the political history of modern nations, including the United States. Wheaton's International Law he knows by heart, and he can name all the numerous abridgements, editions and translations of it which have appeared in different countries since Wheaton's death. He is a constant writer for the Revue de Droit International. The Annuaire de l'Institut de Droit International also contains many articles and notices from his pen, among them sketches of de Laveleye, von Holtzendorff, author of the Manual of International Law, William Beach Lawrence, and Bluntschli. M. Rivier is an accomplished conversationalist, affable, witty, keen. For downright agreeableness he had hardly an equal in the conference.



SENATOR JONES.

We cannot do justice to the personnel of the conference without mentioning the two eminent delegates from Holland, MM. Boissevain and Van den Berg. With M. Allard and Sir Guilford L. Molesworth, one of the British-Indian delegates, they were the most accomplished masters of monetary lore present. Both have written copiously on money, yet neither is a mere theorist. Van den Berg is the president of the Bank of Holland, and Boissevain, also, has had much experience in banking and similar business. Besides Dutch, Van den Berg speaks, with ease, French, English and German. Boissevain, too, uses all those tongues, with the possible exception of German. Could the other nations have sent to Brussels men equipped for their business like these, the silver question would be much nearer a settlement.

The methods of carrying on the conference were rather un-American. The diplomatic cast of the debates rendered them somewhat cold and stiff. There was little repartee — little opportunity for this, in fact. The conference wholly lacked that sharp-shooting back and forth between opposing parties which occurs in our country even in deliberative assemblies where the rules of order are quite strictly observed. A delegate reads a paper. If any reply to it is made, it is likely to come, not at the same session, but at the next, or the next but one. It may then appear that the replicant has wholly misunderstood the first speaker, which leads the first to go over his ground again, at a still subsequent session.

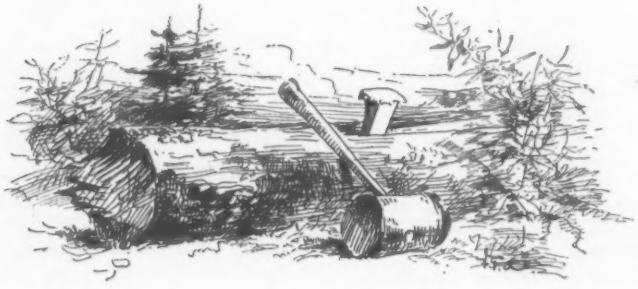
Questions of detail, and even substantive questions of much moment, are rarely put to vote, but decided by the presiding officer, according to his sense of the drift of the remarks upon them. If, when such a question is up, several wish to speak at a given moment, they gesticulate mildly, each crying, "Je demande la parole." Recognizing some one, the pre-

siding officer says, "M. So-and-so a la parole," or, "La parole est à M. So-and-so." So soon as the discussion lags, the presiding officer asks, "Quelqu'un demande-t-il la parole?" If no one demands the floor for the purpose of speaking further, the president expresses the view that the sense of the conference is in favor of the affirmative, or of the negative, as it may chance. Even if a few doubt his decision, he is likely to persist in it. If, however, a considerable number seem to be against him, he, at last, causes a division of the house by show of hands.

The conference has its lobby, which is quite as active as that of congress, or any of those which beset our legislatures. Many influential lobbyists were about the delegates' hôtels and the halls of the Palais des Academies from the opening of the conference till it adjourned. Some of these may have been personally interested in the price of silver, or they, perhaps, represented others who were; but more seemed anxious that nothing should be done to lessen the sovereignty of gold, or prevent its further appreciation. These last, to a man, maintained that the conference would accomplish nothing, and they, not unlikely, had solid reasons for thinking that they knew whereof they affirmed.

The entire newspaper interest of Europe, and nearly the entire banking interest, being addicted to gold-monometallism, were hostile to the conference, as likely in some way to modify the regnancy of the yellow metal. However, very many of the lobbyists engaged in their mission from perfectly unselfish motives, having their pet plans or theories for the relief of the monetary situation. Only a small number of those who had schemes of this sort to advocate appeared at Brussels in person. Most of them forwarded their productions by mail. Not a mail arrived during the month that the conference sat, which did not bring packages of these communications. They were from America, England, Germany and France. Many of them were very ingenious and not without a certain value. It is hoped that such as have this will be preserved and edited for future use.

Many people express surprise that the conference accomplished so little. The wonder is rather, everything considered, that it wrought so much. Under no conceivable conditions, however favorable, could a body of this kind have prepared, in four brief weeks, a draft of a monetary treaty that would have been in fit form to submit to the nations. The subject is too complex and difficult. Those who speak as if so speedy a result could rightfully have been expected believe in miracles. The numerous social engagements referred to above may possibly be thought to imply that the conference was wanting in zeal and dispatch. This would be an unjust conclusion. Except on two great occasions such outside affairs involved but a part of the delegates at a time. On most days there was hardly a moment, from morning till past midnight, when earnest conference work was not going on. Heads of delegations met each other privately. A large standing committee for the preliminary study of important propositions was in session every spare hour that could be obtained. A vast amount of preparatory work has thus been accomplished, so that the adjourned session, provided Great Britain's attitude should be such as to render this desirable, will be in condition to advance far more rapidly.



A TRAVELLER FROM ALTRURIA.

By W. D. Howells.

VIII.

YOUNG Camp carried out the plate of victuals to the tramp, and Mrs. Makely said to his mother, "I suppose you would make the tramp do some sort of work to earn his breakfast on week-days?"

"Not always," Mrs. Camp replied. "Do the boarders at the hotel always work to earn their breakfast?"

"No, certainly not," said Mrs. Makely, with the sharpness of offence. "But they always pay for it."

"I don't think that paying for a thing is earning it. Perhaps some one else earned the money that pays for it. But I believe there is too much work in the world. If I were to live my life over again, I should not work half so hard. My husband and I took this place when we were young married people, and began working to pay for it. We wanted to feel that it was ours, that we owned it, and that our children should own it afterwards. We both worked all day long like slaves, and many a moonlight night we were up till morning, almost, gathering the stones from our fields, and burying them in deep graves that we had dug for them. But we buried our youth and strength, and health in those graves, too, and what for? I don't own the farm that we worked so hard to pay for, and my children won't. That is what it has all come to. We were rightly punished for our greed, I suppose. Perhaps no one has a right to own any portion of the earth. Sometimes I think so, but my husband and I earned this farm, and now the savings bank owns it. That seems strange, doesn't it? I suppose you'll say that the bank paid for it. Well, perhaps so; but the bank didn't earn it. When I think of that I don't always think that a person who pays for his breakfast has the best right to a breakfast."

I could see the sophistry of all this, but I had not the heart to point it out; I felt the pathos of it, too. Mrs. Makely seemed not to see the one nor to feel the other, very distinctly. "Yes, but surely," she said, "if you give a tramp his breakfast without making him work for it, you must see that it is encouraging idleness. And idleness is very corrupting — the sight of it."

"You mean to the country people? Well, they have to stand a good deal of that. The summer folks that spend four or five months of the year here, don't seem to do anything from morning till night."

"Ah, but you must recollect that they are *resting!* You have no idea how hard they all work in town during the winter," Mrs. Makely urged, with an air of argument.

"Perhaps the tramps are resting, too. At any rate, I don't think the sight of idleness in rags, and begging at back doors, is very corrupting to the country people; I never heard of a single tramp who had started from the country; they all come from the cities. It's the other kind of idleness that tempts our young people. The only tramps that my son says he ever envies are the well-dressed, strong young fellows from town, that go tramping through the mountains for exercise every summer."

The ladies both paused. They seemed to have got to the end of their tether; at least Mrs. Makely had apparently nothing else to advance, and I said lightly, "But that is just the kind of tramps that Mr. Homos would most disapprove of. He says that in Altruria they would consider exercise for exercise' sake a wicked waste of force, and little short of lunacy."

I thought my exaggeration might provoke him to denial, but he seemed not to have found it unjust. "Why, you know," he said to Mrs. Camp, "in Altruria every one works with his hands, so that the hard work shall not all fall to any one class; and this manual labor of each is sufficient to keep the body in health, as well as to earn a living. After the three hours' work, which constitutes a day's

work with us, is done, the young people have all sorts of games and sports, and they carry them as late into life as the temperament of each demands. But what I was saying to Mr. Twelvemough—perhaps I did not make myself clear—was that we should regard the sterile putting forth of strength in exercise, if others were each day worn out with hard manual labor, as insane or immoral. But I can account for it differently with you, because I understand that in your conditions a person of leisure could not do any manual labor without taking away the work of some one who needed it to live by; and could not even relieve an overworked laborer, and give him the money for the work without teaching him habits of idleness. In Altruria we can all keep ourselves well by doing each his share of hard work, and we can help those who are exhausted, when such a thing happens, without injuring them materially or morally."

Young Camp entered at this moment, and the Altrurian hesitated. "Oh, do go on!" Mrs. Makely entreated. She added to Camp, "We've got him to talking about Altruria at last, and we wouldn't have him stopped for worlds."

The Altrurian looked round at all our faces, and no doubt read our eager curiosity in them. He smiled, and said, "I shall be very glad I'm sure. But I do not think you will find anything so remarkable in our civilization, if you will conceive of it as the outgrowth of the neighborly instinct. In fact, neighborliness is the essence of Altrurianism. If you will imagine having the same feeling toward all," he explained to Mrs. Makely, "as you have toward your next door neighbor"—

"My next door neighbor!" she cried. "But I don't *know* the people next door! We live in a large apartment house, some forty families, and I assure you I do not know a soul among them."

He looked at her with a puzzled air, and she continued, "Sometimes it *does* seem rather hard. One day the people on the same landing with us, lost one of their children, and I should never have been a whit the wiser, if my cook hadn't happened to mention it. The servants all know each other; they meet in the back elevator, and get acquainted. I don't encourage it. You can't tell what kind of families they belong to."

"But surely," the Altrurian persisted, "you have friends in the city whom you think of as your neighbors?"

"No, I can't say that I have," said Mrs. Makely. "I have my visiting list, but I shouldn't think of anybody on *that* as a neighbor."

The Altrurian looked so blank and baffled that I could hardly help laughing. "Then I should not know how to explain Altruria to you, I'm afraid."

"Well," she returned lightly, "if it's anything like neighborliness, as I've seen it in small places, deliver me from it! I like being independent. That's why I like the city. You're let alone."

"I was down in New York, once, and I went through some of the streets and houses where the poor people live," said young Camp, "and they seemed to know each other, and to be quite neighborly."

"And would you like to be all messed in with each other, that way?" demanded the lady.

"Well, I thought it was better than living as we do in the country, so far apart that we never see each other, hardly. And it seems to me better than not having any neighbors at all."

"Well, every one to his taste," said Mrs. Makely. "I wish you would tell us how people manage with you, socially, Mr. Homos."

"Why, you know," he began, "we have neither city nor country in your sense, and so we are neither so isolated nor so crowded together. You feel that you lose a great deal, in not seeing each other oftener?" he asked Camp.

"Yes. Folks rust out, living alone. It's human nature to want to get together."

"And I understand Mrs. Makely that it is human nature to want to keep apart?"

"Oh, no, but to come together independently," she answered.

"Well, that is what we have contrived in our life at home. I should have to say, in the first place, that"——

"Excuse me, just one moment, Mr. Homos!" said Mrs. Makely. This perverse woman was as anxious to hear about Altruria as any of us, but she was a woman who would rather hear the sound of her own voice than any other, even if she were dying, as she would call it, to hear the other. The Altrurian stopped politely, and Mrs. Makely went on: "I have

been thinking of what Mr. Camp was saying about the black-listed men, and their all turning into tramps "——

"But I didn't say that, Mrs. Makely," the young fellow protested, in astonishment.

"Well, it stands to reason that if the tramps have all been black-listed men"—

"But I didn't say that, either!"

"No matter! What I am trying to get at is this: if a workman has made himself a nuisance to the employers, haven't they a right to punish him in any way they can?"

"I believe there's no law yet, against black-listing," said Camp

"Very well, then, I don't see what they've got to complain of. The employers surely know their own business."

"They claim to know the men's too. That's what they're always saying; they will manage their own affairs in their own way. But no man, or company, that does business on a large scale, has any affairs that are not partly other folks' affairs, too. All the saying in the world won't make it different."

"Very well, then," said Mrs. Makely, with a force of argument which she seemed to think was irresistible, "I think the workmen had better leave things to the employers, and then they won't get black-listed. It's as broad as it's long." I confess, that although I agreed with Mrs. Makely in regard to what the workmen had better do, her position had been arrived at by such extraordinary reasoning, that I blushed for her; at the same time, I wanted to laugh. She continued, triumphantly, "You see, the employers have ever so much more at stake."

"The men have everything at stake; the work of their hands," said the young fellow.

"Oh, but surely," said Mrs. Makely, "you wouldn't set that against capital? You wouldn't compare the two?"

"Yes, I should," said Camp, and I could see his eye kindle and his jaw stiffen.

"Then, I suppose you would say that a man ought to get as much for his work as an employer gets for his capital. If you think one has as much at stake as the other, you must think they ought to be paid alike."

"That is *just* what I think," said Camp, and Mrs. Makely burst into a peal of amiable laughter.

"Now that is too preposterous!"

"Why is it preposterous?" he demanded, with a quivering nostril.

"Why, simply because it *is*," said the lady, but she did not say why, and although I agreed with her, I was glad that she did not attempt to do it, for her conclusions seemed to me much better than her reasons.

The old wooden clock in the kitchen began to strike, and she rose briskly to her feet, and went and laid the books she had been holding in her lap, on the table beside Mrs. Camp's bed. "We must really be going," she said, as she leaned over and kissed the invalid. "It is your dinner time, and we shall barely get back for lunch, if we go by the Loop road; and I want very much to have Mr. Homos see the Witch's Falls, on the way. I have got two or three of the books here that Mr. Makely brought me last night—I sha'nt have time to read them at once—and I'm smuggling in one of Mr. Twelvemough's, that he's too modest to present for himself." She turned a gay glance upon me, and Mrs. Camp thanked me, and a number of civilities followed from all sides. In the process of their exchange, Mrs. Makely's spirits perceptibly rose, and she came away in high good-humor with the whole Camp family. "Well, now, I am sure," she said to the Altrurian, as we began the long ascent of the Loop road, "you must allow that you have seen some very original characters. But how *warped* people get living alone so much! That is the great drawback of the country. Mrs. Camp thinks the savings bank did her a real injury in taking a mortgage on her place, and Reuben seems to have seen just enough of the outside world to get it all wrong! But they are the best-hearted creatures in the world, and I know you won't misunderstand them. That unsparing country bluntness, don't you think it's perfectly delightful? I do like to stir poor Reuben up, and get him talking. He is a good boy, if he *is* so wrong-headed, and he's the most devoted son and brother in the world. Very few young fellows would waste their lives on an old farm like that; I suppose when his mother dies he will marry and strike out for himself in some growing place."

"He did not seem to think the world

held out any very bright inducements for him to leave home," the Altrurian suggested.

"Oh, let him get one of these lively, pushing Yankee girls for a wife, and he will think very differently," said Mrs. Makely.

The Altrurian disappeared that afternoon, and I saw little or nothing of him till the next day at supper. Then he said he had been spending the time with young Camp, who had shown him something of the farm work, and introduced him to several of the neighbors; he was very much interested in it all, because at home he was, at present, engaged in farm work himself, and he was curious to contrast the American and Altrurian methods. We began to talk of the farming interest again, later in the day, when the members of our little group came together, and I told them what the Altrurian had been doing. The doctor had been suddenly called back to town; but the minister was there, and the lawyer, and the professor, and the banker, and the manufacturer. It was the banker who began to comment on what I said, and he seemed to be in the frank humor of the Saturday night before. "Yes," he said, "it's a hard life, and they have to look sharp, if they expect to make both ends meet. I would not like to undertake it myself, with their resources."

The professor smiled, in asking the Altrurian: "Did your agricultural friends tell you anything of the little rural traffic in votes that they carry on about election time? That is one of the side means they have of making both ends meet."

"I don't understand," said the Altrurian.

"Why, you know that you can buy votes among our virtuous yeomen, from two dollars up, at the ordinary elections. When party feeling runs high, and there are vital questions at stake, the votes cost more."

The Altrurian looked round at us all, aghast: "Do you mean that Americans buy votes?"

The professor smiled again. "Oh, no; I only mean that they sell them. Well, I don't wonder that they rather prefer to blink the fact; but it is a fact, nevertheless, and pretty notorious."

"Good heavens!" cried the Altrurian. "And what defense have they for such treason? I don't mean those who sell; from what I have seen of the bareness and hardship of their lives, I could well imagine that there might, sometimes, come a pinch when they would be glad of the few dollars that they could get in that way; but what have those who buy to say?"

"Well," said the professor, "it isn't a transaction that's apt to be talked about, much, on either side."

"I think," the banker interposed, "that there is some exaggeration about that business; but it certainly exists, and I suppose it is a growing evil in the country. I fancy it arises, somewhat, from a want of clear thinking on the subject. Then, there is no doubt but it comes, sometimes, from poverty. A man sells his vote, as a woman sells her person, for money, when neither can turn virtue into cash. They feel that they must live, and neither of them would be satisfied if Dr. Johnson told them he didn't see the necessity. In fact, I shouldn't, myself, if I were in their places. You can't have the good of a civilization like ours, without having the bad; but I am not going to deny that the bad is bad. Some people like to do that; but I don't find my account in it. In either case, I confess that I think the buyer is worse than the seller—incomparably worse. I suppose you are not troubled with either case, in Altruria?"

"Oh, no!" said the Altrurian, with an utter horror, which no repetition of his words can give the sense of. "It would be unimaginable."

"Still," the banker suggested, "you have cakes and ale, and at times the ginger is hot in the mouth?"

"I don't pretend that we have immunity from error; but upon such terms as you have described, we have none. It would be impossible."

The Altrurian's voice expressed no contempt, but only a sad patience, a melancholy surprise, such as a celestial angel might feel in being suddenly confronted with some secret shame and horror of the Pit.

"Well," said the banker, "with us, the only way is to take the business view and try to strike an average somewhere."

"Talking of business," said the professor, turning to the manufacturer, who had

been quietly smoking, "why don't some of you capitalists take hold of farming, here in the east, and make a business of it, as they do in the west?"

"Thank you," said the other, "if you mean me, I would rather not invest." He was silent a moment, and then he went on, as if the notion were beginning to win upon him: "It may come to something like that, though. If it does, the natural course, I should think, would be through the railroads. It would be a very easy matter for them to buy up all the good farms along their lines and put tenants on them, and run them in their own interest. Really, it isn't a bad scheme. The waste in the present method is enormous, and there is no reason why the roads should not own the farms, as they are beginning to own the mines. They could manage them better than the small farmers do, in every way. I wonder the thing hasn't occurred to some smart railroad man."

We all laughed a little, perceiving the semi-ironical spirit of his talk; but the Altrurian must have taken it in dead earnest: "But, in that case, the number of people thrown out of work would be very great, wouldn't it? And what would become of them?"

"Well, they would have whatever their farms brought, to make a new start with somewhere else; and, besides, that question of what would become of people thrown out of work by a given improvement, is something that capital cannot consider. We used to introduce a bit of machinery, every now and then, in the mills, that threw out a dozen, or a hundred people; but we couldn't stop for that."

"And you never knew what became of them?"

"Sometimes. Generally not. We took it for granted that they would light on their feet, somehow."

"And the state—the whole people—the government—did nothing for them?"

"If it became a question of the poorhouse, yes."

"Or the jail," the lawyer suggested.

"Speaking of the poorhouse," said the professor, "did our exemplary rural friends tell you how they sell out their paupers to the lowest bidder, and get them boarded sometimes as low as a dollar and a quarter a week?"

"Yes, young Mr. Camp told me of that. He seemed to think it was terrible."

"Did he? Well, I'm glad to hear that of young Mr. Camp. From all that I've been told before, he seems to reserve his conscience for the use of the capitalists. What does he propose to do about it?"

"He seems to think the state ought to find work for them."

"Oh, parentalism! Well, I guess the state wont."

"That was his opinion, too."

"It seems a hard fate," said the minister, "that the only provision the law makes for people who are worn out by sickness or a life of work should be something that assorts them with idiots and lunatics, and brings such shame upon them that it is almost as terrible as death."

"It is the only way to encourage independence and individuality," said the professor. "Of course, it has its dark side. But anything else would be sentimental and unbusinesslike, and in fact, un-American."

"I am not so sure that it would be un-Christian," the minister timidly ventured, in the face of such an authority on political economy.

"Oh, as to that, I must leave the question to the reverend clergyman," said the professor.

An unpleasant little silence followed. It was broken by the lawyer, who put his feet together, and after a glance down at them, began to say, "I was very much interested this afternoon by a conversation I had with some of the young fellows in the hotel. You know most of them are graduates, and they are taking a sort of supernumerary vacation this summer, before they plunge into the battle of life in the autumn. They were talking of some other fellows, classmates of theirs, who were not so lucky, but had been obliged to begin the fight at once. It seems that our fellows here are all going in for some some sort of profession: medicine, or law, or engineering, or teaching, or the church, and they were commiserating those other fellows not only because they were not having the supernumerary vacation, but because they were going into business. That struck me as rather odd, and I tried to find out

what it meant, and as nearly as I could find out, it meant that most college graduates would not go in a business if they could help it. They seemed to feel a sort of incongruity between their education and the business life. They pitied the fellows that had to go in for it, and apparently the fellows that had to go in for it pitied themselves, for the talk seemed to have begun about a letter that one of the chaps here had got from poor Jack or Jim somebody, who had been obliged to go into his father's business, and was groaning over it. The fellows who were going to study professions were hugging themselves at the contrast between their fate and his, and were making remarks about business that were to say the least unbusinesslike. A few years ago we should have made a summary disposition of the matter, and I believe some of the newspapers still are in doubt about the value of a college education to men who have got to make their way. What do you think?"

The lawyer addressed his question to the manufacturer, who answered with a comfortable satisfaction, that he did not think those young men if they went into business would find that they knew too much.

"But they pointed out," said the lawyer, "that the great American fortunes had been made by men who had never had their educational advantages, and they seemed to think that what we call the education of a gentleman was a little too good for money-making purposes."

"Well," said the other, "they can console themselves with the reflection that going into business isn't necessarily making money; it isn't even necessarily making a living."

"Some of them seem to have caught on to that fact; and they pitied Jack or Jim partly because the chances were so much against him. But they pitied him mostly because in the life before him he would have no use for his academic training, and he had better not to have gone to college at all. They said he would be none the better for it, and would always be miserable when he looked back to it."

The manufacturer did not reply, and the professor, after a preliminary hemming, held his peace. It was the banker who took the word. "Well, so far as business is concerned, they were right. It is no use to pretend that there is any relation between business and the higher education. There is no business man who will pretend that there is not often an actual incompatability, if he is honest. I know that when we get together at a commercial or financial dinner, we talk as if great merchants and great financiers were beneficent geniuses, who evoked the prosperity of mankind by their schemes from the conditions that would otherwise have remained barren. Well, very likely they are, but we must all confess that they do not know it at the time. What they are consciously looking out for then is the main chance. If general prosperity follows, all well and good; they are willing to be given the credit for it. But, as I said, with business as business, the 'education of a gentleman' has nothing to do. It is always putting the old Ciceronian question: whether the fellow arriving at a starving city with a cargo of grain is bound to tell the people before he squeezes them, that there are half a dozen other fellows with grain just below the horizon. As a gentlemen he would have to tell them, because he could not take advantage of their necessities; but as a business man, he would think it bad business to tell them, or no business at all. The principle goes all through; I say, business is business; and I am not going to pretend that business will ever be anything else. In our business battles, we don't take off our hats to the other side, and say, 'Gentlemen of the French Guard, have the goodness to fire.' That may be war, but it is not business. We seize all the advantages we can; very few of us would actually deceive; but if a fellow believes a thing, and we know he is wrong, we do not usually take the trouble to set him right, if we are going to lose by undeceiving him. That would not be business. I suppose you think that is dreadful?" He turned smilingly to the minister.

"I wish—I wish," said the minister, gently, "it could be otherwise."

"Well, I wish so, too," returned the banker. "But it isn't. Am I right or am I wrong?" he demanded of the manufacturer, who laughed.

"I am not conducting this discussion. I will not deprive you of the floor."

"What you say," I ventured to put in,

"reminds me of the experience of a friend of mine, a brother novelist. He wrote a story where the failure of a business man turned on a point just like that you have instanced. The man could have retrieved himself if he had let some people believe that what was so was not so, but his conscience stepped in and obliged him to own the truth. There was a good deal of talk about the case, I suppose because it was not in real life, and my friend heard divers criticisms. He heard of a group of ministers who blamed him for exalting a case of common honesty, as if it were something extraordinary; and he heard of some business men who talked it over, and said he had worked the case up splendidly, but he was all wrong in the outcome; the fellow would never have told the other fellows. They said it would not have been business."

We all laughed, except the minister and the Altrurian, and the manufacturer said, "Twenty-five years hence, the fellow who is going into business, may be pitying the fellows who are pitying him for his hard fate now."

"Very possibly, but not necessarily," said the banker. "Of course, the business man is on top, as far as money goes; he is the fellow who makes the big fortunes; the millionaire lawyers, and doctors, and ministers are exceptional. But his risks are tremendous. Ninety-five times out of a hundred he fails. To be sure, he picks up and goes on, but he seldom gets there, after all."

"Then in your system," said the Altrurian, "the great majority of those who go into what you call the battle of life, are defeated?"

"The killed, wounded and missing sum up a frightful total," the banker admitted. "But whatever the end is, there is a great deal of prosperity on the way. The statistics are correct, but they do not tell the whole truth. It is not so bad as it seems. Still, simply looking at the material chances, I don't blame those young fellows for not wanting to go into business. And when you come to other considerations! The time was when we cut the knot of the difficulty pretty sharply; we said a college education was wrong; or, the hot and hot American spreadeaglers did. Business is the national ideal, and the successful business man is the American type. It is a business man's country."

"Then, if I understand you," said the Altrurian, "and I am very anxious to have a clear understanding of the matter, the effect of the university with you is to unfit a youth for business life."

"Oh, no. It may give him great advantages in it, and that is the theory and expectation of most fathers who send their sons to the university. But, undoubtedly, the effect is to render business-life distasteful. The university nurtures all sorts of lofty ideals, which business has no use for."

"Then the effect is undemocratic?"

"No, it is simply unbusinesslike. The boy is a better democrat when he leaves college, than he will be later, if he goes into business. The university has taught him and equipped him to use his own gifts and powers for his advancement, but the first lesson of business and the last, is to use other men's gifts and powers. If he looks about him at all, he sees that no man gets rich simply by his own labor, no matter how mighty a genius he is, and that if you want to get rich, you must make other men work for you, and pay you for the privilege of doing so. Isn't that true?"

The banker turned to the manufacturer with this question, and the other said, "The theory is, that we give people work," and they both laughed.

The minister said, "I believe that in Altruria, no man works for the profit of another?"

"No; each works for the profit of all," replied the Altrurian.

"Well," said the banker, "you seem to have made it go. Nobody can deny that. But we couldn't make it go here."

"Why? I am very curious to know why our system seems so impossible to you!"

"Well, it is contrary to the American spirit. It is alien to our love of individuality."

"But we prize individuality, too, and we think we secure it under our system. Under yours, it seems to me that while the individuality of the man who makes other men work for him is safe, except from itself, the individuality of the workers" ——

"Well, that is their lookout. We have

found that, upon the whole, it is best to let every man look out for himself. I know that, in a certain light, the result has an ugly aspect; but, nevertheless, in spite of all, the country is enormously prosperous. The pursuit of happiness, which is one of the inalienable rights secured to us by the Declaration, is, and always has been, a dream; but the pursuit of the dollar yields tangible proceeds, and we get a good deal of excitement out of it, as it goes on. You can't deny that we are the richest nation in the world. Do you call Altruria a rich country?"

I could not quite make out whether the banker was serious or not in all this talk; sometimes I suspected him of a fine mockery, but the Altrurian took him upon the surface of his words.

"I hardly know whether it is or not. The question of wealth does not enter into our scheme. I can say that we all have enough, and that no one is even in the fear of want."

"Yes, that is very well. But we should think it was paying too much for it, if we had to give up the hope of ever having more than we wanted," and at this point the banker uttered his jolly laugh, and I perceived that he had been trying to draw the Altrurian out, and practice upon his patriotism. It was a great relief to find that he had been joking in so much that seemed a dead give-away of our economical position. "In Altruria," he asked, "who is your ideal great man? I don't mean personally, but abstractly."

The Altrurian thought a moment. "With us, there is so little ambition for distinction, as you understand it, that your question is hard to answer. But I should say, speaking largely, that it was some man who had been able, for the time being, to give the greatest happiness to the greatest number—some artist, or poet, or inventor, or physician."

I was somewhat surprised to have the banker take this preposterous statement seriously, respectfully. "Well, that is quite conceivable with your system. What should you say," he demanded of the rest of us, generally, "was our ideal of greatness?"

No one replied at once, or at all, till the manufacturer said, "We will let you continue to run it."

"Well, it is a very curious inquiry, and I have thought it over a good deal. I should say within a generation that our ideal had changed twice. Before the war, and during all the time from the revolution onward, it was undoubtedly the great politician, the publicist, the statesman. As we grew older and began to have an intellectual life of our own, I think the literary fellows had a pretty good share of the honors that were going; that is, such a man as Longfellow was popularly considered a type of greatness. When the war came, it brought the soldier to the front, and there was a period of ten or fifteen years when he dominated the national imagination. That period passed, and the great era of material prosperity set in. The big fortunes began to tower up, and heroes of another sort began to appeal to our admiration. I don't think there is any doubt but the millionaire is now the American ideal. It isn't very pleasant to think so, even for people who have got on, but it can't very hopefully be denied. It is the man with the most money who now takes the prize in our national cake-walk."

The Altrurian turned curiously toward me, and I did my best to tell him what a cake-walk was. When I had finished, the banker resumed, only to say, as he rose from his chair to bid us good-night, "In any average assembly of Americans, the greatest millionaire would take the eyes of all from the greatest statesman, the greatest poet, or the greatest soldier, we ever had. That," he added to the Altrurian, "will account to you for many things, as you travel through our country."